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THE
P R O V E R B S

AND

EPIGRAMS

OF

JOHN HEYWOOD

(A.D. 1562).

*REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL (1562) EDITION, AND
COLLATED WITH THE SECOND (1566) EDITION;*

WITH AN
APPENDIX OF VARIATIONS.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1867.

MANCHESTER
PRINTED BY CHARLES SIMMS AND CO.

NOTICE.

BOTH of the Editions of this Work which have been employed for the present Reprint are in **Black Letter**. In accordance however with the terms of the original Prospectus issued by the SPENSER SOCIETY, and influenced by considerations of uniformity and convenience, Roman Type is here used.

A Glossary to the present Volume has been prepared, and is in MS.; but the Council, hoping ultimately to place the *complete* Works of John Heywood in the hands of the Members, have decided upon deferring its issue until it can be given, enlarged so as to comprehend the whole of his Works, with the last Volume, when they purpose that it shall be preceded by a full Biographical and Bibliographical Account of the Author and his Writings.

OCTOBER, 1867.

**John Heywoodes
woorkes.**

**So A dialogue conteynyng the
number of the effectuall prouerbes in
the Englishe tounge, compact in
a matter concernynge
two maner of ma-
ryages.**

**With one hundred of Epigrammes: and
threë hundred of Epigrammes
vpon threë hundred pro-
uerbes: and a fifth
hundred of E-
pigrams.**

**Wherunto are now newly added
a fyrth hundred of Epigrams
by the sayde John
Heywood.**



**L O N D I N I .
ANNO christi.
1 5 6 2 .**

The Preface.

A Mong other thinges profytyng in our tong
Thofe whiche muche may profyte both olde and yong:
Suche as on their fruite wyll féede or take holde
Are our common plaine pithie prouerbes olde.
Some fence of fome of whiche beyng bare and rude:
Yet to fyne and fruitfull effect they allude.
And their sentenſes include ſo large a reache,
That almoſt in all thinges good leſſons they teache.
This write I not to teache, but to touche: for why,
Men know this as well or better then I.
But this and this reſt, I wryte for this.
Remembryng and conſydering what the pyth is,
That by remembraunce of theſe prouerbes maie grow
In this tale, erſt talked with a fréend, I ſhow
As many of them as we could fytly fynde,
Fallyng to purpoſe, that might fall in minde.
To thentent that the reader redily may
Finde them and minde them, whan he wyll alway.

Finis.

The fyrst parte.

The. i. chapter.

OF mine acquayntance a certaine yong man
(Beyng a resorter to me now and than)
Reforted lately, showyng him selfe to bée
Desyrous to talke at length alone with me.
And as we for this, a méete place had woon,
With this olde prouerbe, this yong man begon.

Who so that knew, what wolde be dere,
Should neede be a marchant but one yeere.
Though it (quoth he) thing impossible bée,
The full sequele of present things to forefée:
Yet doth this prouerbe prouoke euery man
Politykely (as man possible can)
In things to come after to cast eie before,
To caste out or kepe in things for fore store.
As the prouision maie séeme most profytable,
And the commodité most commendable.
Into this consyderacion I am wrought
By two thyngis, whiche fortune to hands hath brought.
Two women I know, of whiche twayne the tone
Is a mayde of flowryng age, a goodly one.
Thother a wydow, who so many yeres beares,
That all hir whitenesse lythe in hir whyte heares.
This mayde hath fréendis ryche, but riches hath shee none,
Nor none can hir handes geat to lieue vpon.
This wydow is very ryche, and hir fréendis bare,
And both these, for loue to wed with me fond are.
And both would I wed, the better and the wurs.
The tone for hir perfon, the tother for her purs.
They woo not my substance, but my selfe they wooe.
Goodes haue I none and small good can I dooe.
On this poore maid hir riche fréendis I cléerely know,
(So she wed where they wyll) great gyfts will bestow,

A ij

But

The fyrst parte.

But with them all I am so far from fauer,
That she shall sure haue no grote if I haue her.
And I shall haue as lyttle all my fréendis fwere,
Except I solow them, to wedde els where.
The poore fréendis of this ryche wydow beare no sway,
But wed hir and wyn welth. whan I wyll I may.
Nowe whiche of these twayne is lyke to be dereft
In payn or pleasure to sticke to me nereft,
The depth of all doubtes with you to confyther,
The sence of the sayde prouerbe sendth me hyther.
The best bargayne of both quickly to haue skande,
For one of them thinke I to make out of hande.

The. ii. chapitre.

FRende (quoth I) welcome, and with right good will,
I will as I can, your will herein fulfyll.
And two thinges I see in you, that shew you wyse,
First in weddyng er ye wed, to aske aduise.
The seconde, your yeres beyng yong it apéeres,
Ye regarde yet good prouerbes of olde ferne yéeres.
And as ye grounde your tale vpon one of them,
Furnishe we this tale with euerychone of them.
Suche as may fytly fall in mynde to dispoise.
Agréed (quoth he) Then (quoth I) first this disclose.
Haue you to this old wydow, or this yong mayde,
Any woordis of assurance er this time sayde?
Nay in good faith faide he. Well than (faide I)
I wyll be playne with you, and may honeftly.
And plainely to speake, I lyke you (as I sayde)
In two fore tolde thynges, but a thirde haue I wayde,
Not so much to be lyked, as I can déeme,
Whiche is in your weddyng your haste so extrémee.
The best or woorst thing to man for this lyfe,
Is good or yll choosyng his good or yll wyfe.

I

The fyrst parte.

I meane not onely of body good or bad,
But of all thinges meete or vnmeete to be had,
Such as at any time by any meane may
Betweene man and wife, loue encrease or decay.
Where this grounde in any hed, grauely grateth,
All fire hast to wed, it soone rebateth.
Som thingis that prouoke young men to wed in haste,
Show after weddyng, that hast maketh waste.
Whan time hath tournd white surger to white salte,
Than suche folke see, soft fire maketh sweete malte.
And that deliberacion doth men assise
Before they wed to beware of had I wisse.
And than their timely weddyng doth clere appere,
That they were earely vp, and neuer the nere.
And ones their hastie heate a littell controlde,
Than perceiue they well, hotte loue soone colde.
And whan hasty witleffe mirth is mated weele,
Good to be mery and wise, they thinke and feele.
Haste in weddyng som man thinkth his owne auayle.
Whan haste proueth a rod made for his owne tayle.
And whan he is well beaten with his owne rod,
Than seeth he hast and wisdome thingis far od.
And that in all, or most thingis, wisht at neede,
Moste times he seeth, the more haste the lesse speede.
In les thingis then weddyng, hast shewth hastie mans fo,
So that the hasty man neuer wanteth wo.
These sage sayd sawes if ye take so profounde,
As ye take that, by which ye tooke your grounde,
Than finde ye grounded cause by these now here told,
In hast to weddyng your hast to withhold.
And though they seeme wiues for you neuer so fit,
Yet let not harmfull hast so far out ren your wit,
But that ye harke to here all the whole fume,
That may please or displease you in time to come.

A iij

Thus

The fyrst parte.

Thus by theſe leſſons ye may learne good cheape,
In weddyng and al thing, to looke or ye leape.
Ye haue euen now well ouerlookt me (quoth he)
And lept very nie me to. For I agree,
That theſe fage ſayings dooe weightily way
Againſt haſt in all thing, but I am at bay.
By other parables of like weightie weight,
Which haſt me to weddyng, as ye ſhall here ſtreight.

The. iij. chapter.

HE that will not whan he may,
Whan he would, he ſhall haue nay.
Beautie or riches the tone of the twayne
Now may I chooſe, and whiche me liſt obtaine.
And if we determine me, this mayde to take,
And then tract of time traine her me to forſake:
Than my beautifull mariage lithe in the dike,
And neuer for beautie, ſhall I wedde the like.
Now if we awarde me this widowe to wedde.
And that I driue of time till time, ſhe be dedde,
Than ſarewell riches, the fat is in the fire,
And neuer ſhall I to like riches aſpire.
And a thouſand folde would it greue me more,
That ſhe in my faute ſhould die one houre before,
Than one minute after. than haſte muſt prouoke,
Whan the pigge is proferd to holde vp the poke.
Whan the ſunne ſhineth make hay. whiche is to ſay.
Take time whan time cometh, leſt time ſteale away.
And one good leſſon to this purpoſe I pike
From the ſmithis forge, whan thyron is hot ſtrike.
The ſure ſea man ſeeth, the tide tarieth no man.
And long delayes or abſence ſomwhat to ſkan.
Sens that that one will not, on other will,
Delaies in woers muſt needes their ſpeede ſpill.

And

The fyrst parte.

And touchyng abfence, the full accompte wo fomth.
Shall fee, as faft as one goth an other comthe.
Time is tickell. and out of fight out of minde.
Than catche and holde while I may, faft binde faft finde.
Blame me not to hafte, for feare mine eie be blerde.
And therby the fat cleane flit fro my berde.
Where wooers hoppe in and out, long time may bryng
Him that hoppeth beft, at laft to haue the ryng.
I hoppyng without for a ryng of a rufhe.
And while I at length debate and beate the bufhe,
There fhall fteppe in other men, and catche the burdes,
And by long time loft in many vayne wurdcs.
Betwene thefe two wiues, make flouth fpede confound
While betweene two ftooles, my tayle go to grounde.
By this, fens we fee flouth muft bréede a fcab,
Beft flicke to the tone out of hand, hab or nab.
Thus all your prouerbs inueying againft hafte,
Be answerd with prouerbs plaine and promptly plafte.
Wherby, to purpofe all this no further fits,
But to fhew, fo many heds fo many wits.
Whiche fhewe as furely in all that they all tell,
That in my weddyng I may euen as well
Tary to long, and therby come to late,
As come to foone by haft in any rate.
And proue this prouerbe, as the woordes therof go,
Hafte or flouth herein woorke nother welth nor wo.
Be it far or nie, weddyng is defteny,
And hangyng likewise, faith that prouerbe, faid I.
Than wed or hang (quoth he) what helpth in the whole
To haft or hang aloof, happy man happy dole.
Ye deale this dole (quoth I) out at a wrong dur.
For defteny in this cafe doth not fo ftur
Againft mans indeuour, but man may direct
His will, fore prouifion to worke or neglect.

But

The fyrst parte.

But to shew that quick wedding may bryng good speede,
Somwhat to purpose, your prouerbs proue in deede.
Howbeit, whether they counterpayse or out way
The prouerbes, which I before them did lay,
The triall therof we will lay a water.
Till we trie more. For tryng of which mater
Declare all commodites ye can deuise,
That by those two weddingis to you can rise.

The. iiij. Chapter.

I Wyll (quoth he) in bothe these cafes streight show,
What thingis (as I think) to me by them will grow.
And where my loue began, there begin will I.
With this mayde, the peece perelesse in mine eie.
Whom I so fauour, and she so fauourth me,
That half a death to vs a fonder to be.
Affection eche to other doth vs so moue,
That welny without foode, we coulede liue by loue.
For be I right sad, or right sicke, from hir sight,
Her presence absenteth all maladies quight.
Whiche seen, and that the great ground in mariage
Standth vpon likyng the parties personage,
And than of olde prouerbes in opening the packe,
One shewth me openly in loue is no lacke.
No lacke of likyng, but lacke of liuyng,
May lacke in loue (quoth I) and breede ill cheeuynge.
Well as to that (fayde he) harke this othyng.
What time I lacke not hir, I lacke nothyng.
But though we haue nought, nor nought we can geat,
God neuer fendth mouth, but he fendeth meat.
And a hard beginnyng makth a good endyng.
In space comth grace, and this further amendyng.
Seldome comth the better, and like will to like.
God fendth colde after clothes. and this I pike.

She,

The fyrst parte.

She, by lacke of substance séemyng but a sparke,
Steynth yet the stoutest, For a leg of a larke
Is better than is the body of a kyght.
And home is homely, though it be poore in fyght.
These prouerbs for this parte shew suche a flourishe,
And than this partie dooth delyte so nourishe.
That muche is my bowe bent to shoote at these marks,
And kyll feare, when the sky falth we shall haue larks.
All perils that fall maie, who fearth they fall shall,
Shall so feare all thyng, that he shall let fall all,
And be more fraid then hurt, if the thinges were doone.
Feare may force a man to cast beyonde the moone.
Who hopeth in Gods helpe, his helpe can not starte:
Nothing is impossible to a willyng hart,
And will maie wyn my herte, herein to consent,
To take all thinges as it comth, and be content.
And here is (q' he) in mariyng of this mayde,
For courage and commodité all mine ayde.
Well sayde (faied I) but a whyle kepe we in quenche,
All this case, as touchyng this poore yonge wenche.
And nowe declare your whole confideracion,
What maner thinges draw your imaginacion,
Toward your weddyng of this wydow riche and olde.
That shall ye (q' he) out of hande haue tolde.

The. vi. chapter.

THis wydowe beyng foule, and of fauour yll,
In good behauour can very good skylle.
Pleasantly spoken, and a very good wyt,
And at hir table, whan we together fyt,
I am well serued, we fare of the best.
The meate good and holsome and holsomly drest.
Swéete and softe lodgeyng, and therof great shyfte.
This felte and séene, with all implementes of thrifte,

B

Of

The fyrst parte.

Of plate and money suche cupboordes and coffers,
And that without payne I maie win these profers,
Than couetyse bearyng Uenus bargayne backe,
Praisying this bargayne faith, better leaue then lacke.
And gredinesse, to drawe desyre to hir lore,
Saieth, that the wise man saieth, store is no fore.
Who hath many pease maie put the mo in the pot.
Of two yls, choose the least whyle choyse lyth in lot.
Sens lacke is an yll, as yll as man may haue,
To prouyde for the woorst, whyle the best it selfe faue.
Restie welth wylth me this wydow to wyn,
To let the world wag, and take mine ease in mine in.
He must néedes swym, that is holde vp by the chyn.
He laughth that wynth. And this thréede fyner to spyn,
Maister promocion saieth, make this substance sure,
If ryches bryng ones portly countenance in vre,
Than shalt thou rule the roste all rounde about.
And better to rule, than be ruled by the rout.
It is faide be it better be it wurs,
Dooe ye after him that beareth the purs.
Thus be I by this, ones *le senior de graunde*,
Many that commaunded me, I shall commaunde.
And also I shall to reueng former hurtis,
Hold their noses to grinstone, and syt on theyr skurtis,
That erst fate on mine. And riches maie make
Fréends many waies. Thus better to geue then take.
And to make carnall appetite content,
Reason laboreth wyll, to wyn wyls consent,
To take lacke of beautie but as an eye fore.
The fayre and the foule, by darke are lyke store.
When all candels be out, all cats be grey,
All thingis are then of one colour, as who fey.
And this prouerbe faith, for quenching hot desyre,
Foule water as soone as fayre, will quenche hot fyre.

Where

The fyrst parte.

Where gyftis be geuen fréely, eft west north or fouth,
No man ought to looke a geuen hors in the mouth.
And though hir mouth be foule, she hath a fayre tayle.
I confre this text, as is moſte my auayle.
In want of white téeth and yelow heares to beholde,
She flouriſheth in white ſiluer and yelow golde.
What though ſhe be toothleſſe, and balde as a coote ?
Her ſubſtaunce is ſhoote anker, wherat I ſhoote.
Take a payne for a pleaſure all wyfe men can.
What, hungry dogges will eate durty puddyngs man.
And here I conclude (quoth he) all that I knowe
By this olde widow, what good to me maie growe.

The. vi. chapiter.

YE haue (quoth I) in theſe concluſions founde
Sundrie thinges, that veray fauerly founde,
And bothe theſe longe caſes, beyng well vewde,
In one ſhort queſtion, we maie well inclewde,
Whiche is, whether beſt or wurſt be to be ledde
With riches, without loue or beautie, to wedde :
Or with beautie without richeſſe for loue.
This queſtion (quoth he) inquerth all that I moue.
It dooth ſo (ſaid I) and is néerely couched.
But thanſwere will not ſo breuely be touched.
And your ſelfe, to length it, taketh direct trade.
For to all reaſons, that I haue yet made,
Ye ſéeme more to ſéeke reaſons how to contende,
Than to the counsell of myne to condiscende.
And to be playne, as I muſt with mi frende,
I perfectly ſéele euen at my ſyngers ende.
So harde is your hande fet on your halſpeny,
That my reaſonyng your reaſon fetteth nought by.
But reaſon for reaſon, ye ſo ſtyfly lay,
By prouerbe for prouerbe, that with you do way,

B ij

That

The fyrst parte.

That reason onely shall herein nought moue you.
To here more then speake. wherfore I wyll proue you,
With reason, assisted by experience.
Whiche my selfe fawe, not long sens nor far hence.
In a matter so lyke this fashond in frame,
That none can be lyker, it seemeth euen the fame,
And in the fame, as your selfe shall espy
Eche sentence soothed with a prouerbe welny.
And at ende of the fame, ye shall cléerely see
How this shorte question shortly answerd may bee.
Ye mary (quoth he) nowe ye shoote nie the pricke.
Practyse in all, aboue all toucheth the quicke.
Prooffe vppon practife, must take holde more fure,
Than any reasonyng by gesse can procure.
If ye bryng practife in place, without fablyng,
I wyll banysh both haste and busy bablyng.
And yet that promise to perfourme is mickell,
For in this case my tounge must oft tickell.
Ye know well it is, as telth vs this olde tale,
Méete, that a man be at his owne brydale.
If he wyue well (quoth I) méete and good it were.
Or els as good for him an other were there.
But for this your bridale I meane not in it,
That scilence shall suspend your speeche euery whyt.
But in these mariages, whiche ye here meue,
Sens this tale conteynth the counfayle I can geue,
I would see your eares attend with your tong,
For aduys in bothe these weddyngs olde and yong.
In whiche heryng, time seene when and what to talke,
When your tonge tickleth, at wyll let it walke.
And in these brydales, to the reasons of ours,
Marke mine experience in this case of yours.

The

The fyrst parte.

The seuenth chapter.

Vithin few yeres past, from London no far way
Where I and my wife, with our poore household lay.
Two yong men were abydyng whom to discrue.
Were I, in portraiynge persons dead or aliue,
As cunnyng and as quicke, to touche them at full,
As in that feate I am ignorant and dull,
Neuer could I paynte their pictures to allow,
More liuely, than to paint the pycture of yow.
And as your thrée persons shew one similitewd,
So shew you thrée one, in all thingis to be vewd,
Likewyse a wydowe and a mayde there did dwell,
A lyke lyke the wydow and mayde ye of tell.
The fréendis of theim foure in euery degré,
Standyng in state as the fréendis of you thrée.
Those two men, eche other so hasted or taried,
That those two women on one daie they married.
Into two houses, which next my house did stand,
The one on the right, thother on the lefte hand.
Both bridegromes bad me, I could do none other,
But dine with the tone, and sup with the tother.
He that wedded this widow riche and olde,
And also she, fauourd me so, that they wolde
Make me dyne or sup ones or twyfe in a wéeke.
This poore yonge man and his make beyng to séeke
As oft, where they might eate or drinke, I them bad,
Were I at home, to suche pittaunce as I had.
Whiche common conference suche confidence wrought,
In them to me, that déede, woorde, ne welny thought
Chaunced among them, what euer it weare,
But one of the foure, brought it streight to mine eare.
Wherby betwene these twayne, and their two wyues,
Bothe for welth and wo, I knew all their four liues.

B iij

And

The fyrst partic.

And fens the matter is muche intricate,
Betwene fyde and fyde, I shall here seperate
All matters on both fydes, and than sequestrate
Thone fyde, while thother be full reherft, in rate,
As for your vnderstandyng maie best stande.
And this yonge poore couple shall come fyrst in hande.
Who, the day of weddyng and after, a whyle,
Could not looke eche on other, but they must smyle.
As a whelpe for wantonnes in and out whippes,
So playde these twayne, as mery as threé chipps.
Ye there was God (quoth he) whan all is doone.
Abyde (quoth I) it was yet but hony moone.
The blacke oxen had not trode on his nor his foote.
But er this braunche of blis could reach any roote,
The flowers so faded, that in fiftene wéekes,
A man might espie the chaunge in the chéekes
Both of this poore wretch, and his wife this poore wenche,
Their faces told toies, that Totnam was tournd frenche.
And all their light laughyng turnd and translated
Into sad sighyng, all mirth was amated.
And one mornyng tymely he tooke in hande,
To make to my houle, a fléeueles errande.
Haukyng vpon me, his minde herein to breake,
Whiche I woulde not sée, tyll he began to speake,
Praiying me to here him. And I saide, I woulde.
Wherwith this that foloweth soorthwith he tolde.

The. viii. chapitre.

I Am nowe driuen (quoth he) for ease of my harte,
To you, to vtter parte of mine inward smarte.
And the matter concerneth my wyfe and mée,
Whose fathers and mothers long fens dead bée.
But vncles, with aunts and cosins, haue wée
Dyuers riche on bothe fydes, so that we did sée,

If

The fyrst parte.

If we had wedded, eche, where eche kynred would,
Neither of vs had lackt, either siluer or gold.
But neuer coulde suite, on either syde obtayne
One peny, to the one weddyng of vs twayne.
And fens our one mariyng or marryng daie,
Where any of them sée vs, they shrinke awaie,
Solemnly fwearyng, fuche as maie geue ought,
While they and we liue, of them we get right nought.
Nor nought haue we, nor no waie ought can we get,
Sauyng by borowyng, tyll we be in det
So far, that no man any more will vs lende.
Wherby, for lacke we bothe be at our wittis ende.
Wherof no wonder, fens the ende of our good,
And beginnyng of our charge, together stood.
But wit is neuer good tyll it be bought.
Howbeit when bought wits to best price bée brought,
Yet is one good forewit woorth two after wits.
This paith me home lo, and full mo foly hits.
For had I lookt afore, with indifferent eye,
Though hafte had made me thurst neuer so drye :
Yet to drowne this drougt, this must I néedes thynke,
As I woulde néedes brewe, so must I néedes drynke.
The drynke of my bride cup I should haue forborne,
Tyll temperance had tempred the taste beforne.
I sée nowe, and shall sée while I am aliue,
Who wedth or he be wise shall die or he thriue.
I singe nowe in this facte, *factus est repente*,
Nowe mine eies be open I do repent me.
He that will fell lawne before he can folde it.
He shall repent him before he haue folde it.
Som bargains déere bought, good cheape wold be fold,
No man loueth his fetters, be they made of gold.
Were I loofe from the louely lynkes of my chayne,
I would not daunce in such fayre fetters agayne.

In

The fyrst parte.

In houle to kepe housholde, whan folks wyll néedis wed,
Mo thyngs belong, than foure bare legs in a bed.
I reckened my weddyng a fuger swéete spyce,
But reckners without their host must reckon twyce.
And although it were swéete for a wéeke or twayne,
Swéete meate will haue sowre sawce, I sée now playne.
Continuall penurie, whiche I muste take
Telth me, better eye out then alwaie ake.
Boldly and blindly I ventred on this,
How be it, who so bolde as blynde Bayard is?
And herein to blame any man, then should I raue.
For I did it my felfe: and felfe do, felfe haue.
But a daie after the fayre, comth this remors,
For reliefe: for though it be a good hors
That neuer stumbleth, what praife can that auouche
To iades that breake their necks at fyrst trip or touche.
And before this my fyrst foyle or breakneck fall,
Subtilly lyke a shéepe thought I, I shall
Cut my cote after my cloth. When I haue her.
But now I can smell, nothyng hath no sauer.
I am taught to know, in more hast than good spéede,
How *Judicare* came into the Créede.
My carefull wife in one corner wéepeth in care,
And I in an other the purs is thrée bare.
This corner of our care (quoth he) I you tell.
To craue therin your comfortable counsell.

The, ix. chapitre.

I Am fory (quoth I) of your pouertée,
And more forie, that I can not succour yée,
If ye stur your néede myne almes to stur,
Then of trouth ye beg at a wrong mans dur.
There is nothyng more vayne, as your felfe tell can,
Than to beg a bréeche of a bare arst man.

I

The fyrst parte.

I come to beg nothyng of you (quoth he)
Saue your aduyse, whiche maie my best waie be,
How to wyn present salue for this present fore.
I am lyke thyll surgeon (fayd I) without store
Of good plaisters. Howbeit fuche as they are,
Ye shall haue the best I haue. But fyrst declare,
Where your and your wyues riche kynssfolke do dwel.
Enuyronned about vs (quoth he) which shewth well,
The nere to the church, the ferther from God.
Most parte of them dwell within a thousand rod.
And yet shall we catche a hare with a taber,
As soone as catche ought of them, and rather.
Ye plaie coleprophet (quoth I) who takth in hande,
To knowe his answere before he do his errande.
What should I to them (quoth he) flyng or flyt.
An vnbydden geast knoweth not where to fyt.
I am cast at carts ars, some folke in lacke
Can not prease, A broken sléeue holdth tharme backe.
And shame holdth me backe, beyng thus forsaken.
Tushe man (quoth I) shame is as it is taken.
And shame take him that shame thinkth ye thinke none.
Unminded, vnmoned, go make your mone.
Tyll meate fall in your mouth, will ye ly in bed,
Or sit styll? nay, he that gapeth till he be fed,
Maie fortune to fast and famishe for honger.
Set forward, ye shall neuer labour yonger.
Well (quoth he) if I shall nedes this viage make,
With as good will as a beare goth to the stake,
I will streight weie anker, and hoyse vp sayle.
And thitherward hye me in haste lyke a snayle.
And home agayne hytherward quicke as a bée.
Nowe for good lucke, caste an olde shoe after mée.
And first to mine vncl, brother to my father,
By suite, I will assaie to win some fauer.

C

Who

The fyrst parte.

Who brought me vp, and tyll my weddyng was don
Loued me, not as his nephew, but as his son.
And his heire had I béene, had not this chaunced,
Of lands and goodes, which should me much auaunced.
Trudge (quoth I) to him, and on your marybones,
Crouche to the grounde, and not so ofte as ones
Speake any one woord him to contrary.
I can not tell that (quoth he) by Seint Mary.
One yll woord axeth an other, as folkis speake.
Well (quoth I) better is to boow then breake.
It hurteth not the tounge to geue fayre wurdis.
The rough net is not the best catcher of burdis.
Sens ye can nought wyn, if ye can not please,
Best is to suffre: For of suffrance comth ease.
Cause causeth (quoth he) and as cause causeth mée,
So will I doo. And with this away went hée.
Yet whether his wyfe shoud go with him or no,
He sent hir to me to know er he would go.
Wherto I fayde, I thought best he went alone.
And you (quoth I) to go streight as he is gone,
Among your kynsfolke likewyse, if they dwell ny.
Yes (quoth she) all round about euen here by.
Namely an aunte, my mothers fyfter. who well
(Sens my mother died) brought me vp from the shell.
And much would haue geuen me, had my weddyng growne
Vpon hir fansy, as it grew vpon mine owne.
And in likewyse myne vncler husband, was
A father to me. Well (quoth I) let pas:
And if your husbande will his assent graunt,
Go, he to his vncler and you to your aunt.
Yes this assent he graunteth before (quoth she)
For he er this thought this the best way to be.
But of these two thinges he woulde determine none
Without ayde. For two heddis are better then one.

With

The fyrst parte.

With this we departed, she to hir hufbande,
And I to diner to them on thother hande.

The. x. chapiter.

Vhan diner was doone, I came home agayne,
To attende on the retourne of these twayne.
And er thrée howres to ende were fully tryde,
Home came she fyrst, welcome (quoth I) and well hyde.
Ye a short horse is soone corryd (quoth shée)
But the weaker hath the wurs we all daie fée.
After our last partyng, my hufbande and I
Departed, eche to place agréed formerly.
Myne vncle and aunte on me dyd loure and glome.
Bothe bad me god spéede, but none bad me welcome.
Their folkis glomd on me to, by which it apéereth.
The yonge cocke croweth, as he the olde héereth.
At dyner they were, and made (for maners sake)
A kynfwoman of ours me to table take.
A false flattr yng fylth, and if that be good,
None better to beare two faces in one hood.
She speaketh as she would créepe into your bosome.
And when the meale mouth hath woon the bottome
Of your stomake, than will the pickthanke it tell
To your most enmies, you to bye and sell.
To tell tales out of schoole, that is hir great lust.
Looke what she knowth, blab it wist, and out it must.
There is no mo such titifyls in Englands ground,
To holde with the hare, and run with the hound.
Fyre in the tone hande, and water in the tother,
The makebate beareth betwéene brother and brother.
She can wynke on the yew, and wery the lam.
She maketh earnest matters of euery flymflam.
She must haue an ore in euery mans barge.
And no man may chat ought in ought of hir charge.

C ij

Coll

The fyrst parte.

Coll vnder canstyck, she can plaie on bothe handis,
Diffimulacion well she vnderstandis.
She is loft with an apple, and woon with a nut.
Her tong is no edge toole, but yet it will cut.
Her chéekes are purple ruddie lyke a horfe plumme.
And the bygge parte of hir bodie is hir bumme.
But little titte all tayle, I haue heard er this,
As high as twoo horfe loues hir perfon is.
For priuie nyps or castis ouertwart the shyns,
He shall lese the maiftrie that with hir begyns.
She is, to turne loue to hate, or ioie to gréefe
A paterne, as méete as a rope for a théefe.
Her promise of fréendship, for any auayle,
Is as fure to holde as an ele by the tayle.
She is nother fyshe nor fleshe, nor good red hearyng.
She is a ryngleader there, And I fearyng
She would spit her venym, thought it not euyll
To sette vp a candle before the deuyll.
I clawd hir by the backe in waie of a charme,
To do me, not the more good, but the lesse harme.
Praiying hir in hir eare, on my fyde to holde,
She therto swearyng by her false faith, she wolde.
Streight after diner myne aunte had no choice,
But other burst, or burst out in pilats voice.
Ye hufwife, what wynde blowth ye hyther thus right ?
Ye might haue knokt er ye came in, leaue is light.
Better vnborne than vntought, I haue heard saie,
But ye be better fed then taught farre awaie.
Not very fat fed, said this flebergebet,
But néede hath no lawe, néede maketh hir hither iet.
She comth néece Ales (quoth she) for that is hir name,
More for néede, than for kyndnes, peyne of shame.
Howbeit she can not lacke, for he fyndth that féekes,
Louers liue by loue, ye as larkes liue by léekes

Saied

The fyrst parte.

Saied this Ales, muche more then halfe in mockage.
Tufhe (quoth mine aunte) thefe louers in dotage
Thinke the ground beare them not, but wed of corage
They muft in all hafte, though a leafe of borage
Might by all the fubftance that they can fell.
Well aunt (quoth Ales) all is well that endes well.
Ye Ales, of a good begynnyng comth a good end.
Not fo good to borowe, as be able to lend.
Naie in déede aunte (quoth fhe) it is fure fo,
She muft nedes grant, fhe hath wrought hir owne wo.
She thought Ales, fhe had féene far in a milftone,
Whan fhe gat a hufbande, and namely fuche one,
As they by weddyng could not onely nought wyn,
But lofe bothe liuyng and loue of all their kyn.
Good aunt (quoth I) humblie I befeche yée,
My trespas doone to you forgeue it mée.
I know and knowlage, I haue wrought mine owne peyn,
But thingis pafte my handis, I can not call agein.
True (quoth Ales) thinges doone can not be vndoone,
Be they done in due tyme, to late, or to foone,
But better late then neuer to repent this,
To late (quoth mine aunt) this repentance fhewd is,
Whan the ftéede is ftolne fhut the ftale durre.
I toke hir for a rofe, but fhe bréedth a burre.
She comth to fticke to me nowe in hir lacke.
Rather to rent of my clothes fro my backe,
Than to do me one farthyng woorth of good.
I fée daie at this little hole. For this bood
Shewth what fruite will folow. In good faith I faide,
In waie of peticion I fue for your ayde.
A well (quoth fhe) now I well vnderftand
The walkyng ftaffe hath caught warmth in your hand.
A cleane fingred hufwyfe, and an ydell, folke faie,
And wyll be lyme fyngerd I feare by my fay.

It

C iij

The fyrst parte.

It is as tender as a parsons lemman.
Nought can she dooe, and what can she haue than ?
As sober as she seemth, fewe daies come about
But she will once wasshe hir face in an ale clout.
And than betwene hir and the rest of the rout,
I proud, and thou proud, who shall beare thashes out.
She maie not beare a fether, but she must breath,
She maketh so much of hir peynted sheath.
She thinkth her farthyng good fyluer I tell you,
But for a farthyng who euer did sell you,
Myght bost you to be better folde then bought.
And yet though she be woorth nought, nor haue nought,
Her gowne is gaier and better then mine.
At hir gaie gowne (quoth Ales) ye maie repine.
Howe be it as we maie we loue to go gaie all.
Well well (quoth mine aunte) pryde wyll haue a fall.
For pryde goeth before, and shame cometh after.
Sure (saide Ales) in maner of mockyng laughter,
There is nothing in this worlde that agréeth wurs,
Then dooeth a Ladies hert and a beggers purs.
But pryde she shewth none, hir looke reason alouth,
She lookth as butter wolde not melte in hir mouth.
Well the still sowe eats vp all the draffe Ales.
All is not golde that glisters by tolde tales.
In youth she was towarde and without euill.
But soone rype soone rotten, yong seynt olde deuill.
How be it lo god fendth the shrewd coow short hornes.
While she was in this house she sat vpon thornes.
Eche one daie was thrée, tyll lybertée was borow,
For one monthis ioie to bryng hir hole liues sorow.
It were pitie (quoth Ales) but she should do well.
For beautie and stature she beareth the bell.
Ill wéede growth fast Ales: wherby the corne is lorne.
For surely the wéede ouergroweth the corne.

Ye

The fyrst parte.

Ye praiſe the wyne, before ye taſt of the grape.
But ſhe can no more harme than can a ſhe ape.
It is a good body, hir propertie préeues.
She lacketh but euen a new payre of ſléues.
If I maie (as they ſay) tell trouth without ſyn.
Of trouth ſhe is a wolfe in a lāmbes ſkyn.
Her herte is full hie, whan her eye is full low.
A geſt as good loſt as founde, for all this ſhow.
But many a good coowe hath an euill caulfe.
I ſpeake this doughter in thy mothers behalfe.
My ſiſter (God reſt hir ſoule) whom though I boſt,
Was cald the floure of honeſtée in this coſt.
Aunt (quoth I) I take for father and mother
Myne vncle and you aboue all other.
When we wold, ye wold not be our childe (quoth ſhée)
Wherefore now whan ye wold, now will not wée.
Sens thou wouldſt néedes caſt awaie thy ſelfe thus,
Thou ſhalte ſure ſinke in thine own ſyn for vs.
Aunt (quoth I) after a dotyng or dronken déede,
Let ſubmiſſion obteine ſome mercie or méede.
He that kylth a man, whan he is dronke (quoth ſhe)
Shalbe hangd when he is ſobre. And he
Whom in itching no ſcratchyng will forbere,
He muſt beare the ſmartyng that ſhall folow there.
And thou beyng borne very nigh of my ſtocke,
Though ny be my kyrtell, yet nere is my ſmocke.
I haue one of mine owne whom I muſt looke to.
Ye aunt (quoth Ales) that thinge muſte ye néedes do.
Nature compelt thou to ſet your owne fyrſt vp.
For I haue heard ſaie, it is a déere colup
That is cut out of thowne fleſhe. But yet aunte,
So ſmall maie hir requelt be, that ye maie graunte
To ſatiſſie the fame, whiche maie do her good,
And you no harme in thauanfyng your owne blood.

And

The fyrst parte.

And cofin (quoth she to me) what ye would craue,
Declare, that our aunt may know what ye would haue.
Nay (quoth I) be they wywners or loofers,
Folke faie alwaie, beggers shoud be no choofers.
With thanks I shall take what euer mine aunte please.
Where nothyng is, a little thyng dooth ease,
Hunger makth hard beanes swéete. where saddles lacke
Better ride on a pad, than on the horfe bare backe.
And by this prouerbe apéerth this o thyng,
That alwaie somwhat is better then nothyng.
Hold fast whan ye haue it (quoth she) by my lyfe.
The boy thy hufbande, and thou the gyrle his wyfe,
Shall not confume that I haue laboured fore.
Thou art yong inough, and I can woorke no more.
Kyt calot my coosyn sawe this thus far on,
And in mine auntis eare she whispreth anon
Roundly these woordes, to make this matter whole.
Aunt, leat them that be a colde blowe at the cole.
They shall for me Ales (quoth she) by gods blyft.
She and I haue shaken handes. farewell vnkyst.
And thus with a becke as good as a dieu gard,
She slang fro me, and I from hir hitherward.
Beggyng of hir booteth not the woorth of a beane.
Littell knoweth the fat sow, what the leane dooth meane.
Forfooth (quoth I) ye haue bestyrd ye well.
But where was your vncle whyle all this fray fell?
A fléepe by (quoth she) routyng lyke a hog.
And it is euyll wakyng of a fléeptyng dog.
The bytche and hir whelp might haue béene a fléepe to,
For ought they in wakyng to me would do.
Fare ye well (quoth she) I will nowe home streite,
And at my hufbandis handis for better newes weite.

The

The fyrst parte.

The. xi. chapter.

HE came home to me the next daie before noone.
What tydingis now (quoth I) how haue ye doone ?
Vpon our departyng (quoth he) yesterdaie
Toward mine vncles, somwhat more than mydway,
I ouertooke a man, a seruauant of his,
And a fréend of myne. Who gessed streight with this
What mine errand was, offryng in the same,
To do his best for me, and so in gods name,
Thyther we went, no body beyng within,
But myne vncle, myne aunte, and one of our kyn.
A mad knaue, as it were a raylyng gefter,
Not a more gagglyng gander henfe to Chester.
At sight of me he asked, who haue we there ?
I haue séene this gentleman, if I wist where.
Howe be it lo, seldome séene, soone forgotten.
He was (as he will be) somwhat cupshotten.
Sixe daies in the wéeke beside the market daie.
Malt is aboue wheate with him. market men saie.
But for as muche as I sawe the same taunt
Contented well mine vncle and mine aunt.
And that I cam to fall in, and not to fall out,
I forbare: or els his dronken red snout,
I would haue made as oft chaunge from hew to hew,
As dooth the cocks of Inde. For this is trew,
It is a small hop on my thombe. And Christ wot,
It is wood at a woorde. little pottle soone whot.
Nowe mery as a cricket, and by and by,
Angry as a waspe, though in both no cause why.
But he was at home there, he might speake his will.
Euery cocke is proude on his owne dunghill.
I shall be euen with him herein whan I can.
But he hauyng done, thus myne vncle began.

D

Ye

The fyrst parte.

Ye marchant, what attempth you, to attempt vs,
To come on vs before the messenger thus ?
Roming in an out, I here tell how ye tosse.
But sonne, the rollyng stone neuer gatherth mosse.
Lyke a pyckpurs pilgrim, ye prie and ye proule
At rousers, to rob Peter and paie Poule.
Iwys I know, or any more be tolde,
That draffe is your errand, but drinke ye wolde.
Vncle (quoth I) of the cause, for whiche I com,
I pray you paciently here the hole som.
In fayth (quoth he) without any more summyng,
I know to beg of me is thy commyng,
Forfoth (quoth his man) it is so in déede.
And I dare boldly bofte, if ye knewe his néede,
Ye wolde of pittie yet set him in some stey.
Sonne, better be enuied than pitied, folke sey.
And for his cause of pitée (had he had grace)
He might this daie haue béene cleere out of the cafe.
But now he hath well fysht and caught a frog.
Where nought is to wed with, wise men flée the clog.
Where I (quoth I) did not as ye wyld or bad,
That repent I oft, and as oft wishe I had.
Sonne (quoth he) as I haue herd of myne olders,
Wifhers and wolders be no good householders.
This prouerbe for a lesson, with such other.
Not lyke (as who saieth) the sonne of my brother,
But lyke mine owne sonne, I ofte before tolde the,
To cast hir quite of, but it woulde not holde the.
Whan I wyld the any other where to go,
Tushe, there was no mo maydes but malkyn tho.
Ye had been lost to lacke your lust, whan ye lyst,
By two myles trudgeyng twyfe a wéeke to be kyft.
I would ye had kyft, well I will no more sturre.
It is good to haue a hatche before the durre.

But

The fyrſt parte.

But who will in tyme preſent pleaſure refrayne,
Shall in time to come, the more pleaſure obtayne.
Folowe pleaſure, and then will pleaſure flée.
Flée pleaſure, and pleaſure will folowe thée,
And howe is my faiyng come to paſſe nowe?
How oft did I prophecie this betwéene you
And your ginifinée nycebecetur?
Whan ſwéete ſuger ſhould tourne to ſoure ſalte petur,
Wherby ye ſhould in ſeyng that ye neuer ſawe,
Thynke that you neuer thought. your ſelfe a dawe.
But that tyme ye thought me a dawe. ſo that I
Dyd no good in all my woordes then, ſaue onely
Approued this prouerbe playne and true mater,
A man maie well bring a horſe to the water,
But he can not make him drinke without he will.
Colts (quoth his man) may proue well with tatches yll.
For of a ragged colte there comth a good horſe.
If he be good now of his ill paſt no force.
Well, he that hangth him ſelfe a fondaie (ſaid hée)
Shall hang ſtill vncut downe a mondaie for mée.
I haue hangd vp my hatchet, God ſpéede him well.
A wonder thing what thingis theſe olde thinges tell.
Cat after kynde good mouſe hunt. And alſo
Men ſaie, kinde will créepe where it maie not go.
Commenly all thyng ſhewth fro whens it camme.
The litter is lyke to the ſyre and the damme.
How can the ſole amble, if the hors and mare trot?
Theſe ſentenſes are aſſigned vnto thy lot,
By condicions of thy father and mother,
My ſyſter in lawe, and mine owne ſaid brother.
Thou foloweſt their ſteppes as right as a lyne.
For when prouander prickt them a little tyne,
They did as thy wife and thou did, both dote
Eche one on other, and beyng not woorth a grote,

D ij

They

The fyrst parte.

They went (witleffe) to wedding. Wherby at laft
They both went a beggyng. And euen the lyke caſt
Haſt thou. thou wilt beg or ſteale, er thou dye.
Take héede fréende I haue léene as far come as nye.
If ye féeke to fynde thynges, er they be loſt,
Ye ſhall fynde one daie you come to your coſt.
This doo I but repete, for this I tolde thée,
And more I faie: but I could not then holde thée.
Nor will not holde the now: nor ſuche foly féele,
To ſet at my hert that thou ſetteſt at thy héele.
And as of my good, er I one grote géeeue,
I wyll ſée how my wyfe, and my ſelfe maie léeeue.
Thou goeſt a glenyng er the cart haue caried.
But er thou gleine ought, ſens thou woldſt be maried
Shall I make the laugh now, and my ſelfe wéepe then?
Naie good childe, better children wéepe then olde men.
Men ſhould not preſe much, to ſpend much vpon fooles.
Fiſhe is caſte awaie that is caſt in drie pooles.
To flée charge, and fynde eaſe, ye wold now héere oſte.
It is eaſy to cry vle at other mens coſte.
But a bow long bent, at length muſt ware weake.
Long bent I toward you, but that bent I will breake.
Fare well and féede full, that loue ye well to do.
But you luſt not to doo, that longeth therto.
The cat would eate fyſhe, and would not wet her féete.
They muſt hunger in froſt, that will not woorke in héete.
And he that will thriue, muſt aſke leaue of his wife.
But your wife will geue none, by your and hir life.
It is harde to wiue and thryue bothe in a yere.
Thus by thy wyuyng, thryuyng dooth ſo appere,
That thou art paſt thrift before thryft begyn.
But lo, wyll wyll haue wyll, though will wo wyn,
Will is a good ſonne, and will is a ſhrewde boy.
And wilfull ſhrewde will hath wrought thée this toy.

A

The fyrst parte.

A gentle white spurre, and at néede a sure speare.
He standth now as he had a flea in his eare.
How be it for any great courtesie he doth make,
It séemth the gentill man hath eaten a stake.
He beareth a dagger in his sleue, trustée,
To kyll all that he méeteth prouder then hée.
He will perke, I here say he must haue the benche.
Iacke would be a gentleman if he could speake frenche.
He thinkth his féete be, where his head shall neuer come.
He would fayne flée, but he wanteth fethers, some.
Sir (quoth his man) he will no faute defende,
But harde is for any man all fautes to mende.
He is liueles, that is fautles, olde folkes thought.
He hath (quoth he) but one faute, he is nought.
Well (quoth his man) the best cart maie ouerthrowe.
Cartis well driuen (quoth he) go longe vpright thowe.
But for my rewarde, let him be no longer tarier.
I will send it him, by Iohn Longe the carier.
O helpe him sir (saide he) fens ye easily maie.
Shamfull crauyng (quoth he) must haue shamefull naie.
Ye maie fyr (quoth he) mend thrée naies with one yée.
Two false knaues néede no broker, men say (saide hée)
Some saie also it is mery when knaues méete.
But the mo knaues the woorse company to gréete.
The one knaue now croucheth, while thother crauith.
But to shew what shalbe his releuauith.
Either after my death if my will be kept,
Or duryng my lyfe : had I this hall hept
With golde, he maie his parte on good fridaie eate,
And fast neuer the wurs, for ought he shall geate.
These former lessons conde, take forth this, sonne.
Tell thy cardes, and than tell me what thou hast wonne.
Now here is the doore, and there is the wey,
And so (quoth he) farewell gentill Geffrey.

D iij

Thus

The fyrst parte.

Thus parted I from him, beyng muche dismaide,
Whiche his man sawe, and (to comfort me) saied.
What man, plucke vp your hert, be of good chéere.
After cloudes blacke, we shall haue weather cléere.
What should your face thus agayne the woll be shorne
For one fall? What man all this winde shakis no corne.
Let this winde ouerblow. a tyme I will spy,
To take wynde and tyde with me, and spede therby.
I thanke you (quoth I) but great boft and small rofte,
Maketh vnfaury mouthes, where ever men ofte.
And this bofte veraie vnfaurly serueth.
For while the grasse groweth the horse sterueth.
Better one byrde in hande than ten in the wood.
Rome was not built in one daie (quoth he) and yet stood.
Till it was finisht, as some say, full faire.
Your hert is in your hofe all in dispaire.
But as euery man faith, a dog hath a daie.
Should you a man, dispaire than any daie? naie.
Ye haue many stryngis to the bowe, for ye know.
Though I, hauyng the bent of your vnles bow,
Can no way bryng your bolte in the but to stand,
Yet haue ye other markis to roue at hand.
The kays hang not all by one mans gyrdell man.
Though nought wilbe woon here, I fay, yet ye can
Taste other kinfmen, of whom ye may geat,
Here some and there some, many small make a great.
For come lyght winnynges with bleffings or curfes,
Euermore light gaynes make heauy purfes.
Children learne to créepe er they can learne to go.
And little and little, ye must learne euen so.
Throw no gyft agayne at the geuers head,
For better is halfe a lofe than no bread.
I maie beg my bread (quoth I) for my kyn all
That dwelth ny. Well, yet (quoth he) and the woofst fall,
Ye

The fyrst parte.

Ye maie to your kinsman, hens nine or ten mile.
Riche without charge, whom ye saw not of long while.
That benchwhistler (quoth I) is a pinchpeny,
As free of gyft, as a poore man of his eie.
I shall geat a fart of a dead man as soone
As a farthyng of him, his dole is soone doone.
He is so hy in thinstep, and so streight laste,
That pryde and couetyse withdrawth all repaste,
Ye know what he hath béene (quoth he) but iwis,
Absence faith plainly, ye know not what he is.
Men know (quoth I) I haue herd now and then,
How the market goth by the market men.
Further it is saide, who that saiyng wayth,
It must néedes be true, that euery man fayth.
Men say also, children and fooles can not ly.
And both man and child saieth, he is a heinsby.
And my selfe knowth him, I dare boldly brag,
Euen as well as the begger knowth his bag.
And I knew him, not woorth a grey grote.
He was at an ebbe, though he be now a flote,
Poore as the poorest. And now nought he setteth
By poore folke, For the paryshe priest forgetteth
That euer he hath bene holy water clarke.
By ought I can now here, or euer could marke.
Of no man hath he pitie or compassion.
Well (quoth he) euery man after his fassion.
He maie yet pitie you, for ought doth appéere,
It hapth in one houre, that hapth not in. vii. yere.
Forspeake not your fortune, nor hide not your néede.
Nought venter nought haue. spare to speake spare to spéede.
Vnknowne vnkyft. it is losse that is vnsought.
As good féeke nought (quoth I) as seeke and finde nought.
It is (quoth he) yll fyshyng before the net.
But though we get little, dere bought and far fet.

Are

The fyrst parte.

Are deinties for Ladies. Go we both twoo,
I haue for my maister thereby to doo,
I maie breake a dishe there. and sure I shall
Set all at fixe and seuen, to win some windfall.
And I will hang the bell about the cats necke.
For I will first breake, and ieobard the first checke.
And for to wyn this praie, though the cost be mine,
Leat vs present him with a bottle of wyne.
What should we (quoth I) grease the fat sow in thars,
We maie doo much ill, er we doo much wars.
It is, to geue him, as muche almes or néede
As cast water in tems, or as good a déede,
As it is to helpe a dogge ouer a stile.
Than go we (quoth he) we lese tyme all this while.
To folow his fancy, we went together.
And toward night yesternight when we came thyther,
She was within, but he was yet abrode.
And streight as she sawe me, she swelde lyke a tode.
Pattrying the diuels Pater noster to hir selfe,
God neuer made a more crabbed elfe.
She bad him welcome, but the wurs for mée.
This knaue comth a beggyng, by me thought shée.
I smelde hir out, and had hir streight in the wynde.
She maie abide no beggers of any kynde.
They be both gréedy guts all geuen to get.
They care not how: all is fishe that comth to net.
They know no ende of their good: nor beginnyng
Of any goodnesse. fuche is wretched winnyng.
Hunger droppeth euen out of bothe their noses.
She goth with broken shone and torne hoses
But who is wurs shod, than the shoemakers wyfe,
With shops full of newe shoes all hir lyfe?
Or who will doo lesse, then they that may do moste?
And namely of hir I can no waie make bofte.

She

The fyrst parte.

She is one of them, to whom God bad who.
She will all haue, and will right nought forgo.
She will not part with the paryng of hir nayles,
She toyleth continually for auayles.
Whiche life she hath so long now kept in vre.
That for no life she wolde make chaunge, be sure.
But this lesson lernde I, er I was yeres feuen.
They that be in hell, wene there is none other heuen.
She is nothyng fayre, but she is yll fauourd.
And no more vnclenly, than vnswéete fauourd.
But hakney men faie, at mangy hackneis hyer,
A scald hors is good inough for a scabde squyer.
He is a knuckylbonyard veraie méete
To matche a minion nother fayre nor swéete.
He winkth with the tone eie, and lokth with the tother
I will not trust him though he were my brother.
He hath a poyson wyt, and all his delyte,
To geue tauntes and checkes of most spitefull spyte.
In that house commonly such is the cast,
A man shall as soone breake his necke as his fast.
And yet nowe fuche a gyd did hir head take,
That more for my mates then for maners sake.
We had bread and drinke, and a chéese very greate.
But the greatestest crabs be not all the best meate.
For hir crabbed chéese, with all the greatnesse,
Myght well abide the finenesse, or sweatnesse,
Anon he cam in. And when he vs sawe,
To my companion kindlie he did drawe.
And a well fauourd welcome to him he yéelds.
Byddyng me welcome strangly ouer the féelds.
With these woordes, Ah yong man I know your matter,
By my faith you come to looke in my water.
And for my comfort to your consolacion,
Ye would, by my purs, geue me a purgacion.

E

But

The fyrst parte.

But I am laxatiue inough there  terwise.
This (quoth this yonge man) contrary doth ryse.
For he is purs sicke, and lackth a phisicion,
And hopeth vpon you in some condicion.
Not by purgacion, but by restoratiue.
To strength his weakenesse to k eepe him aliue.
I can not (quoth he) for though it be my lot
To haue speculation, yet I practyse not.
I s ee muche, but I say little, and doo lesse,
In this kinde of phisicke. and what would ye gesse,
Shall I consume my selfe, to restore him now?
Nay, backare (quoth mortimer to his sow)
He can before this tyme, no tyme affine,
In whiche he hath laied downe one peny by myne,
That euer might either make me bite or sup.
And byr lady fr eed, nought lay downe, nought take vp.
Ka me, ka the, one good tourne askth an other.
Nought woon by the tone, nought won by the tother.
To put me to coste, thou camst halfe a score myles,
Out of thine owne nest, to s eeke me in these out yles.
Where thou wilt not step ouer a straw, I thynke,
To wyn me the woorth of one draught of drynke.
No more than I haue wonne of all thy hole stocke.
I haue bene common lacke to all that hole flocke.
Whan ought was to doo, I was common hackney,
Folke call on the horse that will cary alwey.
But euermore the common horse is woorst shod.
Desert and rewarde be oft tymes thynges far od.
At end I might put my winnyng in mine eye,
And s ee neuer the woorse, for ought I wan them bye.
And now without them, I liue here at staues end.
Where I n eed not borowe, nor I will not lend.
It is good to beware by other mens harmes,
But thy takyng of thyne aulter in thine armes.

Teacheth

The fyrst parte.

Teacheth other to beware of their harmes by thyne.
Thou hast striken the ball, vnder the lyne.
I praie you (quoth I) pitie me a poore man,
With somewhat, tyll I maie woorke as I can.
Toward your woorkyng (quoth he) ye make such taftingis,
As approue you to be none of the haftingis.
Ye ren to woorke in hafte as nine men helde ye.
But whan so euer ye to woorke muft yeld ye.
If your meete mate and you méete together,
Than shall we féé two men beare a fether.
Recompensyng former loytryng lyfe loofe,
As dyd the pure penitent that stale a goofe
And stack downe a fether. And where olde folke tell,
That euill gotten good neuer proueth well.
Ye wyll truely get, and true gettyng well kéepe
Till time ye be as ryche as a new shorne shéepe:
Howe be it whan thrift and you fell fyrst at a fray,
You played the man, for ye made thrift ren away.
So helpe me god, in my poore opinion,
A man might make a plaie of this minion.
And fain no ground, but take tales of his owne fréends,
I fucke not this out of my owne fingers éends.
And sens ye were wed, although I nought gaue you,
Yet pray I for you, God and saint Luke saue you.
And here is all. For what should I further wade?
I was neyther of court nor of counfayle made.
And it is, as I haue lerned in lystnyng,
A poore dogge, that is not woorth the whyftlyng.
A daie er I was wedde, I bad you (quoth I)
Scarbrough warnyng I had (quoth he) wherby,
I kept me thens, to serue the accordyng.
And now if this nightes lodgeyng and bordyng.
Maie ease the, and ryd me from any more charge,
Then welcome, or els get the streight at large.

E ij

For

The fyrst parte.

For of further rewarde, marke how I boft me,
In cafe as ye fhall yelde me as ye coft me,
So fhall ye coft me as ye yelde me likewife.
Whiche is, a thing of nought rightly to furmyfe.
Here with all his wife to make vp my mouthe,
Not onely hir hufbandes tauntyng tale auouthe,
But therto deuifeth to caft in my téeth,
Checks and chokyng oysters. And whan ſhe féeth
Her tyme to take vp, to ſhew my fare at beft,
Ye ſée your fare (ſayd ſhe) ſet your hert at reft.
Fare ye well (quoth I) how euer I fare now.
And well mote ye fare bothe whan I dyne with yow.
Come, go we hens friend (quoth I to my mate)
And now will I make a croſſe on this gate.
And I (quoth he) croſſe the quyte out of my booke.
Sens thou art croſſe ſaylde, auale vnhappie hooke.
By hooke or crooke nought could I wyn there, men ſay
He that comth euery daie, ſhall haue a cocknaie.
He that comth now and then, ſhall haue a fatte hen.
But I gat not ſo mucche in comyng ſéelde when,
As a good hens fether, or a poore egſhell.
As good play for nought as woorke for nought, folke tell.
Well well (quoth he) we be but where we were.
Come what come would, I thought er we came there,
That if the woorſt fell, we could haue but a naie.
There is no harme doone man in all this fraie.
Neither pot broken, nor water ſpylt.
Farewell he (quoth I) I will as ſoone be hylt,
As waite againe for the mooneſhine in the water.
But is not this a prety pyked mater?
To diſdeygne me, who mucke of the worlde hoordth not,
As he dooth, it may ryme but it accordth not.
She ſometh lyke a bore, the beaſt ſhould ſéeme bolde.
For ſhe is as fierce, as a Lyon of Cotfolde.

She

The fyrst parte.

She fryeth in hir owne greafe, bût as for my parte,
If she be angry, befhrew her angry harte.
Fréend (quoth he) he maie shewe wisdome at will,
That with angry herte can holde his tongue styll.
Let pacience growe in your gardein alwaie.
Some loofe or od ende will come man, some one daie
From some fréende, eyther in lyfe or at death.
Death (quoth I) take we that tyme, to take a breath?
Than graffe we a greene graffe on a rotten roote,
Who waitth for dead men shoen, shall go long barefoote
Let passe (quoth he) and leat vs be trudgeing,
Where some noppie ale is, and softe swéete ludgeing.
Be it (quoth I) but I would very fayne eate.
At breackfast and diner I éete little meate.
And two hongry meales make the thyrd a gluten:
We went where we had boylde béefe and bake mutton,
Wherof I fed me as fulle as a tunne.
And a bed were we er the clocke had nine runne.
Early we rose, in hast to get awaie,
And to the hostler this mornynge by daie
This fellow calde. what how fellow, thou knaue,
I pray the leat me and my fellow haue
A heare of the dog that bote vs last night.
And bitten were we both to the braine aright,
We fawe eche other drunke in the good ale glas,
And so did eche one eche other, that there was.
Sawe one, but olde men say that are skyld,
A hard foughten féeld, where no man skapth vnkyld.
The recknyng reckned he, néeds would pay the shot,
And nedes he must for me, for I had it not.
This doone we shoke handes, and parted in fyne,
He into his waie, and I into myne.
But this iourney was quite out of my waie.
Many kynssfolke and few fréends, some folke saie.

E iij

But

The fyrst parte.

But I fynde many kynffolke, and fréende not one.
Folke fay, it hath béene saide many yeres sens gone,
Proue thy fréende er thou haue néede, but in déede
A fréende is neuer knowen tyll a man haue néede.
Before I had néede, my most present foes
Semed my most fréends, but thus the world goes,
Euery man basteth the fat hog we fée,
But the leane shall burne er he basted bée.
As seyth this sentence, oft and long sayd before,
He that hath plentie of goodes shall haue more,
He that hath but a little, he shall haue lesse.
He that hath right nought, right nought shall possesse.
Thus hauing right nought, and would fomwhat obtayne.
With right nought (quoth he) I am retournd againe.

The. xii. chapitre.

SUrely (quoth I) ye haue in this time thus worne,
Made a long haruest for a little corne.
Howbeit, comferte your selfe with this old text,
That telth vs, when bale is hekft, boote is next.
Though euery man may not fyt in the chayre.
Yet alwaie the grace of God is woorth a fayre.
Take no thought in no case, God is where he was.
But put case in pouertée all your life pas.
Yet pouertee and poore degré, taken well,
Féedth on this, he that neuer climbde, neuer fell.
And some case at some tyme shewth préese fomwhere,
That riches bringth oft harme, and euer feare.
Where pouertée passeth without grudge of gréepe.
What man, the begger maie syng before the théese,
And who can syng so mery a note,
As maie he, that can not chaunge a grote.
Ye (quoth he) beggers maie syng before théeues,
And weepe before true men, lamentyng their greeues.

Some

The fyrst parte.

Some saie, and I feele hunger perfeth stone wall.
Meate nor yet money to bye meate withall,
Haue I not so muche as maie hunger defende
Fro my wyfe and me. Well (quoth I) God will fende
Tyme to prouyde for tyme, right well ye shall see.
God fende that prouision in tyme (said he.)
And thus seemyng welnie wery of his lyfe,
The poore wretch went to his like poore wretched wyfe.
From wantonnes to wretchednesse, brought on their knees.
Their hartes full heauy, their heades be full of bees.
And after this a monthe, or somewhat lesse,
Their landlorde came to their houle to take a stresse
For rent, to haue kept Bayard in the stable.
But that to win, any power was vnable.
For though it be ill plaiyng with short daggers,
Whiche meaneth, that euery wife man staggers,
In earnest or boorde to be busie or bolde
With his biggers or betters, yet this is tolde.
Where as nothing is, the kynge must lose his right.
And thus, kyng or keyser must haue set them quight.
But warnyng to departe thens they neded none.
For er the next daie the birdes were flowne eche one,
To seeke seruyce. of whiche where the man was sped,
The wife could not speede, but maugre hir hed,
She must seeke elsewhere. for eyther there or ny,
Seruyce for any suite she none could espy.
All folke thought them not onely to lyther,
To lynger bothe in one houle togyther.
But also dwellyng ny vnder their wyngs,
Vnder their noses, they might conuey thinges,
Suche as were neither to heauie nor to whot.
More in a month then they their maister got
In a whole yere. Wherto folke further weiyng,
Receiue eche of other in their conueiyng,

Might

The fyrst parte.

Might be worst of all. For this prouerbe préeeues,
Where be no receiuers, there be no théeeues.
Suche hap here hapt, that common drede of such gyles
Droue them and kepth them a funder many myles.
Thus though loue decrée, departure death to bée,
Yet pouertie parteth felowship we fée.
And doth those two true louers so disseuer,
That méete shall they féelde when, or haply neuer.
And thus by loue, without regard of liuyng,
These twayne haue wrought eche others yll chiuynge.
And loue hath so lost them the loue of their fréendis,
That I thinke them lost, and thus this tale éendis.

The. xiii. chapitre.

AH fir (said my fréend) when men will néedis mary,
I see now, how wifdome and haft maie varie,
Namely where they wed for loue altogether.
I would for no good, but I had come hyther.
Swéete beautie with soure beggery, naie I am gon,
To the welthy wythered wydow, by Sent Iohn.
What yet in all haste (quoth I) Ye (q, hee)
For she hath substance inough. and ye fee,
That lacke is the losse of these two yong fooles.
Know ye not (quoth I) that after wife mens schooles,
A man should here all partis, er he iudge any?
Why axe ye that (quoth he.) For this (quoth I.
I tolde you, whan I this began that I woulde
Tell you of two couples. and I hauyng told
But of the tone, ye be streight startyng away,
As I of the tother had right nought to say.
Or as your selfe of them right nought wold here.
Naie not all so (quoth he) but fyns I thynke clere,
There can no way appeere so painfull a lyfe,
Betwene your yong neighbour and his old ryche wyfe.

As

The fyrst parte.

As this tale in this yong poore couple dooth show,
And that the most good or least yll ye know.
To take at ende, I was at begynnyng bent,
With thanks for this, and your more payne to preuent,
Without any more matter now reuolued.
I take this matter here cléerely resolued.
And that ye herein awarde me to forsake,
Beggerly beautie, and riuel'd riches take.
Thats iust, if the halfe shall iudge the whole (quoth I)
But yet here the whole, the whole wholly to try.
To it (quoth he) than I prais you by and by.
We will dyne fyrst (quoth I) it is noone hy.
We maie as well (quoth he) dine whan this is doone.
The longer forenoone the shorter after noone.
All comth to one, and therby men haue gest,
Alwaie the longer east the shorter west.
We haue had (quoth I) before ye came, and syn,
Weather, méete to sette paddockes abroode in.
Rain, more than enough, and when all shrews haue dind,
Chaunge from foule weather to faire is oft enclind.
And all the shrews in this parte, sauyng one wife
That must dine with vs, haue dinde paine of my life.
Now if good chaunge of ill weather be dependyng
Vpon hir diet, what were mine offendyng,
To kepe the woman any longer fastyng.
If ye (quoth he) fet all this far castyng,
For common wealth, as it apéereth a cléere case,
Reason would your will shuld, and shall take place.

¶ Thus endeth the fyrst part.

F The

The seconde parte.

The. i. chapter.

DIners can not be long, where deinties want,
Where coine is not common, commons must be scant.
In poste pafe we pafte from potage to chéeſe,
And yet this man cride, alas what time we léefe.
He would not let vs pauſe after our repaſte,
But apart he pluckt me ſtreight, and in all haſte,
As I of this poore yonge man, and poore yong mayde,
Or more poore yong wyfe, the foreſaid woordes had ſaid,
So praieth he me now the proceſſe maie be tolde,
Betwéene thother yong man, and riche widow olde.
If ye lacke that (quoth I) awaie ye muſt wynde,
With your hole errand, and halfe thanſwere behynde.
Whiche thing to do, ſens haſt therto ſhewth you loth,
And to haſt your goyng, the daie awaie goth.
And that tyme loſte, again we can not wyn.
Without more loſſe of tyme, this tale I begyn.

IN this late olde wydow, and than olde new wyfe,
Age and appetite fell at a ſtronger ſtryfe.
Her luſt was as yonge as hir lymis were olde.
The daie of hir weddyng, like one to be ſolde,
She fet out hir ſelfe in fyne apparell.
She was made lyke a béere pot, or a barell.
A crooked hooked noſe, béetyll browde, blere eyde.
Many men wiſhte, for beautifyng that bryde.
Hir waſte to be gyrde in, and for a boone grace,
Some well fauourd vyfor, on hir yll fauourd face.
But with viſorlyke viſage, ſuche as it was.
She ſmirkt, and ſhe ſmylde, but ſo liſped this laſ,
That folke might haue thought it doone onely alone,
Of wantonneſſe, had not hir téeth béene gone.

Vpright

The second parte.

Vpright as a candle standth in a socket,
Stoode she that daie, so simpre de cocket.
Of auncient fathers she tooke no cure nor care,
She was to them, as koy as a crokers mare.
She tooke thenterteinment of the yong men
All in daliaunce, as nice as a nuns hen.
I suppose that daie hir eares might well glow,
For all the towne talkt of hir hy and low.
One faide, a well fauourd old woman she is.
The diuell she is faide an other. and to this,
In came the thyrde, with his. v. egges, and fayde,
Fyfty yere ago I knew hir a trym mayde.
What euer she were than (fayd one) she is now,
To become a bryde, as méete as a fowe
To beare a faddle. She is in this mariage
As comely as is a cowe in a cage.
Gup with a galde backe gill, come vp to supper.
What mine olde mare woulde haue a new crouper.
And now mine olde hat must haue a new band.
Well (quoth one) glad is he that hath hir in hand.
A goodly maryage she is, I here faie.
She is so (quoth one) were the woman awaie.
Well (quoth an other) fortune this moueth.
And in this cafe euery man as he loueth
Quoth the good man, whan that he kyft his coowe.
That kyffe (quoth one) doth well here, by god a voowe.
But how can she geue a kyffe sowre or swéete?
Her chin and hir nose, within halfe an inche méete.
God is no botcher fyr, faide an other.
He shapeth all partes, as eche part maie fytt other.
Well (quoth one) wisely, let vs leaue this scannyng.
God spéede them. be as be maie is no bannyng.
That shalbe, shalbe. and with gods grace they shall
Doo well, and that they so may, wishe we all.

F ij

This

The second part.

THIS wonder (as wonders laft) lafted nine daies.
Whiche doone, and all gefts of this feaft gon their waies,
Ordinary houfholde this man freight began.
Very fumptuoufly, whiche he might well doo than.
What he would haue, he might haue, his wife was fet
In fuche dotage of him, that fayre woordes did fet,
Gromelféede plentie, and pleafure to prefer,
She made muche of him, and he mockt muche of her.
I was (as I faide) muche there, and moft of all
The fyrft month in which time fuche kindneffe did fall,
Betwene thefe two counterfaite turtle burdes,
To fee his fwéete lookes, and here hir fwéete wurdes.
And to thinke wherfore they bothe put both in vre,
It wolde haue made a hors breake his halter fure.
All the fyrft fortnight their tickyng might haue tought,
Any yonge couple, their loue tickes to haue wrought.
Some laught, and faid, all thing is gay that is gréene.
Some therto faid, the gréene new brome fwéepth cléene.
But fens all thyng is the woors for the wearyng,
Decaie of cleane fwéepying folke had in fearyng.
And in déede, er two monthes away were crept,
And hir biggeft baggs into his bofome swept.
Where loue had apéered in him to hir alway
Hotte as a tofte, it grew cold as a kay.
He at meate caruyng hir, and none els before,
Now carued he to all but hir, and hir no more.
Where her woordes féemd hony, by his fmylyng chéere,
Now are they muftard, he frowneth them to héere.
And whan fhe fawe fwéete fauce began to waxe foure,
She waxt as fowre as he, and as well could lowre.
So turned they their typpets by way of exchange,
From laughyng to lowryng, and taunts did fo raunge,
That in plaine termes, plaine truth to you to vtter,
They two agréed like two cats in a gutter.

Mary

The second parte.

Mary fir (quoth he) by scratchyng and bytyng
Catts and dogs come together, by folkes recityng.
Together by the eares they come (quoth I) chéerely.
How be it those woords are not voyde here cléerely.
For in one state they twayne could not yet settle.
But waueryng as the wynde, in docke out nettle.
Now in now out. now here now there, now fad.
Now mery, now hie, now lowe, now good, now bad.
In whiche vnstedy sturdy stormes streinable.
To know how they bothe were irrefreynable,
Marke how they fell out, and how they fell in.
At ende of a supper she did thus begin.

The. ii. chapter.

HUfbande (quoth she) I would we were in our nest.
Whan the bealy is full, the bones wold be at rest.
So soone vpon supper (saide he) no question,
Sléepe maketh yll and vnholosome digestion,
By that diete a great diseafe once I gat.
And burnt childe fyre dredth. I will beware of that.
What a post of phifyke (saide she) ye a post.
And from post to pyller wyfe, I haue béene toft
By that surfet. And I feele a little fyt,
Euen now, by former attemptyng of it.
Wherby, except I shall séeme to leaue my wit,
Before it leaue me, I must now leaue it.
I thanke God (quoth she) I neuer yet felt payne,
To go to bed timely, but risyng againe
To soone in the mornyng, hath me displeased,
And I (quoth he) haue béene more diseafed,
By earely liyng downe, than by early risyng.
But thus differ folke lo, in exercisyng.
That one may not, an other may.
Vfe maketh maistry, and men many tymes say,

F iij

That

The second parte.

That one loueth not, an other doth, which hath sped,
All meates to be eaten, and all maides to be wed.
Haste ye to bed now, and ryfe ye as ye rate.
While I ryfe early, and come to bed late.
Long liyng warme in bed is holfome (quoth shee)
While the leg warmeth, the boote harmeth (quoth hee)
Well (quoth she) he that dooth as most men doo,
Shalbe leaft wondred on, and take any twoo,
That be man and wyfe in all this whole towne,
And moste parte together, they ryfe and lie downe.
Whan byrds shall roust (quoth he) at. viii. ix. or ten,
Who shall appoynt their houre, the cocke, or the hen.
The hen (quoth she) the cocke (quoth he) iust (quoth she)
As Iermans lips. It shall proue more iust (quoth he)
Than proue I (quoth she) the more foole far away.
But there is no foole to the olde foole, folke say.
Ye are wise inough (quoth he) if ye kéepe ye warme,
To be kept warme, and for none other harme,
Nor for muche more good, I tooke you to wedde.
I toke not you (quoth he) nyght and day to bedde.
Her carrain carkas (saide he) is so colde,
Because she is aged, and somewhat to olde,
That she kylth me, I doo but roste a stone.
In warmyng hir. And shall not I saue one,
As she wolde saue an other? yes by feint Iohne.
A fyr (quoth she) mary this geare is alone.
Who that woorst maie, shall holde the candell, I see,
I must warme bed for him should warme it for mee.
This medicine thus ministred is sharpe and colde.
But all thing that is sharpe is short. folke haue tolde.
This trade is now begun, but if it holde on,
Then farewell my good daies. they wyll be soone gon.
Gospell in thy mouth (quoth he) this strife to breake.
How be it, all is not gospell that thou doest speake.

But

The second parte.

But what néede we lumpe out loue at ones lashyng.
As we should now shake handes. what soft for dashyng.
The fayre lasteth all the yere. we be new knéet,
And so late met, that I feare we parte not yéet,
Quoth the baker to the pylorie. Which thyng,
From distemperate fondyng, temperance maie bryng.
And this reason to ayde, and make it more strong,
Olde wife folke saie, loue me little, loue me long.
I say little (said she) but I thinke more.
Thought is frée. Ye leane (quoth he) to the wrong shore.
Braulyng booted not, he was not that night bent,
To plaie the bridgroom. Alone to bed she went.
This was their beginnyng of iar. How be it,
For a begynnyng, this was a feat fit.
And but a fleabytyng to that did ensfew.
The woofst is behynd. we come not where it grew.
How say you (said he to me) by my wyfe.
The diuell hath cast a bone (said I) to set stryfe
Betwéene you, but it were a folly for mée,
To put my hande betwéene the barke and the trée.
Or to put my finger to far in the fyre,
Betwéene you, and lay my credence in the myre.
To meddle little for me it is beste.
For of little medlyng cometh great reffe.
Yes ye maie meddle (quoth he) to make hir wyfe,
Without takyng harme, in geuyng your aduise.
She knowth me not yet, but if she waxe to wilde,
I shall make hir knowe, an olde knaue is no childe.
Sluggyng in bed with hir is woorse than watchyng.
I promise you an olde sacke axeth much patchyng.
Well (quoth I) to morowe I will to my beades,
To pray, that as ye both will, so ake your heades.
And in meane time my akyng head to ease,
I will couche a hogs hed. Quoth he whan ye please.

We

The second parte.

We parted, and this within a daie or twayne,
Was raakt vp in thashe, and couerd agayne.

The. iii. chapiter.

THefe two daies past, he said to me, whan ye will,
Come chat at home, al is wel. Iack shall haue gill.
Who had the wurs ende of the staffe (quoth I) now ?
Shall the maister weare a bréeche, or none ? say you.
I trust the sow will no more so déepe wroote.
But if she doo (quoth he) you must set in foote.
And whom ye sée out of the waie, or shoote wyde.
Ouer shoote not your selfe any fyde to hyde.
But shoote out some woordes, if she be to whot.
She maie faie (quoth I) a fooles bolte soone shot.
Ye will me to a thankeleffe office héere.
And a busy officer I maie appéere.
And Iack out of office she maie bid me walke.
And thinke me as wise as Waltams calfe, to talke.
Or chat of hir charge, hauyng therin nought to doo,
How be it, if I sée néede, as my part comth too,
Gladly betwene you I will doo my best.
I byd you to diner (quoth he) as no geste,
And brynge your poore neighbors on your other fyde.
I did so. And streight as tholde wife vs espied,
She bad vs welcome and merily toward me,
Gréene rufhes for this straunger, strawe here (quoth she)
With this aparte she puld me by the fléeue.
Saiyng in few words, my mynd to you to méeeue,
So it is, that all our great fraie the last night,
Is forgeuen and forgotten betwene vs quight.
And all fraies by this I trust haue taken end.
For I fully hope my husband will amend.
Well amended (thought I) whan ye both relent,
Not to your owne, but eche to others mendment.

Now

The second parte.

Now if hope fayle (quoth she) and chaunce bryng about
Any fuche breache, wherby we fall again out.
I pray you tell him his pars vers now and than.
And winke on me also hardly, if ye can
Take me in any tryp. Quoth I, I am lothe,
To meddle commonly. For as this tale gothe,
Who medleth in all thyng, maie shooe the gollyng,
Well (quoth she) your medlyng herein may bryng
The wynde calme betwéene vs, whan it els might rage.
I will with good will (quoth I) yll wynds to fwage,
Spend som wind at néede, though I waft winde in vayne.
To table we sat, where fyne fare did remayne.
Mery we were as cup and can could holde,
Eche one with eche other homely and bolde.
And she for hir parte, made vs chéere heauen hye.
The fyrst parte of dyner mery as a pye.
But a scalde head is soone broken. and so they,
As ye shall streight here, fell at a new frey.

The. iiii. chapter.

HUfband (quoth she) ye studie, be mery now.
And euen as ye thynke now so come to yow.
Nay not so (quoth he) for my thought to tell right,
I thynke how ye lay gronyng wife, all last night.
Hufband, a gronyng horse, and a gronyng wyfe,
Neuer fayle their maister (quoth she) for my lyfe.
No wyfe, a woman hath nyne lyues like a cat.
Well my lambe (quoth she) ye may picke out of that,
As soone goth the yonge lamskyn to the market
As tholde yewes. God forbyd wyfe, ye shall fyrst iet.
I will not iet yet (quoth she) put no doutyng.
It is a bad sacke that will abide no cloutyng.
And as we oft sée, the lothe stake standeth longe,
So is it an yll stake I haue heard among.

G

That

The second parte.

That can not stande one yere in a hedge.
I drinke (quoth she) Quoth he I will not pledge.
What nede all this, a man may loue his house well,
Though he ryde not on the rydge, I haue heard tell.
What, I wene (quoth she) proferd seruyce stynkth.
But somwhat it is, I fée, when the cat wynkth,
And bothe hir eyne out, but further stryfe to shonne,
Let the cat winke, and leat the mouse ronne.
This past, and he chered vs all, but most chéere
On his part, to this fayre yong wyfe dyd appéere.
And as he to her cast oft a louyng eye,
So cast hir husbande lyke eye, to his plate by.
Wherwith in a great musyng he was brought.
Fréend (quoth the good man) a peny for your thought.
For my thought (quoth he) that is a goodly dishe.
But of trough I thought, better to haue then wishe.
What, a goodly yong wyfe, as you haue (quoth he)
Nay (quoth he) goodly gylt goblets, as here bée.
Byr lady fréendis (quoth I) this maketh a show,
To shewe you more vnnaturall than the crow,
The crow thinkth hir owne birdes fairest in the wood.
But by your woordis (except I wrong vnderstood)
Eche others byrdes or iewels, ye dooe weie
Aboue your owne. True (quoth the old wyfe) ye feie.
But my neighbours desyre rightly to measure,
Comth of néede, and not of corrupte pleasure.
And my husbandis more of pleasure, than of néede.
Olde fish and yong flesh (quoth he) dooth men best féede.
And some say, chaunge of pasture makth fat calues.
As for that reason (quoth she) ronth to halues.
As well for the coowe calfe as for the bull.
And though your pasture looke barreinely and dull,
Yet looke not on the meate, but looke on the man.
And who so looketh on you, shall shortly skan,

Ye

The second parte.

Ye maie wryte to your fréendis, that ye are in helth.
But all thyng maie be suffred sauynge welth.
An olde faide fawe, itche and ease, can no man please.
Plentie is no deintie, ye sée not your owne ease.
I sée, ye can not sée the wood for trées.
Your lips hang in your light, but this poore man sées
Both how blindly ye stand in your owne light,
And that you rose on your right fyde here right.
And might haue gone further, and haue faren wurs.
I wot well I might (quoth he) for the purs,
But ye be a baby of Belsabubs bowre.
Content ye (quoth she) take the swéete with the sowre.
Fancy may boulte bran, and make ye take it floure,
It will not be (quoth he) should I dye this houre.
While this fayre floure flourisheth thus in mine eye.
Yes, it might (quoth she) and here this reafon whye.
Snow is white } *And euery man lets it lye.*
And lyeth in the dike }
Pepper is blacke } *And euery man doth it bye.*
And hath a good smacke }
Mylke (q' he) is white } *But all men know it good meate.*
And lieth not in the dike }
Inke is all blacke } *No man will it drinke nor eate.*
And hath an ill smacke }
Thy ryme (quoth he) is muche elder then mine.
But myne beyng newer is truer then thine.
Thou likenest now for a vayne aduauntage,
White snow to fayre youth, blacke pepper to foule age.
Whiche are placed out of place here by rood.
Blacke inke is as yll meate, as blacke pepper is good.
And white milke as good meate, as white snow is yll.
But a milke snow white smooth yong skyn, who chaunge wil.
For a pepper ynke blacke rough olde wytherd face?
Though chaunge be no robbry for the chaunged case,

G ij

Yet

The second parte.

Yet shall that chaunge rob the chaunger of his wit.
For who this case fercheth, shall soone fée in it,
That as well agréeth thy comparifon in thefe,
As a lyke to compare in tafte, chalke and chefe.
Or a like in colour to déeme ynke and chalke.
Walke drab walke. Nay (quoth ſhe) walke knaue walke
Saieth that terme. How be it ſir, I ſaie not ſo.
And beſt we laie a ſtrawe here, and euen there who.
Or els this geare will bréede a pad in the ſtrawe.
If ye hale this waie, I will an other waie drawe.
Here is God in thambrie (quoth I.) Quoth he, naie,
Here is the diuell in thorologe, ye maie ſaie.
Sens this (quoth I) rather bryngeth bale then boote,
Wrap it in the clothe, and tread it vnder foote.
Ye harpe on the ſtryng, that geueth no melody.
Your toungeſ run before your witis, by ſeint Antonie.
Marke ye, how ſhe hitteth me on the thombis (quoth hée)
And ye taunt me tyt ouer thumb (quoth fhée)
Sens tyt for tat (quoth I) on euen hand is ſet,
Set the hares head againſt the goofe ieblet.
She is (quoth he) bent to force you perfors
To know, that the grey mare is the better hors.
She chopth logyke, to put me to my clargy.
She hath one poynt of a good hauke, ſhe is hardie.
But wiſe, the fyrſt point of haukyng is holde faſt.
And holde ye faſt I red you, left ye be caſt,
In your owne tourne. Naie ſhe will tourne the leafe.
And rather (quoth I) take as falſh in the ſheafe,
At your handes. and let fall hir holde, than be to bolde.
Naie, I will ſpyt in my handes, and take better holde.
He (quoth ſhe) that will be angry without cauſe,
Muſt be at one, without amendes. by ſage ſawes.
Tread a woorme on the tayle, and it muſt turne agayne.
He taketh pepper in the noſe, that I complaine

Vpon

The second parte.

Vpon his fautes, my selfe beyng fautlesse.
But that shall not stop my mouth, ye maie well gesse.
Well (quoth I) to muche of one thyng is not good,
Leaue of this. Be it (quoth he) fall we to our food.
But suffrance is no quittance in this daiment.
No (quoth she) nor misrecknyng is no paiment.
But euen recknyng maketh longe fréendis, my fréend.
For alwaie owne is owne, at the recknyngis éend.
This recknyng thus reckned, and dyner once doone,
We thrée from them twayne, departed very foone.

The. v. chapter.

THis olde woman the next daie after this night,
Stale home to me, secretly as she might.
To talke with me. In secrete counsell (she saide)
Of thinges which in no wise might be bewraied.
We twayne are one to many (quoth I) for men say,
Thrée maie a kepe counfayle, if two be away.
But all that ye speake, vnméete againe to tell,
I will say nought but mum, and mum is counsell.
Well then (quoth she) herein auoydyng all feares,
Auoyd your children. small pitchers haue wide eares.
Whiche doone (she saide) I haue a husband, ye know,
Whom I made of nought, as the thing self dooth show.
And for these two causes onely him I tooke.
First, that for my loue, he should louingly looke,
In all kynd of cause, that loue ingender might,
To loue and cherishe me by daie and by night.
Secondly, the substance, whiche I to him brought,
He rather should augment, than bring to nought,
But now my good, shall both be spent, ye shall see,
And it in spendyng soole instrument shall bee
Of my destruction, by spendyng it on suche
As shall make him destroy me; I feare this muche.

G iij

He

The second parte.

He maketh hauok. and setteth cocke on the hoope.
He is so laueis, the stocke beginneth to droope.
And as for gaine is deade, and layde in tumber,
Whan he should get ought, eche fynger is a thumbe,
Eche of his iointes against other iustles,
As handfomly as a beare picketh muscles.
Flattryng knaues & fleryng queanes beyng the marke.
Hang on his fléeue, many handis make light warke.
He hath his haukes in the mew. but make ye sure,
With emptie handes men maie no haukes allure.
There is a nest of chickens, whiche he dooth brood,
That will sure make his heare grow through his hood.
They can currifauell, and make faire wether,
Whyle they cut large thongis of other mens lether.
He maketh his marts with marchantis likely,
To bryng a shillyng to. ix. pens quickly.
If he holde on a while, as he begins,
We shall see him proue a marchaunt of éele skins.
A marchaunt without either money or ware.
But all be bugs woords, that I speake to spare.
Better spare at brym than at bottem, say I.
Euer spare and euer bare (saith he) by and by.
Spend, and god shall send (saith he) saith tholde ballet,
What sendth he (saie I) a staffe and a wallet.
Than vp gothe his staffe, to send me a loufe.
He is at thrée woordis vp in the houle rouse.
And herein to grow (quoth she) to conclusion,
I praie your ayde, to auoid this confusion.
And for counsaile herein, I thought to haue gon,
To that cunnyng man, our curate sir Iohn.
But this kept me backe, I haue herd now and then,
The greatest clerkes be not the wyfest men.
I thynk (quoth I) who euer that terme began,
Was neither great clerke, nor the greatest wife man.

In

The second parte.

In your rennyng from him to me, ye runne
Out of gods blessing into the warme sunne.
Where the blynd leadth the blynd, both fall in the dike,
And blynde be we both, if we thinke vs his lyke.
Folke shew much foly, when things should be sped.
To ren to the foote, that maie go to the hed.
Sens he best can and most ought to dooe it,
I feare not, but he will, if ye wyll woo it.
There is one let (quoth she) mo than I spake on.
My husband and he be so great, that the ton
Can not pisse, but the tother must let a fart.
Choofe we him aparty, than farewell my part.
We shall so part stake, that I shall lese the hole.
Folke say of olde, the shoe will holde with the sole.
Shall I trust him then ? nay in trust is treason.
But I trust you, and come to you this season
To here me, and tell me, what waie ye thinke best,
To hem in my husbande, and set me in rest.
If ye minde (quoth I) a conquest to make
Ouer your husband, no man maie vndertake
To bryng you to ease, nor the matter amende.
Except ye bring him to weare a cocks comb at ende,
For take that your husband were, as ye take him,
As I take him not, as your tale would make him.
Yet were contencion lyke to do nought in this,
But kepe him nought, and make him woors then he is,
But in this complaint, for counsele quicke and cléere,
A few prouerbes for principles, leat vs héere.
Who that maie not as they wolde, will as they maie.
And this to this, they that are bound must obaie:
Foly it is to spourne against a pricke,
To stryue against the streame, to winche or kicke
Against the hard wall. By this ye maie sée.
Beyng bound to obedience, as ye bee.

And

The second parte.

And also ouermacht, fuffraunce is your daunce.
He maie ouermatche me (quoth she) perchaunce
In strength of bodie, but my tung is a lym,
To matche and to vexe euery vayne of him.
Toung breaketh bone, it felfe hauying none (quoth I)
If the winde stande in that doore, it standth awry.
The perill of pratyng out of tune by note,
Telth vs, that a good bestyll is woorth a grote.
In beyng your owne foe, you spin a fayre thréede.
Aduyse ye well, for here dooth all ly and bléede,
Flée thattemtyng of extremities all.
Folke saie, better fyt styll than ryfe and fall.
For little more or lesse no debate make,
At euery dogs barke, féeme not to awake.
And where the small with the great, can not agréé,
The weaker goeth to the potte, we all daie sée.
So that alwaie the bygger eateth the beane.
Ye can nought wyn, by any wayward meane.
Where the hedge is lowest, men maie fooneft ouer,
Be silent. Leat not your toung roon at rouer.
Sens by stryfe, ye maie lofe, and can not wyn,
Suffer. It is good slepyng in a whole skyn.
If he chide, kepe you byll vnder wyng muet.
Chatting to chiding is not woorth a chuet.
We sée many tymes, might ouercomth right.
Were not you as good than to say, the crow is whight.
And so rather let faire woordes make fooles fayne,
Than be plaine without pletes, & plant your owne payne.
For were ye as plaine as dunstable by waie.
Yet should ye that waie rather breake a loue daie,
Than make one thus though ye perfytely knew,
All that ye coniecture to be proued trew,
Yet better dissemble it, and shake it of,
Than to broide him with it in earnest or scof.

If

The second parte.

If he plaie falsched in felowship, plaie yée,
Sée me, and sée me not. to woorst part to fée.
Why thinke ye me so whyte lyuerd (quoth shée)
That I will be tounge tyed? Naie I warrant yée.
They that will be afraid of euery farte,
Must go far to pisse. Well (quoth I) your parte
Is to suffre (I faie) For ye shall préceue.
Tauntis appease not thingis, they rather agréue,
But for yll company, or expence extréeme,
I here no man doubt, so far as ye déeme.
And there is no fyre without some smoke, we fée.
Well well, make no fyre, reyse no smoke (sayd shée)
What cloke for the rayne so euer ye bryng mée,
My selfe can tell best, where my shoos doth wryng mée.
But as ye faie, where fyre is, smoke will appéere.
And so hath it doone, For I did lately héere,
How flek and his make, vse their secrete hauntyng,
By one byrd, that in mine eare was late chauntyng.
One swalowe maketh not sommer (said I) men faie.
I haue (quoth she) no blockis in his waie to laie.
For further encrease of suspicion of yls,
Befyde his iettyng into the towne, to his gyls,
With calets he consumeth him selfe and my goodes,
Sometyme in the féelds, sometyme in the woodes.
Some here and sée him, whom he hereth nor séeth not.
But féelds haue eies, and woodes haue eares, ye wot.
And also on my maydes he is euer tootyng.
Can ye iudge a man (quoth I) by his lookyng?
What, a cat maie looke on a king, ye know.
My cats léeryng looke (quoth she) at fyrst shew.
Shewth me, that my cat gothe a catterwawyng.
And specially by his maner of drawyng,
To Madge my faire maide. for may he come ny her.
He must nedes basse hir, as he comth by her.

H

He

The second parte.

He loueth well shéeps flesh, that wets his bred in the wul,
If he leaue it not, we haue a crow to pul.
He loueth hir better at the sole of the foote,
Than euer he loued me at the hert roote.
It is a foule byrd, that fyleth his owne nest.
I wold haue him liue as gods lawe hath exprest.
And leaue lewde tickyng, he that will none ill doo.
Must do nothyng, that belongeth therto.
To ticke and laughe with me, he hath lauffull leeu.
To that I faide nought but laught in my fleue.
But whan she féemed to be fixed in mynde,
Rather to féeke for that she was lothe to fynde,
Than leaue that féekyng, by whiche she might fynd ease,
I fainde this fancy to féele how it would please.
Will ye do well (quoth I) take peyne to watche him.
And if ye chaunce in aduoutrie to catche him,
Then haue ye him on the hyp, or on the hyrdell.
Then haue ye his head fast vnder your gyrdell.
Where your wurdz now do but rub him on the gall.
That déede without woords shall driue him to the wall.
And further than the wall he can not go.
But must submit him selfe, and if it hap so,
That at ende of your watche, he gylties apéere,
Then all grudge, growne by ielowse, taketh end cléere.
Of all folkes I maie woorst watche him (said she)
For of all folks him selfe most watcheth me.
I shall as soone trie him or take him this waie,
As dryue a top ouer a tyeld house, no naie.
I maie kepe corners or holowe trées with thowle,
This seuen yeres, daie and night to watche a bowle.
Before I shall catche him with vndoubted euill.
He must haue a long spoone, shall eate with the diuell.
And the deuill is no falsér then is hée.
I haue heard tell, it had néede to bée.

A

The second parte.

A wyly mouſe that ſhould bréede in the cats eare.
Shall I get within him than ? nay ware that geare.
It is harde haltyng before a créepſe ye wot.
A falſer water drinker there liueth not.
Whan he hunteth a doe, that he can not avow,
All dogs barke not at him, I warrant yow.
Namely not I, I ſaie, though as I ſayde.
He ſomtyme, though ſeldome, by ſome be bewrayde.
Cloſe huntyng (quoth I) the good hunter alowth.
But be your huſband neuer ſo ſtyll of mouth,
If ye can hunt, and will ſtand at receite.
Your maide examinde, maketh him open ſtreite.
That were (quoth ſhe) as of my truth to make préefe,
To axe my felow whether I be a théefe.
They cleaue together like burs. that way I ſhall
Pike out no more, than out of the ſtone wall.
Than lyke ye not to watche him for wife nor mayde.
No (quoth ſhe) Nor I (quoth I) what euer I ſayde.
And I miſlyke not onely your watche in vayne.
But alſo if ye tooke him. what could ye gayne ?
From ſuſpicion to knowlage of yll. forſoothe
Coulede make ye dooe, but as the flounder doothe,
Leape out of the fryng pan into the fyre.
And chaunge from yll peyn to wurs is worth ſmall hyre.
Let tyme trie. Tyme tryeth trouth in euery doubt.
And déeme the beſt, till time hath tryde the trouth out.
And reaſon ſaieſt, make not two ſorowes of one,
But ye make ten ſorowes where reaſon maketh none.
For where reaſon (as I ſaide) wylth you to winke,
(Although all were proued as yll as ye thinke)
Contrary to reaſon ye ſtampe and ye ſtare.
Ye fret and ye fume as mad as a marche hare.
Without prooſe to his reprooſe preſent or paſt.
But by ſuche reporte, as moſte proue lies at laſt.

H ij

And

The second parte.

And here gothe the hare awaie, for ye iudge all,
And iudge the woorst in all, er prooffe in ought fall.
But blinde men should iudge no colours: by olde fause,
And folk oft tymes ar most blind in their owne cause,
The blynde eate many flies. Howbeit the fancy,
Of your blindnesse comth not of ignorancy.
Ye coulde tell an other herein the best waie.
But it is as folke dooe, and not as folke faie.
For they faie, faiyng and dooyng are two thingis,
To defende daunger that double dealyng brynges.
As ye can séeme wife in woords, be wife in déede.
That is (quoth she) fooner said then doone, I dréede.
But me thinkth your counsell weith in the whole,
To make me put my fynger in a hole.
And so by suffrance to be so lyther,
In my house to lay fyre and tow together.
But if they fyre me, some of them shall wyn
More towe on their distaues, than they can well spyn.
And the best of them shall haue both their handis full.
Bolster or pillow for me, be whose wull.
I will not beare the diuels sacke, by faint Audry.
For concelyng suspicion of their baudry.
I feare fals measures, or els I were a chylde.
For they that thinke none yll, are sooneft begylde.
And thus though muche water goeth by the myll,
That the miller knowth not of, yet I will
Cast what may scape, and as though I did fynde it.
With the clacke of my myll, to fyne meale grynde it.
And sure ere I take any rest in effect,
I must banishe my maydes suche as I suspect.
Better it be doone than wishe it had bene doone.
As good vndoone (quoth I) as doo it to soone.
Well (quoth she) till soone, fare ye well, and this
Kéepe ye as secrete, as ye thinke méete is.

Out

The second parte.

Out at doores went she herewith. and hereupon
In at doores came he foorthwith as she was gon.
And without any temprate protestacion,
Thus he began, in waie of exclamacion.

The. vi. chapiter.

OH what choyce may compare, to the diuels lyfe,
Lyke his, that haue chofen a diuel to his wife?
Namely such an olde witche, fuche a mackabroyne,
As euermore like a hog hangeth the groyne,
On hir husbande, except he be hir slaue,
And folow all fancies, that she would haue.
Tys sayde, there is no good accorde,
Where euery man would be a Lorde.
Wherfore my wyfe will be no lorde, but lady,
To make me, that should be her Lorde, a baby.
Before I was wedded, and fens, I made recknyng,
To make my wyfe boow at euery becknyng.
Bachelers boft, how they will teach their wyues good,
But many a man speaketh of Robyn hood,
That neuer fhot in his bowe. Whan all is fought,
Bachelers wiues, and maides children be well taught.
And this with this, I also begin to gather,
Euery man can rule a shrewe, faue he that hath her.
At my wil I wend she should haue wrought, like wax.
But I fynde and féele, she hath found fuche knax
In her bouget, and fuche toies in her hed.
That to daunce after her pipe, I am ny led.
It is faide of olde, an olde dog byteth fore.
But by God, tholde bitche biteth forer and more.
And not with téeth (she hath none) but with hir tounge.
If all tales be true (quoth I) though she be stong,
And therby styng you, she is not muche to blame,
For what euer you saie. thus goeth the fame.

H iij

Whan

The second parte.

Whan folke first saw your substance layd in your lap,
Without your peyn, with your wife brought by good hap,
Oft in remembrance of haps happie deuise,
They would saie, better to be happie then wife.
Not minding therby than, to deprauē your wit,
For they had good hope, to sēe good prooue of it.
But sēse their good opinion therin so cooles,
That they saie as ofte, God sendeth fortune to fōoles.
In that as fortune without your wit gauē it,
So can your wit not kēpe it whan ye haue it.
Saieth one, this geare was gotten on a holy daie.
Saieth an other, who maie holde that will awaie.
This game from begynnyng, shewth what ende is ment.
Soone gotten, soone spent, yll gotten yll spent.
Ye are calde not onely to great a spender,
To franke a geuer, and as frēe a lender.
But also ye spende geue and lende, among suche,
Whose lightnesse minisheth your honestēe as muche
As your money, and much they disallow,
That ye bryke all from hir, that brought all to yow.
And spende it out at doores, in spyte of hir,
Because ye wolde kyll hir to be quite of hir.
For all kindnesse, of hir parte, that maie ryfe,
Ye shewe all thunkindnesse ye can deuise.
And where reason and custome (they say) afoords,
Alwaie to let the loofers haue their wordes,
Ye make hir a cookqueane, and consume hir good.
And she must fyt like a beane in a moonkis hood.
Bearyng no more rule, than a goose turd in tems,
But at hir owne maides becks, winges, or hems,
She must obey those lambs, or els a lambs skyn,
Ye will proude for hir, to lap her in.
This biteth the mare by the thumbe, as they sey.
For were ye, touching condicion (say they)

The

The second parte.

The castell of honeftée in all things els.
Yet should this one thing, as their holè tale tels,
Defoyle and deface that castell to a cotage.
One crop of a tourd marrth a pot of potage,
And some to this, crie, let him pas, for we thinke,
The more we stur a tourde, the wurs it will stynke,
With many condicions good, one that is yll,
Defaceth the flowre of all, and dooth all spyll.
Nowe (quoth I) if you thinke they truely clatter,
Let your amendment amende the matter.
Halfe warnd halfe armde. this warnyng for this I show,
He that hath an yll name, is halfe hangd, ye know.

The. vii. chapter.

Vell faide (faide he) mary sir here is a tale,
For honestie, méete to fet the diuell on sale.
But now am I forst, a bead roule to vnfolde,
To tell fomwhat more to the tale I erst tolde.
Grow this. as most part doth, I durst holde my lyfe,
Of the ieloufy of dame Iulok my wyfe,
Than shall ye wonder, whan truth doth defyne,
How she can, and doth here, both byte and whyne.
Franfy, herefy, and ieloufy are thrée,
That men say hardly or neuer cured bée.
And although ieloufy néede not or boote not,
What helpeth that counsayle, if reason roote not.
And in mad ieloufy she is so farre gon,
She thinkth I run ouer all, that I looke on.
Take good héede of that (quoth I) for at a woorde,
The prouerbe faith, he that striketh with the swoorde,
Shalbe strikyn with the scaberde. Tushe (quoth he)
The diule with my scaberde will not strike me.
But my dame takyng suspicion for full préese,
Reporteth it for a trouth, to the moste mischéese.

In

The second parte.

In woordis golde and hole, as men by wyt could wifhe.
She will lie as fast as a dogge will licke a difhe.
She is of trouth as fals, as God is trew.
And if she chaunce to fée me at a vew
Kyffe any of my maydes alone, but in sporte,
That taketh she in ernest. after Bedlem forte.
The cow is wood. Her tong ronth on patens.
If it be morne, we haue a payre of matens.
If it be euen, euenfong, not Laten nor Gréeke,
But Englishe, and like thut as in easter weeke.
She beginneth, first with a cry a leysone.
To whiche she ringth a peale, a larom. fuche one,
As folke ring bees with bafons. the world runth on wéeles.
But except hir maide shewe a fayre paire of héeles,
She haleth her by the boy rope, tyll hir braines ake.
And bring I home a good difhe. good chéere to make,
What is this (faith she) Good meate (faie I) for yow.
God haue mercy hors, a pyg of mine owne sow.
Thus whan I fée, by kindnesse ease renewth not,
And than, that the eie féeth not, the hert rewth not,
And that he must néedes go, whom the diuel dooth driue,
Her force forcing me, for mine ease to contriue,
To let her fast and freate alone for me,
I go where mery chat, and good chéere may be.
Muche spend I abroad, whiche at home should be spent,
If she would leaue controlllyng, and be content.
There lepte a whityng (quothe she) and lepte in streite.
Take a heare from his bearde, and marke this conceite.
He makth you beleue, by lies laide on by lode,
My braulyng at home, makith him banket abroad.
Where his bankets abroad, make me braule at home.
For as in a frost, a mud wall made of lome
Cracketh and crummeth in péeces a funder,
So melteth his money, to the worlds wonder.

So

The second parte.

Thus maie ye fée, to tourne the cat in the pan,
Or fet the cart before the hors, well he can.
He is but little at home, the trewth is so.
And foorth with him, he will not let me go.
And if I come to be mery where he is,
Than is he mad. as ye shall here by this.
Where he with goffyps at a banket late was,
At whiche as vse is, he paide all. but let pas.
I came to be mery. wherwith merily,
Proface. Haue among you blynd harpers (sayde I)
The mo the merier, we all daie here and fée.
Ye, but the fewer the better fare (said hée)
Then here were, er I came (quoth I) to many,
Here is but little meate lefte, if there be any.
And it is yll commyng, I haue heard say,
To thend of a shot, and beginnyng of a fray.
Put vp thy purs (quoth he) thou shalt none paie.
And fray here should be none, were thou gone thy way.
Here is, fens thou camst, to many fée a bed.
Welcom when thou goest. thus is thine errand sped.
I come (quoth I) to be one here, if I shall,
It is mery in halle, when berds wag all.
What, byd me welcome pyg. I pray the kys me.
Nay farewell fow (quoth he) our lord blys me
From bassyng of beastes of Beare binder lane.
I haue (quoth I) for fyne fuger, faire rats bane.
Many yeres fens, my mother faide to me,
Her elders would faie, it is better to be
An olde mans derlyng, than a yong mans werlyng.
And god knowth. I knew none of this snerlyng
In my olde husfbandis daies. for as tenderly,
He loued me, as ye loue me sklenderly.
We drew both in one line. Quoth he wold to our lorde
Ye had in that drawyng, hangd both in one corde.

I

For

The second parte.

For I neuer méete the at fleshe nor at fishe,
But I haue sure a deade mans head in my dishe.
Whose best and my woorst daie, that wisht might bée,
Was when thou didst bury him and mary mée.
If you (quoth I) long for chaunge in those cafes,
Wold to god he and you, had chaunged places.
But best I chaunge place, for here I may be sparde.
And for my kynde commyng, this is my rewarde.
Claw a churle by thars, and he shyeteth in my hand.
Knak me that nut. much good doyt you all this band.
Must she not (quoth he) be welcome to vs all,
Among vs all, lettyng suche a farewell fall?
Suche carpenters, such chips. (quoth she) folke tell,
Suche lips, suche lettice. such welcome, such farewell.
Thine owne woordis (quoth he) thine owne welcome mard.
Well (saide she) whan so euer we twayne haue iard,
My woordis be pried at narrowly, I espie.
Ye can see a mote in an other mans iye,
But ye can not see a balke in your owne.
Ye marke my woordis, but not that they be growne,
By your reuellous rydyng on euery royle.
Well ny euery day a new mare or a moyle.
As muche vnhoneft, as vnprofytable.
Whiche shall bryng vs shortly to be vnable,
To geue a dog a lofe, as I haue oft saide.
Howe be it your pleasure maie no tyme be denayde.
But still you must haue, bothe the fynest meate,
Apparail, and all thing that money maie geate,
Lyke one of fond fancy so fyne and so neate,
That would haue better bread than is made of wheate.
The best is best cheape (quoth he) men saie cléere.
Well (quoth she) a man may by gold to déere.
Ye nother care, nor welny cast what ye paie,
To by the dereft for the best alwaie.

Than

The second parte.

Than for your diet who vseth féedyng such,
Eate more than enough, and drink much more to much.
But temprance teacheth this, where he kepeth scoole,
He that knoweth whan he hath enough, is no foole.
Féed by meafure, and defie the phisicion.
And in the contrary marke this condicion,
A fwyne ouer fatte is cause of his owne bane.
Who féeth nought herein, his wit is in the wane.
But pompous prouision, comth not all, alway
Of glottony, but of pryde sometyme, some fay.
But this prouerbe precheth to men haute or hye,
Hewe not to hye, lest the chips fall in thine iye.
Meafure is a mery meane, as this doth shew,
Not to hye for the pye, nor to lowe for the crow.
The difference betwene staryng and starke blynde.
The wise man at all tymes to folow can fynde.
And ywis an auditour of a meane wit,
Maie soone accompt, though hereafter come not yit,
Yet is he sure be the daie neuer so long,
Euermore at laste they ryng to euenfong.
And where ye spend much though ye spent but lickell,
Yet littell and littell the cat eateth the flickell.
Little losse by length maie growe importable.
A moufe in tyme, maie byte a two, a cable.
Thus to ende of all thingis, be we léefe or lothe,
Yet lo, the pot so long to the water gothe.
Tyll at the laste it comthe home broken.
Fewe woordis to the wise suffice to be spoken.
If ye were wise, here were enough (quoth shée)
Here is enough, and to muche, dame (quoth he)
For though this appéere a proper pulpet péce,
Yet whan the fox preacheth, then beware your géese.
A good tale yll tolde, in the tellyng is marde.
So are (quoth she) good tales well tolde, and yll harde.

I ij

Thy

The second parte.

Thy tales (quoth he) shew long heare, and short wit, wife.
But long be thy legs, and short be thy lyfe.
Pray for your selfe, I am not ficke (quoth she)
Well lets sée, what thy last tale comth to (quoth he)
Thou saiest I spend all, to this, thy woordis wander.
But as deepe drinketh the goose, as the gander.
Thou canst cough in the aumbry, if néede bée,
Whan I shall cough without bread or broth for thée.
Wherby while thou sendst me abroad to spende.
Thou gossefst at home, to méete me at landis ende.
Ah, than I begyle you (quoth she) this ye meane.
But fyr, my pot is whole, and my water cleane.
Well, thou woldst haue me (quoth he) pinch lyke a snudge,
Euery daie to be thy driuell and drudge.
Not so (quoth she) but I would haue ye stur
Honestly, to kepe the wolfe from the dur.
I wold driue the wulfe out at doore fyrst (quoth he)
And that can I not doo, tyll I dryue out thée.
A man were better be drownde in Venice gulfe
Than haue suche a bearded beare, or suche a wulfe.
But had I not béene witcht, my weddyng to flée,
The termes that longe to weddyng had warnde mée.
First wooyng for woing, banna for bannyng.
The banes for my bane, and than this thus scannyng,
Maryng marryng. And what maryed I than ?
A woman. As who faith, wo to the man.
Thus wed I with wo, wed I Gyll, wed I Iane.
I pray god the deuel go with the, downe the lane.
I graunt (quoth she) this dooth soun (as ye agréed)
On your syde in woordis, but on my syde in déede.
Thou grantst this graunt (quoth he) without any grace,
Vngraciouly, to thy syde, to tourne this cafe.
Leaue this (quoth she) and learne liberalitée,
To stynt stryfe, growne by your prodigalitée.

Oft

The second parte.

Oft said the wife man, whom I erst did bery,
Better are meales many, than one to mery.
Well (quoth he) that is answered with this wife.
Better is one monthes chéere, than a churles hole lyfe.
I thinke it learnyng of a wyfer lectour,
To learne to make my selfe myne owne exectour,
Than spare for an other that might wed thée,
As the foole, thy fyrst husband spared for mée.
And as for yll places, thou sekest me in mo,
And in woorse to, than I into any go.
Wherby this prouerbe shewth the in by the wéeke.
No man will an other in the ouen séeke,
Except that him selfe haue béene there before.
God geue grace thou hast béene good, I saie no more.
And wolde haue the say lesse. except thou couldst proue
Suche processe as thou sclanderously doest moue.
For sclander perchaunce (quoth she) I not denie.
It maie be a sclander, but it is no lie.
It is a lye (quoth he) and thou a lyer.
Will ye (quoth she) dryue me to touche ye nyer?
I rub the gald hors backe till he winche, and yit
He would make it sée me, that I touche him no whit.
But I wot what I wot, though I few woordis make.
Many kisse the childe for the nurfes sake.
Ye haue many god children to looke vpon,
And ye blesse them all, but ye baffe but one.
This halfe shewth, what the hole meaneth, that I mécue,
Ye fet circumquaques to make me beleue
Or thinke, that the moone is made of a gréene chée se.
And whan ye haue made me a loute in all théese,
It semeth ye wolde make me go to bed at noone.
Naie (quoth he) the daie of doome shall be doone,
Er thou go to bed at noone or night for mée.
Thou art, to be plaine, and not to flatter thée,

I iij

As

The second parte.

As holfome a morfell for my comely cors.
As a shoulder of mutton for a sicke hors.
The diuell with his dam, hath more reft in hell,
Than I haue here with the. but well wif well.
Well well (quoth she) many wels, many buckets.
Ye (quoth he) and many woords, many buffets.
Had you fome husband, and snapte at him thus,
Iwys he would geue you a recumbentibus.
A dog will barke er he bite, and so thow,
After thy barkyng wilt bite me, I trow now.
But it is harde to make an olde dog stoupe, lo.
Sir (quoth she) a man maie handle his dog fo,
That he maie make him byte him, though he would not,
Husbandes are in heauen (quoth he) whose wiues scold not.
Thou makest me claw where it itcheth not. I would
Thy tounge were coold to make thy tales more cold,
That aspine leafe, fuche spitefull clappyng haue bred.
That my cap is better at ease then my hed.
God sende that hed (saide she) a better nurs.
For whan the head aketh, all the bodie is the wurs.
God graunt (quoth I) the head and bodie both twoo.
To nourishe eche other, better then they doo.
Or euer haue doone for the moste tymes paste.
I brought to nurs both (quoth she) had it not béene waste.
Margery good coowe (quoth he) gaue a good méele,
But than she cast it downe again with hir héele.
Howe can hir purs for profite be delitefull?
Whose perfon and properties be thus spitefull.
A péce of a kyd is woorth two of a cat.
Who the diuell will chaunge a rabet for a rat?
If I might chaunge, I wolde rather choose to begge,
Or sit with a rosted appull, or an egge,
Where mine appetite serueth me to bée,
Then euery daie to fare lyke a duke with thée.

Lyke

The second parte.

Lyke a duke, lyke a duck (quoth she) thou shalt fare,
Except thou wilt spare, more than thou doest yet spare.
Thou farest to well (quoth he) but thou art so wood,
Thou knowest not who doth the harme, who doth the good.
Yes yes (quoth she) for all those wyse woordis vttered,
I know on which syde my bread is buttred.
But there will no butter cleave on my breade.
And on my bread any butter to be spreade.
Euery promise that thou therein dost vtter,
Is as sure as it were sealed with butter.
Or a mouse tied with a threed. Euery good thyng,
Thou lettest euen flyp, lyke a waghalter flypstryng.
But take vp in time, or els I protest,
All be not a bedde, that shall haue yll rest.
Now go to thy derlyngis, and declare thy gréefe.
Where all thy pleasure is, hop hoore, pipe théefe.

The. viii. chapter.

Vith this thence hopt she, whewith o lord he cryde,
What wretch but I, this wretchednes could byde.
Howe be it in all this wo, I haue no wrong
For it onely is all on my selfe along.
Where I should haue brydled her fyrst with rough bit,
To haue made hir chew on the brydell one fit.
For likorous lucre of a little wynnyng,
I gaue hir the brydell at begynnyng.
And now she taketh the brydell in the téeth,
And runth away with it, wherby eche man séeth,
It is (as olde men right well vnderstande)
Ill puttyng a nakte swoord in a mad mans hande.
She taketh such hert of grace, that though I maime hir.
Or kyll hir, yet shall I neuer reclaime hir,
She hath (they say) bene styffe necked euermore.
And it is yll healynge of an olde fore.

This

The second parte.

This prouerbe prophecied many yeres agone.
It will not out of the fleshe that is bred in the bone.
What chaunce haue I, to haue a wife of fuche sort,
That will no faute amend in earnest nor sport?
A small thinge amis lately I did espy,
Whiche to make hir mende, by a iest mirily,
I saidé but this, taunt tiuet wife, your nose drops.
So it maie fall, I will eate no browesse fops
This daie. But two daies after this came in vre,
I had sorow to my fops ynough be sure.
Well (quoth I) it is yll iestyng on the soothe.
Sooth bourd is no bourd, in ought that mirth doothe.
Suche iestes could not iuggle hir, were ought amis.
Nor turne melancoly to myrth. for it is
No plaiyng with a strawe before an olde cat,
Euery tryflyng toie age can not laugh at.
Ye maie walke this waie, but sure ye shall fynde,
The further ye go, the further behynde.
Ye should confyder the woman is olde.
And what for a whot woorde. Sone whot, sone colde.
Beare with them, that beare with you, and she is scand,
Not onely the fairest floure in your garland,
But also she is all the faire flowers therof,
Will ye requyte hir then with a taentyng scof?
Or with any other kynd of vnkyndnesse?
Take héede is a faire thing. Beware this blindnesse.
Why will ye (quoth he) I shall folow hir will?
To make me Iohn drawlache, or such a snekebill.
To bryng hir solace, that bryngeth me forow,
Byr lady, than we shall catche byrds to morow.
A good wife makth a good husbande, (they faie)
That (quoth I) ye maie tourne an other waie.
To make a good husband, make a good wyfe.
I can no more herin, but god stint all strife.

Amen

The second parte.

Amen (quoth he) and god haue mercy brother,
I will now mend this house, and payre an other.
And that he ment of likelyhood by his owne.
For so apairde he that, er thrée yeres were growne.
That little and little he decaied so long,
Tyll he at length came to buckle and bare thong.
To discharge charge, that necessarily grew,
There was no more water than the ship drew.
Suche driftes draue he, from yll to wars and wars,
Tyll he was as bare as a byrdes ars.
Money, and money woorth, did so misse him,
That he had not now one peny to blisse him.
Whiche foreséene in this woman wisely waiyng,
That méete was to staie somewhat for hir staiyng,
To kepe yet one messe for Alifon in store,
She kept one bag, that he had not séene before.
A poore cooke that maie not licke his owne fyngers.
But about hir at home now still he lingers,
Not checker a boord, all was not cléere in the cofte,
He lookt lyke one that had beshyt the roste.
But whether any secrete tales were sprinklyng,
Or that he by gesse had got an inklyng
Of hir hoord. or that he thought to amend.
And tourne his yll begynnyng to a good ende.
In shewyng him selfe a new man, as was féet,
That appéered shortly after, but not yéet,

The. ix. chapter.

O Ne daie in their arbour, whiche stoode so to mine,
That I might and did closely myne eare incline,
And likewyse cast mine eye to here and sée,
What they saide and did, where they could not sée mée,
He vnto hir a goodly tale began,
More like a wooer, than a wedded man.

K

As

The second parte.

As ferre as matter therof therein serued,
But the fyrst part from woordis of wooyng fwerued,
And stood vpon repentaunce, with submission,
Of his former crooked vnkynde condicion.
Praiying hir, to forgeue and forget all frée,
And he forgaue hir, as he forgeuen wolde bée.
Louyng hir now, as he full déepely swore,
As whotly as euer he loued hir before.
Well well (quoth she) what euer ye now saie,
It is to late to call again yesterdaie.
Wife (quoth he) fuche maie my diligence sée me,
That thoffence of yesterdaie I maie redée me.
God taketh me as I am, and not as I was.
Take you me so to, and let all things past pas.
I praie the good wife, thinke I speake and think plaine.
What, he runth far, that neuer turnth againe.
Ye be yong enough to mende, I agréé it,
But I am (quoth she) to old to sée it.
And amende ye or not, I am to olde a yere.
What is lyfe? where liuyng is extinct cléere.
Namely at olde yeres of leaste helpe and most néede.
But no tale coulde tune you, in tyme to take héede.
If I tune my selfe now (quoth he) it is fayre.
And hope of true tune, shall tune me from dispayre.
Beleue well, and haue well, men say. ye, (said shee)
Doo well, and haue well, men say also, we sée.
But what man can beleue, that man can do well,
Who of no man will counfell take or here tell.
Whiche to you, whan any man any way tryde,
Than were ye deafe, ye could not here on that fyde.
Who euer with you any tyme therin weares,
He must both tell you a tale, and fynde you eares.
You had on your haruest eares, thicke of hearyng.
But this is a question of olde enqueryng,

Who

The second parte.

Who is so deafe, or so blynde, as is hée,
That wilfully will nother here nor fée?
Whan I saw your maner, my herte for wo molte.
Than wolde ye mend, as the fletcher mends his bolte.
Or as fowre ale mendth in summer, I know,
And knew, which waie the winde blewe, and will blow.
Though not to my profite, a prophete was I.
I prophecied this, to true a prophecie.
Whan I was right yll beleued, and worfe hard.
By flingyng from your folkes at home, which all mard.
Whan I said in semblaunce eyther cold or warme,
A man far from his good, is nye his harme.
Or wilde ye to looke, that ye lost no more,
On fuche as shewe, that hungry flies byte fore.
Than wold ye looke ouer me, with stomake swolne,
Like as the diuel lookt ouer Lincolne.
The diuell is dead wife (quoth he) for ye fée,
I looke lyke a lambe in all your woordis to mée.
Looke as ye list now (quoth she) thus lookt ye than.
And for those lookes I shew this, to shew eche man,
Suche prooffe of this prouerbe, as none is gretter.
Which faith, that some man maie steale a hors better,
Than some other may stande and looke vpone.
Leude hufwiues might haue woordis, but I not one
That might be aloude. But now if ye looke,
In mistakyng me, ye may fée, ye tooke
The wrong way to wood, and the wrong fow by theare.
And therby in the wrong boxe to thryue ye weare,
I haue heard some, to some tell this tale not féelde.
Whan thrift is in the towne, ye be in the féelde.
But contrary, you made that sence to fowne,
Whan thrift was in the féelde, ye were in the towne.
Féelde ware might sinke or swym, while ye had eny.
Towne ware was your ware, to tourne the peny.

K ij

But

The second parte.

But towne or féelde, where most thrift did apéere,
What ye wan in the hundred ye loft in the shéere.
In all your good husbandry, thus ryd the rocke,
Ye stumbled at a strawe, and lept euer a blocke.
So many kyndes of increafe you had in choice,
And nought increafe nor kepe, how can I reioyce ?
Good ridyng at two ankers men haue tolde,
For if the tone faile, the tother maie holde.
But you leaue all anker holde, on seas or lands.
And so fet vp shop vpon Goodwins sands.
But as folke haue a faiyng bothe olde and trew,
In that they say blacke will take none other hew.
So maie I faie here, to my déepe dolour,
It is a bad clothe that will take no colour.
This case is yours. For ye were neuer so wise,
To take specke of colour, of good aduyfe.
Thaduyfe of all fréends I say, one and other
Went in at the tone eare, and out at the tother.
And as those woordis went out, this prouerbe in came,
He that will not be ruled by his owne dame,
Shall be ruled by his stepdame, and so you.
Hauyng loft your owne good, and owne fréendis now,
Maie féeke your forein fréendis, if you haue any.
And sure one of my great gréeses, among many,
Is that ye haue bene so veraie a hog,
To my fréendis. What man, loue me, loue me dog.
But you to cast precious stones before hogs,
Cast my good before a sort of cur dogs.
And sawte bitches. Whiche by whom now deuoured.
And your honestie amonge them defloured,
And that you maie no more expence a foorde,
Now can they not afoord you one good woorde,
And you them as fewe. And olde folke vnderstoode,
Whan théeues fall out, true men come to their goode.

Whiche

The second parte.

Whiche is not alwaie true. For in all that brette,
I can no ferthing of my good the more fette.
Nor I trow them felues neither, if thei were sworne,
Light come, light go. And sure sens we were borne,
Ruine of one rauine, was there none gretter.
For by your giftes, they be as littell the better.
As you be muche the woofe and I cast awaie.
An yll wynde that blowth no man to good, men fay.
Well (quoth he) euery wind blowth not downe the corne.
I hope (I saie) good happe be not all out worne.
I will nowe begin thrift, whan thrift semeth gone.
What wife there be mo waies to the wood than one.
And I will affaie all the waies to the wood,
Till I fynde one waie, to get againe this good.
Ye will get it againe (quoth she) I feare,
As shortly as a horse will licke his eare.
The Ducheman faieth, that seggyng is good cope.
Good woordes bryng not euer of good déedes good hope,
And these woordis shew your woordis spoken in skorne.
It pricketh betymes that will be a good thorne.
Timely crooketh the trée, that will a good camok bée.
And such begynnyng such ende. we all daie fée.
And you by me at begynnyng beyng thryuen,
And than to kéepe thrift could not be prickt nor driuen.
How can ye now get thrift, the stocke beyng gone?
Which is thonely thing to reise thrift vpon.
Men saie he maie yll renne, that can not go,
And your gain, without your stocke, renneth euen so.
For what is a woorkman, without his tooles?
Tales of Robin hood are good among fooles.
He can yll pype, that lackth his vpper lyp.
Who lackth a stocke, his gaine is not woorth a chip,
A tale of a tub, your tale no truth auouth,
Ye speake now, as ye would créepe into my mouth,

K iij

In

The second parte.

In pure peinted processe, as false as fayre.
How ye will amend, whan ye can not apayre.
But against gaie glofers, this rude text recites,
It is not all butter, that the coow shites.
I herd ones a wife man saie to his daughter,
Better is the last smyle, than the fyrst laughter,
We shall I trust (quoth he) laugh againe at last.
Although I be ones out of the saddle cast.
Yet sens I am bent to fyt, this will I doo,
Recover the hors, or leese the saddle too.
Ye neuer could yet (quoth she) recover any hap,
To win or saue ought, to stop any one gap.
For stoppyng of gaps (quoth he) care not a rushe,
I will learne, to stop two gaps with one bushe.
Ye will (quoth she) as soone stop gaps with rushes,
As with any husbandly handsome bushes,
Your tales haue lyke tast, where temprance is taster,
To breake my heade, and than geue me a plaster.
Now thrifte is gone, now would ye thryue in all haste.
And whan ye had thrift, ye had like haste to waste.
Ye liked then better an ynche of your wyll,
Than an ell of your thrift. Wife (quoth he) be still.
Maie I be holpe foorth an ynche at a pinche,
I will yet thriue (I saie) As good is an ynche
As an ell. Ye can (quoth she) make it so, well.
For whan I gaue you an ynche, ye tooke an ell.
Till both ell and ynche be gone, and we in det.
Naie (quoth he) with a wet fynger ye can fet,
As muche as maie easly all this matter ease,
And this debate also pleafantly appeafe.
I could doo as muche with an hundred pound now,
As with a thousand afore, I assure yow.
Ye (quoth she) who had that he hath not, woulde
Doo that he dooth not, as olde men haue tolde.

Had

The second parte.

Had I, as ye haue, I woulde dooe more (quoth hée)
Than the préest spake of on sonday, ye should sée.
Ye dooe, as I haue (quoth she) for nought I haue,
And nought ye dooe. What man, I trow ye raue,
Wolde ye bothe eate your cake, and haue your cake?
Ye haue had of me all that I might make.
And be a man neuer so greedy to wyn,
He can haue no more of the foxe but the skyn.
Well (quoth he) if ye list to bring it out,
Ye can geue me your blessing in a clout.
That were for my child, (quoth she) had I ony,
But husband, I haue neither child, nor mony.
Ye cast and coniecture this muche like in shew,
As the blind man casts his staffe, or shootes the crow.
How be it had I money right muche, and ye none,
Yet to be plaine, ye shulde haue none, for Ione.
Nay, he that first flattereth me, as ye haue doone.
And doth as ye did to me after, so foone.
He maie be in my Pater noster in déede.
But be sure, he shall neuer come in my Créede.
Aue Maria (quoth he) how much mocion
Here is to praiers, with how littell deuocion.
But some men saie, no peny no Pater noster.
I saie to fuche (saide she) no longer foster,
No longer lemman. But faire and well than,
Praie and shifte eche one for him selfe, as he can.
Euery man for him selfe, and god for us all.
To those woordis he faide nought, but foorthwith did fall,
From harping on that stringe, to faire flattring spéeche,
And as I erst faide, he did hir so beséeche,
That thingis erst so far of, were now so far on,
That as she maie wallow, awaie she is gon,
Where all that was left laie with a trustie fréende.
Dwellyng a good walke from hir at the townes eende,

And

The second parte.

And backe again streight a haltyng pace she hables.
Bringyng a bag of royals and nobles.
All that she had, without restraint of one iote,
She brought bullockis noble. for noble or grote,
Had she not one mo. Whiche I after well knew.
And anon smiling, toward him as she drew,
A fir light burdeine far heauy (quoth she)
This light burdein in longe walke welny tryeth me.
God geue grace I play not the foole this daie.
For here I sende thaxe after the helue awaie.
But if ye will stint and auoyd all stryfe,
Loue and cherishe this as ye wolde my lyfe,
I will (quoth he) wife, by god almightie.
This geare comth euen in puddyng time rightlie.
He snacht at the bag. No hast but good (quoth she)
Short shootyng léefeth your game, ye maie sée.
Ye myst the cushin, for all your hast to it.
And I may set you besyde the cushyn yit.
And make you wpe your nose vpon your fléue,
For ought ye shall win without ye axe me léue.
Haue ye not heard tell all couet all léese:
A fir, I sée, ye may sée no gréene chéese
But your téeth muft water. A good cocknay coke.
Though ye loue not to bye the pyg in the poke,
Yet snatche ye at the poke, that the pyg is in,
Not for the poke, but the pyg good chepe to wyn.
Like one halfe lost, till gredy graspyng gat it,
Ye would be ouer the stile, er ye come at it.
But abyde freend, your mother bid till ye were borne.
Snatching winth it not, if ye snatche tyll to morne.
Men saie (said he) long standyng and small offring
Maketh poore persons. and in suche signes and proffring.
Many prety tales, and mery toies had they,
Before this bag came fully from hir away.

Kindly

The second parte.

Kindly he kyft hir, with woords not tart nor tough.
But the cat knoweth whose lips ſhe lickth well enough.
Anone, the bag ſhe deliuered him, and ſaide,
He ſhould beare it, for that it now heauy waide.
With good will wife, for it is (ſaid he to her)
A proude horſe that will not beare his own prouander.
And oft before ſeemd ſhe neuer ſo wyfe,
Yet was ſhe nowe, ſodeinly waxen as nyfe
As it had bene a halporth of ſyluer ſpoones,
Thus cloudy mornyngeſ turne to cleere after noones.
But ſo ny noone it was, that by and by,
They roſe, and went to diner louyngly.

The. x. chapter.

THis diner thought he long. and ſtreight after that,
To his accuſtomed customers he gat.
With whom in what tyme he ſpent one grote before,
In leſſe time he ſpenth now, ten grotes or more
And in ſmall tyme he brought the world ſo about,
That he brought the bottome of the bag cleane out.
His gaddyng thus againe made hir ill content.
But ſhe not ſo much as dreamd that all was ſpent,
How be it ſodeinly ſhe mynded on a daie,
To picke the cheſte locke, wherein this bag laie,
Determinyng this, if it laie whole ſtill,
So ſhall it lie, no mite ſhe miniſhe will.
And if the bag began to ſhrinke, ſhe thought beſt,
To take for hir parte ſome parte of the reſt.
But ſtreight as ſhe had foorthwith opened the locke,
And lookt in the bag, what it was a clocke,
Than was it proued trew, as this prouerbe goth,
He that commeth laſt to the pot, is ſoonest wroth.
By hir commyng laſte, and to late to the pot.
Wherby ſhe was potted, thus lyke a ſot,

L

To

The second parte.

To sée the pot both skymd for rennyng ouer,
And also all the licour renne at rouer.
At hir good husbandes and hir next méetyng,
The diuels good grace might haue geuen a gréetyng.
Eyther for honour or honestie as good
As she gaue him. She was (as they fay) horne wood.
In no place could she sit hir selfe to settle,
It séemd to him, she had pist on a nettle.
She nettled him, and he rattled hir so,
That at ende of that fraie, a funder they go.
And neuer after came together againe.
He turnde hir out at doores to graße on the playne.
And him selfe went after. For within fortnight,
All that was left, was launched out quyght.
And thus had he brought haddocke to paddocke.
Till they both were not woorth a haddocke.
It hath bene saied, néede maketh the olde wife trot.
Other folke saide it, but she did it God wot.
Firft from fréend to fréend, and than from dur to dur.
A beggyng of some that had begged of hur.
But as men saie, misery maie be mother,
Where one begger is dryuen to beg of an other.
And thus ware, and wasted this most wofull wretche.
Tyll death from this lyfe, did hir wretchedly fetch.
Her late husbande, and now wydower, here and there
Wandryng about few know, and fewer care where.
Caste out as an abiect, he leadeth his lyfe,
Tyll famine by lyke, fet him after his wyfe.

Now let vs note here, Fyrft of the fyrft twayne,
Where they both wedded together, to remayne,
Hopyng ioyfull presence shuld weare out all wo.
Yet pouertée brought that ioye to ioefaile, lo.
But notably note these last twayne, where as hée
Tooke hir onely, for that he riche wolde bée.

And

The second parte.

And she him onely in hope of good happe,
In hir dotyng daies to be daunst on the lappe.
In condicion thei differde so many waies,
That lightly he layde hir vp for hollie daies.
Hir good he layd vp so, lest theéues might spie it.
That nother she could, nor he can come by it.
Thus failed all foure, of all thinges lesse and more,
Whiche they all, or any of all, maryed fore.

The. xi. chapter.

FOrfooth said my fréend this matter maketh boft,
Of diminucion. For here is a myll post
Thwyttten to a puddyng pricke so néerely,
That I confesse me discouraged cléerely.
In both my weddynges, in all thinges, except one.
This sparke of hope haue I, to procede vpone.
Though these and some other, spede yll as ye tell,
Yet other haue lyued and loued full well.
If I should deny that (quoth I) I should raue.
For of both these sorts, I graunt, that my selfe haue,
Séene of the tone forte, and hard of the tother,
That lyked and lyued right well, eche with other.
But whether fortune will you, that man declare,
That shall choose in this choice, your comfort or care,
Sens, before ye haue chofen, we can not know,
I thought to laie the woorst, as ye the best show.
That ye might, beyng yet at libertie,
With all your ioye, ioygne all your ieoperdie.
And now in this herde, in these cafes on eche parte,
I say no more, but lay your hand on your harte.

I hartily thanke you (quoth he) I am sped
Of mine errande. This hitteth the nayle on the hed.
Who that leaueth surety and leaneth vnto chaunce,
Whan fooles pype, by auctorité he maie daunce.

L ij

And

The second parte.

And fure am I, of those twayne, if I none choofe,
Although I nought wyn, yet fhall I nought loofe.
And to wyn a woman here, and lofe a man,
In all this great winnyng, what gain win I than ?
But marke how folly hath me away caryed.
How like a wethercocke I haue here varied.
Firft thefe two women to loofe, I was fo lothe,
That if I might, I woulde haue wedded them bothe
Than thought I fens, to haue wedded one of them.
And now know I cléere, I will wed none of them.
They both fhall haue this one aunfwere by letter,
As good neuer a whit as neuer the better.

Nowe let me axe (quoth I) and your felfe anfwere,
The fhort question, that I asked while ere.
A foule olde riche widowe, whether wed would ye,
Or a yonge fayre mayde, beyng poore as ye be.
In neither barrell better hearyng (quoth hee)
I lyke thus, richeffe as yll as pouertée.
Who that hath either of thefe pygs in vre,
He hath a pyg of the woorfe panier fure.
I was wedded vnto my wyll. How be it,
I will be deuorft, and be wed to my wyt.
Wherby with thefe examples pafte, I maie fée,
Fonde weddyng, for loue, as good onely to flée.
Onely for loue, or onely for good,
Or onely for both I wed not, by my hood.
Thus no one thing onely, though one thing chiefly
Shall woo me to wed now: for now I efpy,
Although the chiefe one thing in wedding be loue,
Yet muft mo things ioygne, as all in one maie moue.
Suche kynde of lyuyng, for fuche kynde of lyfe,
As lackyng the fame, no lacke to lacke a wife.
Here is enough, I am fatisfied (faid he.)
Sens enough is enough (faid I) here maie we,

With

The second parte.

With that one woord take ende good, as may be geaft.
For falke faie, enough is as good as a feaft.

FINIS.

**The firste hundzed of
Epigrammes.**

Inuented and
made
by
John Hey-
wood.

LONDINI

1562.

To the reader.



Yme without reason, and reason without ryme,
In this conuercion deepe diffrence doth fall.
In first part wherof where I am false this time.
The folly I graunte, which graunted (readers all)
Your graunt, to graunt this request, require I shall,
Ere ye full reiecte these trifles folowyng here
Perceiue (I praie you) of the wordes thententes clere.

¶ In whiche (maie ye like to looke) ye shall espie
Some wordes, shewe one fence, a nother to disclose,
Some wordes, them selves fondrie senses signifie:
Some wordes, soineewhat from common fence, I dispose,
To seeme one fence in text, a nother in glofe.
These words in this work, thus wrought your working toole
Maie worke me to seeme (at least) the les a foole.

¶ Than in rough rude termes of homelie honestie
(For vnhoneft terme (I trust) there none here foundes)
Wherin fine tender eares shal offended bee
Those folies, beyng sercht in reasons boundes.
Reason maie bee furgion saluyng those woundes.
Turning those fores to salues: for reason doth gesse
Homely matters, homly termes dooe best expresse.

¶ But where all defence standth in exempcion
To defend me herein out of folies bandes.
So that to redeme me thers no redempcion.
Graunting, and submitting folly, that so standes.
This last refuge I craue to haue, at your handes,
Those folies standing cleere from intent of yll.
In lieu or lacke of good wit, except good will.

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The fyrft hundred of Epigrammes.

An Epygramme on this booke of Epygrammes. 1.

THis booke maie séeme, as it forteth in fute,
A thyn trym trencher to serue folke at frute.
But caruer or reader can no waie win,
To eate frute theron, or compt frute therin.

Of three sages. 2.

Thrée maner sages nature dooth deuise,
The sage herbe, the sage soole, and the sage wise.
And who for moste wyfe him selfe dooth accept,
Maie matche any sage, the sage wise except.

Questions answered. 3.

Trust thei any, }
That trust not many? } ye.

Please they any, }
That serue many? } Nay.

Helpe they any, }
That helpe not many? } ye.

Fréende they any, }
That flatter many? } Nay.

Feare they any, }
That feare not many? } ye.

Kéepe they any, }
That kéepe to many? } Nay.

Of water, wine, and ale. 4.

Water vnder a bote, wine in a bottell,
The tone I can beare, thother bearth me well,

M

And

The fyrſt hundred

And where as nother botes nor bottels bée,
Nother can I beare wyne, nor water beare mée.
But aboue all licour welfare ale (I faie)
For I with ale, and ale with me wag away.

To muche or to little. 5.

If that I drinke to muche, than am I drie,
If I drinke to littell, more drie am I:
If I drinke no whit than am I dryeft.
To muche, to little, no whit, nought is the beſt,
Thus drinke we no whit, or drinke tyll we burſt,
Yet poore drie ſoules we be euer a thurſt.

Of the ſenſes. 6.

Speake not to muche, leſt ſpéeche make the ſpéecheleſſe,
Go not to muche, for feare thou go behynde,
Here not to muche, leſt hearyng bring deafneſſe.
Looke not to muche, leſt lookyng make the blynde.
Smell not to muche, leſt ſmellyng loſe his kynde.
Taſt not to muche, leſte taſte miſtaſt thy chaps.
Touche not to muche for feare of after claps.

Of talkyng. 7.

Thy tayle can talke, and knowth no letter,
Thy tounge can talke and talkth much ſwetter.
But except wiſdome be the gretter,
Of tounge and tayle, thy tayle talkth better.

Of heares and wyttes. 8.

Thinne heares and thicke wittes be deyntée,
Thicke heares and thicke wittes be pleintée.
Thicke heares and thicke wittes be ſkant,
Thinne heares and thinne wittes none want.

A dronkard. 9.

A goole is harneſt in hir white fethers,
A drunkard in drynke againſt all weathers.
A foole in his fooles hood, put all togethers.

The

of Epigrammes.

The foxe and the mayde. 10.

Although that foxes haue bene séene there féelde,
Yet was there lately in Fynlbery féelde
A foxe fate in syght of certayne people,
Noddyng, and blyssyng, staryng on poules stéeple.
A maide toward market with hens in a band
Came by, and with the fox she fell in hand.

What thing is it Rainard in your brain ploddyng,
That bringeth this bufy blissing and noddyng?
I nother nod for sleepe swéete herte the foxe sayde,
Nor blisse for spirites, excepte the diuell be a mayde.
My noddyng and blyssyng breedth of wonder,
Of the witte of Poules wethercocke yonder.
There is more witte in that cocks onely head,
Than hath bene in all mens heades that be deade.
As thus, by common reporte this we fynde,
All that be dead, did die for lacke of wynde.
But the wethercocks witte is not so weake
To lacke wynde: the wynde is euer in his beake.
So that while any wynde blowth in the skie,
For lacke of winde that wethercocke will not die.

She cast downe hir hennes, and now did she blis,
Iesu (quoth she) *in nomine patris*,
Who hath euer heard at any season
Of a foxes forgeyng so feat a reason?
And while she preyed the foxes wyt so,
He gat hir hens in his necke and to go.

Whither awaie with my hens foxe (quoth she?)
To poules pig as fast as I can (quoth he)
Betwene these hennes, and yonder wethercock
I will assaie to haue chickens a flock.
Whiche if I may get, this tale is made goode,
In all Christendome not so wise a broode.

M ij

Maiden

The fyrst hundred

Maidén (quoth he) thefe hens be forbodden
Your fight, tyll the wethercock hath trodden.
Wo woorth (quoth she) all craftie inuencions,
And all inuenter, that by fals intencions,
Inuent with intent to blynd or bleare blunt eies,
In cafe as this fox to me doeth deuife.

Of an yll governour called Iude. 11.

A ruler there was in countrey a fer,
And of the people a great extorcioner:
Who by name (as I vndestand) was called Iude,
One gaue him an affe, whiche gyft when he had veude,
He asked the geuer, for what intent
He brought him that affe. For a present
I bryng maister Iude (quoth he) this as hyther,
To ioygne maister Iude and this as together.
Whiche two ioygned in one, this is brought to pas,
I maie byd you good euen maister Iudas.
Macabe or Iscariot thou knaue (quoth he ?)
Whom it please your mastership, him let it be.

Of geuyng an almes. 12.

Into a beggars hande, that almes did craue,
In stéede of one peny, two pense one gaue.
Whiche doone, he faide beggar happie thou art,
For to the my hand is better then my hart.
That is (quoth the begger) as it chaunceth now,
The better for me, and the woorse for yow.

Of a surfet. 13.

¶ A man from a feuer recouered new,
His gréedy appetite could not eschew,
From meate contagious, wherto he had a lust,
But one morfell one euening, nedes eate he must.
Whiche foorthwith brought good approbacion,
Of his retourne into refidiuacion.

What

of Epigrammes.

What cause causeth this (quoth the phisicion ?)
I know (quoth he) no cause of suspicion.
How be it my wonder is great as can be,
By what meane this feuer attacheth me
More, for eatyng a littell this night last,
Than for eatyng mucche more the night before past.
I did eate a capon nie euery whit
The last night: after whiche, I felt no fit.
And this night I éete but one bit of fresh béefe.
And yet I am shaken with the hourson théefe.

Now (quoth the phisicion) apéerth the cause why
Capon is holsome, and the béefe contrary.
And a littell yll meate geueth sicknesse more soode,
Than a littell to mucche of meate that is goode.

Sir, I thanke you mucche (quoth the pacient)
This lesson shall henffoorth make me to consent,
Whan I shall néedes surfet, by vnruly will,
Rather to surfet on that is good, than yll.

Repugnancie in apparence. 14.

Mucche contrarietée may séeme to stand
Where none is. as by example, my son.
In London is the best ale of all England:
And yet as good ale in England as in London.

The ape and the asse. 15.

The ape and the asse stoode, where they behéelde.
A course with a greyhound at the hare in a féelde.
They well perceiuyng, the greyhound great ground wan.
As long as the hare and he foorthright ran.
And like aduauntage they sawe in the hare,
Whan she list lightly to turne here and thare.
The ape to know whether the assis talkyng,
Were any quicker than his affhis stalkyng.
Asked the asse: if thou shouldest choose one of bothe,
To ren as swiftly as the greyhound yonder gothe

M iij

Or

The fyrst hundred

Or turne as light as the hare: whiche one of twaine
Wouldst thou in thy choosyng by choyse obtaine?

I (quoth the asse) beyng at lybertée,
Will choose none of bothe feates, I may say to thée.
What winneth the dog by his swift footemanship?
When the hare at pinche turnth from him at a whip.
And what winth the hare in hir turns so lightly,
The dog out rennyng hir againe by and by?
Rennyng or turnyng so, ren or tourne who will,
I will goe softly, or els stand euen still.
Howbete to affoyle thy question (quoth he)
If I should choose one, lyke the hare would I be.
For where the dog renneth the hare for to kyll,
She turnth for defence, offring the dog none yll.
And better is this part in this case brother,
My selfe to defend, then offend an other.

A foole and a wyse man. 16.

A foole and a wyse man ridyng one espyde.
He asked the horse, that the wyse man dyd ryde,
Whither goste thou horse? whither go I (quoth he?)
Aske him that guideth the brydell, aske not me.
Whither rydest thou foole (quoth he) with looke so fell?
Aske my horse knaue (said he) what can I tell.
Whan fooles ryde (quoth he) that can not rule the raine.
Their horses be their herbengers, I sée plaine.
And when wise men ryde, I right well espie,
Them selfe, not their horse, apointe where they lie.

Of fyght. 17.

Who néedes will looke, and would not sée,
The fyght once séeene thou lookest fore,
Close vp thine eies. For trust thou me.
Muche lookyng so, bréedth much eie fore.

Feigned

of Epigrammes.

Feigned newes. 18.

From a féeld fought, one of the beaten fyde,
Ran home, and victorie on his part he cride.
Whose prince by him thus enfourmed of this,
Made bonfiers and bankettes, as the vse is.
In short tyme after all whiche ioie and cost,
The kynge was ascertaind, the féeld was lost.
Wherwith he (in as great haft as great gréepe)
Charged the fyrst messenger to make préese,
Where he had this lie, that the féeld was wonne.
My selfe fir (quoth he) this lie fyrst begonne.
Which for commoditée vnto your grace
And all your subiectes, I brought it in place.
Where the truth should haue brought watchyng and wéeeping,
My lie brought two daies of laughyng and sléeeping.
And if ye all this yere tooke my lye for true,
To kepe you mery, what harme could ensue?
Better is (quoth he) be it new or stale,
A harmeless lie, than a harmefull true tale.
How his ly was aloude, I know none that knowth.
But it was at least winkt at, I heard of trowth.

Two, arme in arme. 19.

One said to an nother takyng his arme,
By licence fréend, and take this for none harme.
No fir (quoth the other) I geue you léue
To hang on my arme, but not on my sléeue.

Of hearyng and speakyng. 20.

Who heareth all
And speaketh nought,
Chaunce maie so fall
He is well thought.
Who speaketh all
And heareth nought

Fall

The fyrst hundred

Fall what shall fall,
He is ill tought.
Who heareth all,
And all bableth,
What euer fall
He ofte fableth.
Who hereth nought,
Nor nought can speake,
Maie soone be thought
A hodie peake.
Saie nought, here all,
Saie all, here nought,
Both, none, thefe fall
Extremely wrought.
Who hereth oft,
And speaketh féeld,
Be witte alofte
He wynt the féeld.

Of wit, will, and wisdome. 21.

Where will is good, and wit is yll,
There wisdome can no maner skyl.
Where wit is good, and will is yll,
There wisdome sitteth all filent still.
Where wit and will are both two yll,
There wisdome no waie meddle will,
Where wit and will well ordred bée,
There wisdome makth a trinitée.

The wrenne, and hir birdes. 22.

Of a nest of wrens late bred in a hedge,
Whiche the dam forsakyng, when they were fledge,
One saide: Alas mother what is the why,
That ye draw from vs vnnaturally?

Child (quoth the dam) I dooe now vnto thée,
As my dam in my youth did vnto me.

Wherby

of Epigrammes.

Wherby I am blamlesse in that I do,
Sens I do but as I haue bene done to.

Mother (quoth he) to deale as ye be delt with,
Is not alwaie méete: but this is the pith:
As ye would your dam should haue delt with yow,
So should ye our dam deale with your birdes now.

Why sonne (quoth she) thinkst thou me such a foole?
That my childe shall set his mother to scoole?
Nay adieu (quoth she) and away she is flowne:
This childe for this checke refusyng for hir owne.
Whiche done, the wren calth his brothers and sisters,
And vnto them this lesson he whisters.
I fee and ye may fee (quoth he) by this case,
The triall of tauntes out of tyme and place.
Where faire wordis haply my mother might haue won,
This taunt makth hir refuse me for hir son.
Whiche maie teach vs all, where euer we becum,
Rather by silence alway to be mum,
Than in ought at libertée, or forbydden,
To taunt our betters, openly or hydden.

The maister and the man. 23.

A man, and his man, chaunced late to bée
Nie where a crowe stooode cryng in a trée.

Iames (quoth the maister) the crow hath spyde thée.
Nay by God, he loketh on you maister (quoth he)
Taunts (quoth the maister) rebound somtyme I fee.
Where I thought to taunt thée, thou doest taunt mée.

Vpon penance. 24.

Two men of one man were confest but late,
And both two had penaunce after one rate.
Which was: eche of them a peny should geue
To a peniles man, him to releue.
Thone of these twayne had one peny and no more.
Thother, no peny nor farthyng had in store.

N

They

The fyrst hundred

They disclofying eche to other in this cafe.
This peny father drue his purfe apafe,
Saiyng: fens thou art penileffe, I will
Geue the this peny, my penance to fulfill.

God thanke the (quoth the tother) and fens thow
Art now peniles, as I was euen now,
For penaunce I geue this peny to thée,
As fréely as euer thou gaueft it to mée.
Well done (quoth the other) here may we boft,
Peny dole delt, without one peny cofte.

Iacke and his father. 25.

Iacke (quoth his father) how fhall I eafe take?
If I ftand, my legges ake, and if I knéele,
My knées ake, If I goe, then my féele ake,
If I lie, my backe akthe, If I fit I féele
My hyps ake: and leane I neuer fo wéele,
My elbowes ake: Sir (quoth Iacke) peyn to exile,
Sens all thefe eafe not, beft ye hang a while.

Of a daw. 26.

With a crossebowe late in hand readie bent
To shoote at a daw in a trée, I went.
Saiyng to one by: I will affaie to hit
Yonder I fée a daw, if fhe will fit.

She is, if fhe fit, a daw in déede (quoth he)
But if fhe fit not, what is fhe than faie ye?
A daw alfo (faid I). Than faid he, I fée,
Whether a daw fyt, or whether a daw féele,
Whether a daw ftand, or whether a daw lie,
Whether a daw creke, or whether a daw crie,
In what cafe fo euer a daw, perfeuer,
A daw is a daw, and a daw fhall be euer.

Of fhewyng the waie. 27.

Twaine met in a high waie, what tyme they did go,
Eche one toward the place the tother came fro.

What

of Epigrammes.

What is my waie (faide the tone) I pray the ?
Foule (quoth thother.) That is yll tidynges (quoth he.)
I can tell the better tidyngis then this:
Thy way, both faire and smoothe as a dye is.
My tidynges (quoth he) is better then thyne,
But I thinke thy tidyngis truer then mine.
This is (quoth the tother) so well brought about,
That it brought and shall bryng me in dout,
Whiche of these twayne is most ill to vew,
Good tales that be false, or yll tales that be trew.

A quiet neighbour. 28.

Accompted our commodités,
Few more commodious reason fées,
Than is this one commodité,
Quietly neighboured to bée.
Whiche neighbourhood in the apéers.
For we two hauyng ten whole yéers
Dwelt wall to wall, so ioygninglie,
That whispering soundeth through welny.
I neuer herd thy feruauntis brall
More than thou hadst had none at all.
Nor I can no way make auaunt,
That euer I heard the geue them taunt.
Thou art to them and they to thée
More milde then muet, mum ye bée.
I heare no noise mine ease to breake,
Thy buttry doore I here not creak.
The kitchin cumbreth not by heate,
Thy cookes choppe neither herbes nor meate.
I neuer heard thy fyre once sparke,
I neuer heard thy dog once barke,
I neuer heard once in thy house,
So muche as one péepe of one moufe.

N ij

I

The fyrst hundred

I neuer herd thy catte once mew.
These preyses are not small nor few.
I beare all water of thy foyle,
Wherof I feele no fylthie foyle,
Saue water, which dooth wash thy handis,
Wherin there none annoiance standis.
Of all thy gvestes set at thy boorde,
I neuer heard one speake one woorde.
I neuer heard them coegh nor hem:
I thinke hence to Ierufalem,
For this neighbourlie quietnesse,
Thou art the neighbour neighbourlesse.
For er thou wouldest neighbours annoy,
These kyndes of quyet to destroy,
Thou rather wouldest to helpe that matter,
At home alone fast bread and water.

Of dogges and theeues. 29.

To kepe theeues by night out of my house,
I kepe doggis to ayde me in my yarde,
Whose barkyng at stur of euery moufe,
By lacke of sleepe kylth me in regarde,
Theeues or dogs than, whiche maie best be sparde?
Murder is the most mischiefe here to gesse,
Theeues can do no more, and dogs will do no lesse.

A keper of the commaundementes. 30.

If it be (as it is) muche commendable,
To kepe Gods preceptes. geuen Moyfes in table:
In kepyng the fame (as thou hast pretended)
Thou maist well be marueylously commended.
First for thy hauyng any mo gods but one,
Thou kepest within that bound, For God thou hast none.
Hauyng or woorthippyng of god false or true,
Thou hast nor worshippest God olde nor newe.

And

of Epigrammes.

And as for the committying of Idolatrie,
By grauyng to thy felfe any Imagerie,
This twenty yeres daie in weather hot or coole,
Thou handledst no caruyng nor woorkyng toole.

The name of God in vayne thou consentst not till,
Thou neuer swerst but for some purpose good or yll,

And as for the holy daie, thou doest breake none,
For thou wilt rather make twentie then breake one.

Father and mother not dishonoured by thée:
For thou neuer comst where any of them bée.

And where thou shalt not kyll, to cléere the of that,
Thou neuer durst abyde to fyght with a gnat.

Than all adultery or fornicacion
Chastitée dischargeth, by this approbacion.
All women hardly can beare the their fauour,
To abyde thy sight: and in no wyse thy fauour.

For stealyng or theft, what euer thou hast béene,
Thy handes at this daie are knowen to be cléene.
How canst thou steale ought in house, féeld, or stréete?
Thou sittest in Newgate fast bound handis and féete.

By false witnesse thou neuer hurtest man, for why,
Eury woord thou speakest, eury man thinkth a lie.

Now, to couet in mynde thy neighbours asse,
Or his house, when bondage will not let the passe.
To ride to the tone, or go to the tother,
Or in consented thought one waie or other.
For to couet thy neighbours maide or his wyfe,
Thou knowyng, they can not loue thée for their lyfe,
Or of thy neighbours thinges to couet any thyng,
Whan couetousnes can no way bryng winnyng,
But that lacke of credite, libertée, or loue,
Kepth the from that couetyng can moue.
Thou hast to shrewde a wit in desyre to dwell,
To haue thingis, from whiche dispeyre doth the expell.

N iij

Thus

The fyrst hundred

Thus in gods precepts, except thou cléere appéere,
I know not who the diuell can fay he is cléere.

Of a nose. 31.

But for blemishe of a face to looke vpon,
I doubt which were best, to haue a nose or none.
Most of our fauours are more sowre than swéete,
A nose or no nose, whiche is now most méete ?

Lettyng of a ferme. 32.

By woord without wrytyng one let out a farme,
The couenaunts wherin the lessée brake a mayne:
Wherby the lessor, lackyng wrytyng, had harme.
He faide and fware, he would make promise plaine,
Without wrytyng, neuer to let thyng againe.
Husband cryde this wyfe, that othe agayne reuarte,
Els without wrytyng, ye can not let a farte.

Age and youth. 33.

Though age and youth together can féeld agréé,
Yet once two yong and two olde folke did I sée,
Agréede lyke lams together dyuers yeres.
The storie wherof foorthwith aperes.
A woman olde, and a man young were led,
She him for loue, and he hir for good to wed.
A yong woman, and olde man in lyke case,
Were wed for lyke caufe at the same tyme and place.
Into one houle these two couples wedded were,
And duryng their lyues, together must liue there.
And they once acquainted, and one month maryed,
All their liues after they neuer varied.
Company and condicion these foure folke hold,
As nature naturally wylth yong and old:
Couplyng them selues to gether thus euery daie,
Tholde fooles aldaie prate, the yong fooles aldaie plaie.

A

of Epigrammes.

A rose and a nettill. 34

What tyme herbes and wéedes, and such thingis could talke,
A man in his gardeine one daie did walke,
Spiyng a nettill gréene (as Themeraude) spred
In a bed of rofes lyke the rubie red.
Betwene whiche two colours, he thought by his eye,
The gréene nettill did the red rose beautifie.
How be it he asked the nettill, what thing
Made him so pert ? so nye the rose to springe.
I grow here with these rofes, faide the nettill:
Their milde propertées in me to settill.
And you, in laiying vnto me your nose,
Shall smell, how a nettle maie change to a rose.
He did so, whiche done, his nostrils so pritcht,
That rasshely he rubd, where it no whit itcht,
To whiche smart mocke, and wyly begylyng,
He the same smellyng, faide smoothly smylyng,
Roses conuert nettills ? Nay, they be to fell,
Nettills will peruet Roses rather, I smell.

Of the wyues and hir husbandes waste. 35.

Where am I leaft husband ? quoth he, in the wast:
Which comth of this, thou art vengeable streit laste.
Where am I biggest wife ? in the waste (quoth shee)
For all is waste in you, as far as I see.

An olde wiues boone. 36.

In olde world, when olde wyues bitterly prayde,
One deuoutly as by way of a boone,
Axt vengeance on hir husband, and to him faide,
Thou wouldst wed a young wyfe er this wéeke were doone
Wer I dead, but thou shalt wed the diuel as soone.

I can not wed the diuell (quoth he) why (quoth she ?)
For I haue wedded his dam before (quoth he)

A talke

The fyrst hundred

A talke of two conies. 37.

In tyme whan dum beastes, as well as birdis spake,
Two conies their mindes in this mater brake.
Were all conies in such cafe (saide the one)
That of two winters weather we must choose one?
Whiche were best choice, frost neuer, and snowe euer?
Or els to choose frost euer, and snow neuer.

Frost (quoth the other) maketh vs lustie and fat,
And snow lameth vs for leane. What (quoth he) for that?
Fortie fat conies be oft kylde in one night,
Whan leane conies with lyfe scape away quight.
Ye (quoth the tother) but where snow to long lyeth,
Conies by famin well nie euery one dieth.
Better all be fatte, though some die as lotts fall,
Than linger in leanneffe, and therby die all.

A prisoner. 38.

In prision, a prisoner condemned to die,
And for execucion waityng daylie,
In his handes for woormes lookyng on a daie,
Smilyng to him selfe these woordes did saie:
Sence my foure quarters in foure quarters shall stand,
Why harme I these féely woormes eatyng my hand?
Nought els in this déede doo I, but my selfe shew,
Enemy to the woorme and fréend to the crow.

Two blinde men. 39.

One blynde man to supper an other bad,
Whiche twayne sittyng at such meate as they had,
Me thinkth (quoth the blind host) this candell burnth dim.
So thinkth me sir, saide the blind gwest to him.
Wife (saide the good man) with sorow mend this light.
She put out the candell, whiche burned very bright.
And chopt downe emptie candelfsticks two or thrée.
So lo: now eate and welcome neighbour (quoth he.)

Debilitée

of Epigrammes.

Debilitie of senses. 40.

Wyfe, my hands for féelyng are oft very yll.
And as thone hand mendth, thother appeyareth still.
Ye faie sooth (said she) thone hand féelth euermore,
Woorfe the daie present, than the daie before.
Thother hand féeleth by oinctmentes excellent,
Better the day before than the daie present.
But how dooth your eye fyght? woorfe and woorfe (said he.)
For woorfe this daie, than yesterdaie, I fee the.
Though you wer blinde (quoth she) that shuld no loue breake,
I would your eies were out, so you could not speake.

Take hearyng to (quoth he) thou makst my eares such,
That thou hast made them here enough, and to muche.
And goyng maie go to. For where euer I am,
I go not an ynche from the diuell or his dam.

In feith if thou didst (quoth she) yet could I well
Fynde meane, to fynde out a foole by the smell.
And here may we here and fee, how this tale fyttis,
With my good mans goodly lyms, and good wittis.

A foolishe husbände. 41.

Husband, two wittes are better then one, clarks saie,
To debate mattiers : whiche féemeth true this waie.
Whan we two contend whats my wit without thyne,
To conuince thy selfe, thy wyt conducth mine.

A witty wyfe. 42.

Iane (quoth Iames) to one short demaund of myne
Anfwere not with a lie, from that mouth of thine,
And take this noble. Which when she had tane,
Is thy husband (quoth he) a cockold Iane?

She stode still, and to this would no woord speake.
From whiche dum dump when he could hir not breake,
He axt his noble againe. Why (quoth she)
Made I any lie to thee? Nay (quoth he.)

O

Than

The fyrst hundred

Than walke foole (quoth she) this wager I wyn cléere,
And thou of my counfel neuer the néere.
Gogs foule (fware he) and flang away amayne,
I will neuer talke with that woman againe.
For as she in spéeche can reuile a man,
So can she in silence beguile a man.

Handsom handlyng. 43.

Some wonder to fée thy handlyng of thingis neate,
But it is no wonder as the case standis.
The toes of thy féete in handlyng of thingis feate,
Are as hanfom as the fyngers of thy handis.

A faiyng of Patche my lord cardinals foole. 44.

Maister Sexten, a parson of knowne wit,
As he at my lord Cardinals boord did sit,
Gredily raught at a goblet of wyne:
Drinke none (said my lord) for that fore leg of thine.
I warrant your grace (quoth Sexten) I prouide
For my leg : For I drinke on the tother side.

Certaine folies. 45.

<i>To cast faire white salte into wise mens meate,</i>	} <i>a foly.</i>
<i>To make them count salt suger, when they eate,</i>	
<i>To beare a man in hand he itcheth in eche parte</i>	} <i>a foly.</i>
<i>Whan the man feeleth an vniuersall smarte,</i>	
<i>To speake alwaies well, and do alwaies ill,</i>	} <i>a foly.</i>
<i>And tell men those deedes are doone of good wyll,</i>	
<i>Thy lustie limd horse to leade in thy hand,</i>	} <i>a foly.</i>
<i>When on thy lame lyms thou canst scantly stand,</i>	
<i>Of kyks for cage woorke, to builde thy house hie,</i>	} <i>a foly.</i>
<i>And couer it with leade to kepe thy house drie,</i>	

Of two studentes. 46.

Two scolers yonge in the vniuersité late.
Kept in thinne diet, after scolars rate,
Thone beyng an eater gréedy and greate,
Thother a weake féeder, said at his meate:

Oh

of Epigrammes.

Oh this smart small pittans, and hungrie diet,
Maketh vs to studie aptly and quiet.

Sure (said the tother) small meales are induction
To thencrease of studie, for deper instruction,
This diner shall driue me to studie anon,
Where I maie get more meate, whan this is gon.

A merie woman. 47.

There came by chaunce to a good companie.
A lady, a wanton and a merie.
And though euery woord of hir owne showde hir light,
Yet no mans woordis els to hir might that recite:
She had all the woordis, she babled so fast,
That they beyng wéery, one said at the last:
Madame, ye make my hert lyght as a kyx,
To sée you thus full of your *meretrix*.

This tricke thus well tricked in the latine phrafe,
Brought to this tricker nother muse nor mase,
She nought perceiuyng, was no whit offended:
Nor hir light behaiour no whit amended,
But still hir tounge was clappyng lyke a paten.
Well, said the said man, in language of laten,
I neuer tolde woman any faute before,
Nor neuer in laten will tell them faute more.

A louse and a flea. 48.

A louse and a flea, set in a mans necke,
Began eche other to taunt and to checke.
Disputyng at length all extremitées
Of their pleasures, or discommoditées.
Namely this I heard, and bare away well.

If one (quoth the louse) scrat within an ell
Of thy taylor: than forthwith art thou skippyng,
Lyke iacke of Bedlem in and out whipping.
Halfe an houre after thou darst no where fyt,
To abyde the bytyng of one good byt.

O ij

And

The fyrst hundred

And whan any man herein shall proue me,
His nailes dooe (as a writte dooth) remoue me.
Whiche nayles once remoued from the mans head,
I am streight at féedyng within a here breade.
Where I fed before in my deyntie diot.

Ye be hardie (quoth the flea) I deny not,
But how many life haue abydden by it?
Whan they would haue doone as fleas dooe, fle it.
With this the man to his necke his hand raught,
The flea skypt away, but the louse he caught.
How now (quoth the flea.) Alas (quoth the louse)
My head is well serued to serue for fowfe:
That thus like a fowfe head, forfaw not this gréeffe,
Tyll feelyng hath put painfull practife in préeffe.

*Of him that forgot his pater noster
in latine. 49.*

An olde homely man at shrift commaundid
By his Curate his *pater noster* to bid.
After long studie, he saide : Master vicker,
By Iys cham a shamd, my wyt is no quicker.
Ich said it within littell more then fortnight.
And now, lyke a beast, cha forgote it quight.
Fye on age. In youth Ich had euer fuche wit,
That what so euer Ich had to dooe, yit
At shrift chad my *pater noster* euermore,
Whan Iche saide it not twife in the yere before.

*Of him that could not learne his Pater
noster in Englishe. 50.*

A man of the countrey shriuen in Lent late,
(Accordyng to thiniuction) his curate
Bad him, the *Pater noster* in englishe saie,
Iche can it not maister (quoth he) by my faie.
Saie a péece of it (quoth he) though ye the rest mys,
Ich can not one woord of it (quoth he) by Iis.

And

of Epygrammes.

And yet maſter vickar, by gods ſacrament,
Cha iumbled about it euer ſens laſt lent.
And ſome of it ich had in the clenſyng wéeke,
But now, whan ich ſhould ſay it, all is to ſéeke.
Well (quoth the prieſt) if your wit be ſo far decayde,
Say the *Pater noſter*, ye haue alway ſayde.

Nay by the Maſſe (ſware he) if you will haue all tolde,
Cha ſo grated on the new, cha forgot tholde.

Of the fiſt and the hart. 51.

One curſt an others hart for a blowe in a fume,
Curſe not his hart (quoth one by) curſe his fiſt.
His hert (quoth he) to mine eare did not preſume,
But his hart to mine eare did his fiſt aſſiſt.
Sens eche lim muſt frame in ſeate, as the hart liſt,
Whan the hart willth any lym in any faute to fall.
No man blame any man, to blame the hart for all.

Of this woorde enough. 52.

A mery man by his maiſter at mete ſet.
Me thinkth (quoth the maiſter) thou canſt no drinke get.
Here is enough, though there be none ſaid hee:
Than art thou not drie. Yes ſo moote I thee,
And faine would drinke. How be thy wordis true than?
Thus: This woord *enough* twoo waies we may ſkan.
Thone much enough, thother littell enough.
And here is littell enough. His maiſter lough,
Callyng in his wife to diſcant vpon this.
How ſaieſt thou wife? our man in this caſe is
Drie, and would drinke, and drinke nothyng nie him.
And yet proueth he drinke enough by him.
Sens he (quoth ſhe) proueth drinke enough in ſtore,
More then enough were waſt. He getth no more.

Of table play. 53.

Wife, I will no more play at tables with thee:
When wée come to bearyng, thou begyleſt mée,

O iij In

The fyrst hundred

In bearyng of thy men, while thou hast any,
Eche other caste thou bearest a man to many.

The cocke and the hen. 54.

A cocke and his hen perchyng in the night,
The cocke at his houre crode loude as he might,
The hen heuy of slepe, praide the cock that he
Would leaue of his crowyng, but it would not be,
The hen saw the cock sticke to his tacklyng,
In hir treble voyce, she fell so to cacklyng,
That the cocke praide hir, hir cacklyng to seace,
And he of his crowyng would hold his peace,
Nay chorle (quoth she) be sure, that will I not.
And for thy learnyng hencefoorth marke this knot.
Whan euer thou wouldest séeme, to ouer crow mée,
Than will I surely ouer cakill thée.

Cheepenyng of a face of furre. 55.

Into a skimmers shop, while his wife there wrought,
In hast ran a gentilman there to espie.
A fayre face of fur, which he woulde haue bought.
What fur (quoth she) would your maisterhip bie?
Harlots wombs (quoth he) know ye any nie?
Harlots wombs (forfooth) I haue none (quoth she)
But ye shall haue knaues shankes, méete as can be.

Byng of showes. 56.

Whan I at the shoemakers shall shoes assay,
If they be to littell, they will stretche (faith he)
If they be to muche, they will shrinke streight way:
To long, to short, how narrow or wide they be,
All is one matter as he shapth them to me.
For may he once get his shooes on my féete,
Without last or lingel his woordes make them méete.

A suspicion cleared. 57.

One to his fréende kiendly,
Gaué monicion friendly,

That

of Epygrammes.

That ill was reported
By one that reforted
To him : whom (as they thought)
Entifed him to nought.

He thanked him, and fayde,
My fréende, be not afraide.
The heryng of that foole
Setth me no whit to schoole.
I here him, whan he lift.
And folow him whan me lift.

Of spite. 58.

If there be any, as I hope there be none,
That would léefe both his eies, to leefe his foe one,
Than feare I, there be many as the world gothe,
That would léefe one eie, to léefe their foes bothe.

Of the letter H. 59.

H, is worft among letters in the croffe row,
For if thou finde him other in thine elbow,
In thine arme, or leg, in any degré,
In thy head, or téeth, in thy toe or knée,
Into what place fo euer H, may pike him,
Where euer thou finde ache, thou fhalt not like him.

Ill flyng of idelneffe. 60.

If flight from idelneffe may be déemed.
Mayn meane to vertue beyng fled warely:
How maift thou than therby be eftéemed?
Thou fleéft that vice not meanly nor barely,
But mainely : scrupuloufly, and fo charely,
That in thée, er idelneffe fhallbe fpied,
Thou wilt yet rather be ill occupied.

A tounge and a clocke. 61.

Thy tong should be a clocke wife, had I gods power,
For than would it ftrike but once in one hower,

Yet

The fyrst hundred

Yet it might ren (quoth she) and strike er the time,
And should that clocke haue (as my tong hath) a chime?
I beyng sexten, might set the clocke fourth soone,
To strike and chime . xij . twoo houres before noone.

A hearer of a sermon. 62.

What bringst thou from the sermon Iacke? declare that.
Forfooth maister (quoth he) your cloke and your hat.
I can thée good thanke Iacke . for thou art yet sped,
Of fomwhat in thy hande, though nought in thy hed.

*A man without wit, strength, and
cunnyng.* 63.

Thou art a wight to wonder at.
Thy head, for wit, showth thee a wat.
Thy bodie for strength shewth thée a gnat.
Thy voyce for tune sheweth thée a cat.
Doo, fay, or syng, in any what,
Thou art a minion marmfat.

How to wishe. 64.

How may I haue thée Gill, whan I wishe for thée?
Wishe not for me Iacke, but whan thou maist haue mée.
This is a lesson Gill propre and pleasaunt.
For by these woordes this winning Iacke may auaunt,
Though Iacke be no nere Gill then Iacke was before,
Yet Iack is nere his wit, by gis, by ten score.

A doubtfull demaunde of choise. 65.

If thou must choose Hodge, touchyng cockoldry,
Which wouldst thou choose? to know thy self commonly
To be taken for one : and take thy selfe none,
Or to be taken for none, and take thy self one?
The best or worst of these twayne (Hew) tel me whiche
Claw wher it doth smart, or tikell, where it doth itche?

I know small difference herein, Hodge brother,
And I (Hugh) know as littell in the tother.

An

of Epigrammes.

An olde widower and a yong mayde. 66.

A widower riche, with riueled face old,
Wooyng a fayre yong woman, his minde he told.
Bofting what he had, as wowers doe, that can,
Wherin he bofted of a goodly yong man.
A fon of his owne, whome god had him fent,
Of condicions and qualitees excellent,
In this whot wooyng this old mans behauour
So far foorth had won this yong womans fauour,
That in fhort tale, whan his long tale was don,
She prayd him to go home, and fend hir his fon.

Gapyng Oysters. 67.

On whom gape thine Oysters fo wide, oyfterwife?
Mine Oysters gape on you fir, god faue your life.
Wherefore gape they? Sir they gape for promocioun.
They hope (to promote them) you haue deuocioun.
Nay (quoth he) the perill were pernicious,
To promote oysters, that be ambitious.

The Iudge and the Iuggler. 68.

To a iustice a iuggler did complaine
Of one, that difpraised his liger demaine.
Whats thy name (fayd the iustice) Dauson said hée.
Is thy father aliue? Nay, dead fir pardée.
Than thou shalt no more be Daus fon, a clere cafe,
Thou art Daw thy felf now, in thy fathers place.

Of lookyng. 69.

To faue mine head, whan I vpward caft mine eie,
And looke not to my féete : to the ground fall I,
Whan I looke downward to my féete, to take héede,
A tile falne from a houle makth my hed bléede.
And looke I right foorth, betwéene my féete and hed,
Broken head, breke necke falls, of both I am fped.
I thinke it as good, by ought I can deuife,
To be starke staryng blinde, as thus to haue eies.

P

Of

The fyrst hundred

Of constancie. 70.

Some say, thou art inconstant, but I say nay,
What though thy wit be wauryng euery way?
Whose wit like the winde hath been wauryng euer,
And in vnstedy wauryng doth perfeuer,
A constant man I affirme him constantly,
For he is constant in inconstancy.

Of a face and a witte. 71.

In thy youth and age these properties are sprong,
In youth thy face was olde, in age thy wit is yong.

Of blowyng. 72.

What winde can there blow, that doth not some man please?
A fart in the blowyng doth the blower ease.

To the flatterer. 73.

Thy flatteryng of me, this foloweth thervpon:
Other thou art a foole, or els I am one.
Where flattrie aperth, at least, by wyse mens schoole
The flattrer, or the flattred, is a foole.

Of contentacion. 74.

Is not the poore man riche, that is contented?
Yes: riche by his contentacion consented.
Is not the riche man poore, that is not content?
Yes: poore by lacke of contentacion here ment.
Than riches and pouertee in mens mindes lie.
Ye: but we may far sooner learne (thinke I)
To thinke our selues riche, hauyng no riches nie,
Than make our selues riche, hauyng much riches by.

Of waytyng. 75.

I would see a man waite to his maisters minde,
As the weathercock waiteth on the winde,
Blow it here or there, blow it low or hie,
The weathercockis beke is still in the windis eie.

Of fore knowlage. 76.

Foreknowlage of thingis that must fall

To

of Epigrammes.

To man, I thinke it were not best.
The fore knowne ill to man, would call
Fore felt gréeffe, of fore knowne vnrest.
By foreknowen good to man were lest
Swéete sodain ioy, which euermore
Comth, whan ioyes come vnknowne before.

*The same impungned without chaunge of
wordes, except foure or fve.*

Foreknowlage of thinges that must fall
To man, I thinke it were the best,
The fore knowen il to man, would call
Digestion, of fore knowen vnrest,
By fore knowen good to man, were lest
Distemperate ioy, whiche euermore
Comth, whan ioyes come vnknowne before.

Mistakyng an errand. 77.

Feastyng a freend, the feaster (whose man did waite)
Bad him at the last course, fetch the clouted conceite.
What bringst thou here knaue (quoth he) what hast y doone ?
I haue (quoth his man) brought here your clouted shoone.
Clouted shoone carterly knaue, what dost thou dreame ?
Eate thou the clouted shoone, fetch vs the clouted creame.

Of holdyng an Inne. 78.

Beyng holden in Newgate, thou canst not bée
An inholder, for thine Inne holdeth thée.

*A wiues defence of hir beetill
brow. 79.*

Were I to wed againe wife, I make a vow,
I would not wed a wife with a beetill brow.

And I (quoth she) rather would a husband wed
With a beetill brow, than with a beetell hed.

The shrewde wiues tounge. 80.

A dog dame ruleth in degree
Aboue a diuell with thee:

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The fyrst hundred

At lest fower winde a dog letth flée,
Thy nose will stopped bee:
But no deuils word may make decree
To stoppe thy tounge I see,
Sens thou aperst to be (quoth she)
A dogged deuill to mee,
To tame thy deuillish propertee,
My tounge shall still be free.

A fooles tounge. 81.

Vpon a fooles prouocation
A wise man will not talke:
But euery light instigation
May make a fooles tounge walke.

Of glas and lattise. 82.

Where glasiere and lattise makers worke in sight,
This one difference in their twoo feates wee finde:
Glas keepeeth out the winde and letth in the light,
Lattise keepeeth out the light and letth in the winde.
Of both fortis I wishe, whan I shall wish any,
Lattise makers few, and glasiere many.

*Two wisshers for two maner of
mouthes. 83.*

I wishe thou hadst a littell narrow mouth wife,
Littell and littell to droppe out wordis in strife.
And I wishe you sir, a wide mouth for the nonce,
To speake all that euer you shall speake at once.

Of dispraise. 84.

All men must be blinde and deafe er thou prayse win.
For no man feeth or herth ought to prayse thee in.

A discharge from hipocrisie. 85.

Thou art no birde of hipocricise broode.
For thou fleest all thingis, that might shew thee goode.

Of

of Epigrammes.

*Of the foole and the gentlemen
nose. 87.*

One gentilman hauyng an other at meate,
That gueft hauyng a nose deformd foule and great.
The foole of that houle, at this tyme ftandyng by,
Fell thus in hand with that nose fodeinly.

Nose *autem*, a great nose as euer I fawe.
His mafter was wroth, & cride henfe with that dawfe.
One faide : talke no more of great noses ye foole,
Left ye be talkt withall in the whippyng schoolle.
The foole warnd of great noses no more to fpeake,
To mend that faut, this way thefe woords did breake.

Saide I, this is a foule great fpittell nose ?
Byr lady I lyed, it is a fayre littell nose.
Will not that foole be had hence (quoth the mafter ?)
Thou wilt foole (quoth one) by walkt with a wafter,
If thou fpeake of any nose great or fmall.
The foole at thyrd warnyng, mindyng to mend all,
Stept to the boord againe cryng as he gofe,
Before god and man, that man hath no nose.
The foole was feakt for this : but what of that ?
The great faute here to note, he amended nat :
Whiche is this : not the wife, but the foole ye fée,
In clokyng of one faute, makth fautes two or thrée.

A foole taken for wife. 87.

Wifdome and foly in thrée (as men fcan)
Is as it were a thyng by it felfe foole :
Among fooles thou art taken a wife man,
And among wyfe men, thou art knowne a foole.

Things to forbear. 88.

Displeafures that fume and fret
Good to forgeue and forget.
All othes, what whan, and where,
Better forbear, than forfwear.

P iij

Other

The fyrst hundred

Other mens liuyngis all,
As good forsteale as forftall,
Not at bottom but at brynke,
Better forefée, than forthinke.

Of medlars. 89.

To féede of any frute at any feaft,
Of all kindis of medlers, meddell with the leaft.
Meddle not with great medlers. For no question,
Medlyng with great medlers, makth yll digeftion.

Of dwelling. 90.

Betwene Ludgate and Newgate thou canst dwell neuer,
For in Ludgate or Newgate thou must dwell euer.

Of the Milner and the Sexten. 91.

The milner tolth corne, the sexten tolth the bell,
In whiche tollyng, tollers thriue not a lyke well.
Thon tolth with the clapper, thother in the hopper.
Thone fauerth of fyluer, thother foundeth of copper.

Of bookes and cheefe. 92.

No two thinges in all thinges can féeme onely one:
Because two thingis so, must be one thing alone.
How be it readyng of bookes and eatyng of chéeſe,
No two thingis for ſome thingis, more like one then théeſe.
The talent of one cheefe in mouthes of ten men,
Hath ten different taſts in iudgement moſt times when.
He faith tis to ſalt, he faith tis to freſhe,
He faith, tis to hard, he faith tis to neſhe.
It is to ſtrong of the rennet, faith hée.
It is faith he, not ſtrong enough for mée.
It is faith an other, well as can bée.
No two of any ten in one can agréé.
And as they iudge of chéeſe, ſo iudge they of bookes.
On lookers on whiche, who that narrowly looks.
Maie looke for this : Seith he, that booke is to long.
Tis to ſhort faith he, Nay, faith he, ye ſay wrong,

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of Epigrammes.

Tis of méete length, and for fine phraſe or faire ſtile:
The like that booke was not made a good whyle:
And in touchyng the truth inuincibly wrought.
Tis all lies, faith a nother, the booke is nought.
No booke, no chéeſe, be it good, be it bad.
But prayſe and diſpraiſe it hath, and hath had.

Of heades. 93.

Some heades haue taken two headis better then one:
But ten heads without wit, I wene as good none.

The woodcocke and the daw. 94.

A woodcocke and a daw ſet vpon a playne,
Both ſhewde comparifon eche other to diſdaine.
Back (quoth the woodcocke): Straw for the (quoth the daw)
Shall woodcocks kepe dawes now in dredfull awe?
None awe (quoth the woodcocke) but in behauour
Ye ought to reuerence woodcocks, by your fauour.
For what cauſe (quoth the daw?) For your long bills?
Nay (quoth the woodcocke) but lords will by their wils
Rather haue one woodcock, than a thouſand dawſe.
Woodcocks are meate, daws ar carren, wey this claufe.
In déede ſir (ſaide the daw) I muſt néedes agréé,
Lords loue to eate you, and not to eate mée.
Cauſe of dawes curteſis, ſo, if woodcocks thus gather.
Ye ſhall haue curtfy: For this I would rather.
Be a daw, and to woodcock curteſy make:
Than be a woodcocke, and of dawes curteſy take.
I were double a daw, had I not leuer,
Byrders ſhould (in their byrdyng endeuer)
Take vp gins, and let me go, whan they geat mée,
Than ſet gins to get me, for lordes to eate mée.

Of few woordes. 95.

Few woords ſhew men wiſe, wiſe men doe deuife,
Whiche is oft tyme true, and oft otherwiſe.

In

The fyrst hundred

In some case filence may as stify stand
With folly, as with wifdome, wifely scand:

Wottyng and weenyng. 96.

Wottyng and wéenyng, were those two thingis one,
Who could wot him felfe wife like thée, I wene none.

Otherwise.

I would geue the best fardell in my packe,
To be as wife as thou wenest thou art lacke.
And to be as wife as I wot thou art,
What would I geue trowest thou ? what ? not a fart.

A much like matter. 97.

Tom, thou thinkst thy felfe wife, ye what of that Hew ?
Thou thinkst thy felfe wyser then I. Ye tom, trew.
It féemth (faid a third man) by this deuise,
No maistry for fooles, to wéene them felues wife.

Wifedome and foly. 98.

Thy wifedome and foly both, nay no one
Can be conteined in volumes great nor small.
Thy wifedome beyng none, occupieth place none,
Thy folly beyng all, occupieth place all.

Of lacke. 99.

One lacke of late in thée saw wée,
Whiche lackth not now, for this we fée,
Thou hast lackt lacke of honestée:
But now that lacke lackth not in thée.

The

of Epigrammes.

*The weathercocke, the reede,
and the wynde. 100.*

The wethercocke and the réede comparyng late,
Their seruice done to the wynde, fel at debate.
The wynde (quoth the weathercock) windth no where,
But streight bolt vpryght I stand waityng there.
Forsooth said the réede & where the wynd is found,
At euery blast I bow downe to the ground.
Surely said the wynde, the waytyng of the tone,
And curtesie of the tother I take both one.
And none of both good but rather yll to me:
For whan I oft in corners secrete would be,
Other the crooked curtsy of the réede,
Or weathercockes waytyng, bewraith me with spéede.
As lief is to me, in such seruyng pretence
Single negligence, as double diligence.
The weathercocke and the réede, beynge both blanke,
Ech told him selfe, much seruice haue small thanke.

FINIS.

Q



**Three hundred Epi-
grammes, vpon
three hundred
prouerbes,
Inuented and made by
John Heywood.**

**LONDINI.
1562.**

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FINIS.

¶ Epigrammes vpon prouerbes.

Of amendment. 1.

IF euery man mende one, all shall be mended.
This meane to amendment, is now intended.
For though no man looke to mend him self brother:
Yet eche man lookth to controll and mend other.

Wagging of beardes. 2.

It is mery in hall when beardes wagge all.
Husband for this, these woordes to minde I call:
This is ment by men, in their mery eatyng:
Not to wag their beardes in brawlyng and threatyng.
Wyfe, the meanyng herof, differth not twoo pins,
Betwéene wagging of mens beardes and womens chins.

Of haste. 3.

The hastie man wanteth neuer woo.
In hastie women not euer soo.
With suffring husbandis hasty wiues,
Haue oft we féé, full mery liues.

Breakyng of square. 4.

An inche breakth no square : which sins thou hast hard tell,
Thou doest assay how to breake square by an ell.

Otherwise.

An inche breakth no square : thou breakst none, though it doo.
Thou rather bringst square thē breakst square betweene too.

Lookyng and leapyng. 5.

Looke er thou leape, nay thou canst in no wise brooke.
To looke er thou leape, for thou leapst ere thou looke.

Weddyng and hangyng. 6.

Weddyng and hangyng, are desteny I féé.
Weddyng or hangyng, which is best, fir (quoth shée ?)
Forfooth good wife, hangyng I thinke best (quoth hée)
So helpe me god, good husband, so thinketh mée.
Oh how like lambes, man and wyfe here agréé.

R

Of

Epigrammes

Of delay. 7.

He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall haue nay.
But to that nay, nay I say:
If of my wife I delay,
To take shroude woordes : yet that stay
Stayth them not from me next day.

Of wittes. 8.

So many heades, so many wittes, nay nay.
We see many heades, and no wittes some day.

No lacke in loue. 9.

In loue is no lacke, true I dare be borowe.
In loue is neuer lacke, of ioy or sorowe.

Otherwyse.

In loue is no lacke, no in no wooyng day.
But after weddyng day, lets here what ye say.

Of homely home. 10.

Home is homely, yea and to homely sometyme.
Where wiues footeftooles, to their husbandes heads clime.

Geuyng and takyng. 11.

Better giue then take, all say, but so thinke none:
All thinke better take . xx . poundes, then giue one.

Iacke and Gill. 12.

All shalbe well, Iacke shall haue Gill:
Nay nay, Gill is wedded to wyll.

Of the ende of a wit. 13.

Thou art at thy wits ende, which I wonder in
To see a wit at ende before it begin.

Of bought wit. 14.

Wit is neuer good, till it be bought:
Thy wit is dere bought, and yet starke nought.

Otherwyse.

Wit is neuer good till it be bought Will.
Iacke, to bie or sell that ware, fooles can no skill.

Haſte

upon prouerbes.

Of haste and waste. 15.

Haste makth waste : which perceiued by slouth,
Slouth will make no haste, he swerth by his trouth.

Makyng of malte. 16.

Soft fire maketh swéete malte, as malt makers tel:
Then to make swéete malte, fire is to rashe in hel.
Wherby sins in hell no good ale is to fel,
Drie drunken soules can not lyke in hell to dwel.

Of an akyng eye. 17.

Better eye out, then alway ake:
In rage of ache, true as I spake:
But in meane ache, meanely to mone,
Better an akyng eye then none.

What thing beggers choose. 18.

Beggars should be no choosers, but yet they will:
Who can bryng a begger from choyse to begge still ?

Of robberyng. 19.

- Rob Peter and pay Poule, thou sayst I do:
But thou robst and poultst Peter and Poule to.

Of neede and law. 20.

Néede hath no law : in some case in very déede.
Neede hath no law : and yet of law we haue neede.

Of beginnyng and endyng. 21.

Of a harde beginning, comth a good endyng:
Truth, on this terme is not alway dependyng.
Some hardely begin, by the féete to sit fast:
That ende with harde hangyng, by the neckes at last.

Of grace. 22.

In space comth grace, I graunt grace may come in space:
But in rule, by thy rule neuer looke for grace.

Of fore prouision. 23.

Who so that knew what would be dere,
Should néede be marchaunt but one yere.

R ij

But

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But thou hast knowen yeres, twoo or thrée:
That good condicions woulde in thée
Both dere and deintely be growen:
And yet for all this, thus fore knowen,
To warne thée of good fore prouision,
Thou hast not now one good condicion.

Of faiyng and doyng. 24.

Saying and doyng, are twoo thinges, we say:
But thy sayinges and doynges euery way,
Ioyne iumpe in one thy woordes and déedes procéde:
But thou art good, nother in woorde nor déede.

Of treading on a worme. 25.

Treade a worme on the tayle, and it turneth agayne:
But thou treadst on the wormes head, that to restrayne.

Of ease in an Inne. 26.

Thou takest thine ease in thine Inne, so nie thée:
That no man in his Inne, can take ease by thée.

Otherwyse.

Thou takest thine ease in thine Inne, but I sée:
Thine Inne takth nother ease, nor profit by thée.

How to proue a freende. 27.

Proue thy fréende er thou néede, that canst thou no way:
For without néede of thy fréende thou art no day.

Vnwise weddyng. 28.

Who wedth ere he be wife, shall die ere he thriue.
Then shalt not thou be wedded and riche aliué.

Some thyng and nothyng. 29.

Some thyng is better then nothyng.
In some thyng I graunt this othyng:
In some I deny : for I sée
As good haue nothyng, as haue thée.

The sleapyng dogge. 30.

It is ill wakyng of a sleapyng dogge.
So thinke many, namely the wrotyng hogge.

It

upon Prouerbes.

Of hap. 31.

It haph in an houre that haph not in. vii. yéere.
That haph this houre wife, for thou makst me good chéere.

Of fyght and mynde. 32.

Out of fight out of minde, this may run right:
For all be not in mynde, that be in fight.

Of mirth with wisdome. 33.

Tis good to be mery and wyfe:
How shall fooles folow that aduyse?

Of holding of a nose. 34.

Thou canst hold my nose to the gryndstone:
So can not I thine, for thou hast none.

An eye fore. 35.

It is but an eie fore, but an eye fore, fye
That eye fore is as yll as any fore eye.

Of recknyng. 36.

Recknyng without thine hoste thou must reckon twyfe:
Maie not my hostes disapoint that deuise?

Settyng vp a candell. 37.

To set vp a candell before the deuyll.
Dym fyghted deuyls, I déeme, déeme it not euyll.

Of cloudes and weather. 38.

After clouds blacke, we shall haue wether cléere:
And after wether cléere, we shall haue cloudes blake:
Now whot, now colde, now fayre, now foule appéere:
As wether cléerth, or cloudth, so must men take.

Of making and marryng. 39.

Make or mar I wyll, so saist thou euer:
But thou doost euer marre, thou makst neuer.

Of byrdes and byrders. 40.

Better one byrde in hande, then ten in the wood.
Better for byrders, but for byrdes not so good.

R iij

Make

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Of sorowes. 41.

Make not two sorowes of one, if thou can:
Left makyng of two sorowes, marre one man.

Of feedyng and teaching. 42.

Thou art better fed then taught, I vnder take:
And yet art thou skyn and bone, leane as a rake.

Of suffrance. 43.

Of suffrance comth ease: how shall I know that, wyfe?
I haue suffred the, without ease, all my lyfe.

Of him that set his hand on his money. 44.

Thy hand is on thy halfepeny, and must Iohn:
For thou hast no more coine to set thy hand on.

Of a horse coriying. 45.

A shorte hors is soone coride, thatis to wéete,
When short hors, and short coriers doo méete.

Of shame. 46.

Shame take him that shame thinkth, for thou dost thinke non.
Thou art to far past shame, shame to thinke on.

A lordes hart and a beggers purse. 47.

There is nothing in this world that agréeth wurfe,
Then doth a lordes harte and a beggers purse,
And yet as yll as those two do agréé,
Thou canst not bryng them a funder to bée.

Of fergettyng. 48.

The paryshe priest forgeth, he was paryshe clarke:
And the person forgeth, he was parishe pryfte.
But priest, clarke, and no clarke, all, who wyll marke,
To forget what we were, shall fée vs entyfte.

Of the harte and the heele. 49.

Shall I set at my hart, that thou settst at thy héele?
Nay, a hart in a héelde hofe, can neuer do wéele.

Otherwyse.

Shall I set at my harte that thou settst at thy héele?
Nay, how euer kybde héeles doo, kybd hartis do not wéele.

A man

upon Prouerbes.

Praise of a man about a horse. 50.

A man may well leade a horse to the water:
But he can not make him drinke without he list.
I praise the about the horse, in this mater:
For I leadyng the to drynke, thou hast not mist
Alway to be ready without resistens
Both to drinke, and be drunke, ere thou were led thens.

Of weeping. 51.

Better children weepe then olde men, say wyse men.
But olde men weepe when children laugh, now and then.

Of two false knaues. 52.

Two false knaues neede no broker : but it is neede
That brokers breake false knaues felowshyp with speede.

A hart in a hofe. 53.

Thy hart is in thy hofe, which iayle is not stronge,
Thy hofe are to full of holes, to kepe it longe.

Of creeping and goyng. 54.

Children must learne to creepe ere they can go.
In the spyttell, olde knaues learne to do so.

Of flotyng and fleetyng. 55.

Thou art a flote thou weenst, beyng in the fleete:
But flotyng and fleetyng agree not there meete.

A man at an ebbe. 56.

Thou art at an ebbe in Newgate, thou hast wrong.
But thou shalt be a flote at Tyburne ere long.

Syght in a mylstone. 57.

Thou seeest far in a mylstone : thanke God therfore.
Thou seeest in a millstone in nothing more.

Of throwyng. 58.

Throw no gyft againe at the gyuers hed:
Namely no gyfte of thy wyfe, geuen in checke.
If thou do, the rebounde may be so red,
That the red bloud, may run downe in thy necke.

Store

Epigrammes

Of store. 59.

Store is no fore, yes, store may be a fore.
I thinke it a fore, of fores to haue store.

Of one in prilon. 60.

Thou art in by the wéeke, nay fyr I am here,
Not in by the wéeke, I am in by the yere.

Saintes and deuilles. 61.

Yong sainte, olde diuell : thers mo of woman kynde :
Then yong deuilles olde saintes, in mankynde as I fynde.

Of botching. 62.

God is no botcher, but when God wrought you twoo.
God wrought as like a botcher, as God might doo.

Of a yeres fayre. 63.

The fayre lastth all the yere, but wyfe I tell thée,
In this yeres fayre, for fayre I can not sell thée.
I haue woorse lucke (quoth she) and began to scoule,
I can not sell thée there, for faire nor for foule.

Of a cap and a head. 64.

Thy cappe is better at ease then thy hed,
Betwene whiche twayne, might I at wishe be sped,
To choose one of the twayne, whiche I would fyrst craue,
Thy whole cap before thy ficke hed I woulde haue.

Otherwyse.

My cap is better at ease then my hed.
Thy cap is better then thy hed, tis sed.

A theefe that hath no felow. 65.

Aske my felow whether I be a théefe,
No way, can that way, of thy theft make préefe :
Thou hast no felow in theft : to catche thée :
For there is no théefe (in thefte) can match thée.

False measures. 66.

Thou fearst false measures, which are thingis to feare fore :
But I feare false measures, as much and more.

New

upon Prouerbes.

Of cleane sweepyng. 67.

Newe broome swepeth cleane, which is thus vnderstande:
New broome swepeth cleane, in the cleane sweepers hande.

Turnyng of typpettes. 68.

He hath turnd his tippet, that turne showth playne,
Our typpets haue ben turnd and turnd agayne.

Otherwyse.

He hath turnd his typpet dyed it and drest it,
Vpon the right fyde and seyre and playne preft it.

Otherwyse.

He hath turnd his typpet and preft it so clofe,
That for a turnd typpet it hath a fayre glofe.

Otherwyse.

He hath turnd his typpet, lord how he prouydes,
Typpetts turnd dyed, shorne, and worne bare on both fydes.

Otherwyse.

He hath turnd his typpet, twyfe in my fyght:
Fyrft on the wronge fyde and laft on the right.

Otherwyse.

He hath turned his typpet an honeft turnyng,
To turne his typpet and turne round for burnyng.

Otherwyse.

He hath turned his typpet shorne agaynst the wull ful,
And more agaynst his will then agaynst the wul.

Otherwyse.

He hath turnd his typpet, that haue we turnd all.
Sum halfe turne, sum hole turne, turnd round as a ball.

Otherwyse.

He hath turnd his typpet, ye for a while:
But might he turne agayne, lord how he wold smyle.

Otherwyse.

He hath turned his typpet, yet mo turns ye mocke,
But who doth weare his typpet a weathercock?

S

He

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Otherwyse.

He hath turnd his tyyppet, now for a noueltée,
And for a noueltée wolde turne streyght ageyne he.

Otherwyse.

He turnth his tyyppet, or his tyyppet turnth him,
But which turnth which, I fee not by swéete faint Sym.

Otherwyse.

He hath turnd his tyyppet,
For symony a fyppet.

Otherwyse.

He turnth his tyyppet, if that turnyng turne hym
Into the pulpyt, that turnyng is turnd trym.

Of theft and receite. 69.

Where are no receiuers, there are no théeues:
Where nought is to receiue, theues bryng no gréeues.

Of woorke and play. 70.

As good to play for nought, as to woorke for nought:
But thou wylt play for nought, and not woorke for ought.

Of a peynted sheathe. 71.

Thou makst much of thy peynted sheathe, and wylt do,
It hauynge not one good knyfe longyng therto.

The hare and the hound. 72.

Holde with the hare and run with the hounde, run thare
As wight as the hounde, and as wyfe as the hare.

Of beggers syngyng. 73.

Beggers syng before théeues, but what of that?
When beggers syng so, theues fee nought to laugh at.

Of two faces. 74.

Thou bereft two faces in one whood:
Thou hast one yll face, both be not good.

Of beggyng. 75.

Thou begst at wrong doore, and so hast begd longe:
Thy gettyng by beggyng, showth euery doore wrong.

Nothyng

upon Prouerbes.

Of nothing. 76.

Nothing hath no fauer, which fauerles showe:
Shewth nothing better, then sum thyng that we knowe.

Otherwyse.

Nothing hath no fauer, as yl is this othing:
Ill fauerd sumthing, as vnfauerd nothyng.

Of ventring. 77.

Nought venter nought haue, and ventryng of much,
May haue a lyttle, ventryng is now fuch.

Of shalbe and shall not be. 78.

That shalbe, shalbe. but all that shulde bée:
Shall not be, nor hath bene, as far as I fée.

The blacke ox. 79.

The blacke Oxe neuer trode on thy foote:
But the dun Assé hath trode on both thy féete.
Which Assé and thou, may fée me sproong of one roote:
For the asses pace, and thy pace are méete.

Of brydlyng. 80.

I wyll brydell the with rough byt wife. Quoth she,
If thou wyll brydell me, I wyll snafell the.

Mendying and payryng. 81.

I will mende this house, and peyre another.
Ye, but when wyllt thou mend thy selfe brother?

Of runnyng without turnyng. 82.

He runth far, that neuer turnth againe : nay nay,
Though the snayle neuer turne, he runth no far way.

Byng a pyg. 83.

I will neuer bye the pyg in the poke:
Thers many a foule pyg in a feyre cloke.

Hungry flies. 84.

Hungry flies byte fore, which shall byte vs euer.
For without hungry flies, we shalbe neuer.

S ij

Loue

Epigrammes

Of louyng a dog. 85.

Loue me, loue my dog : by loue to agréé,
I loue thy dog, as well as I loue théé.

Of precious stones. 86.

Folly to cast precious stones before hogs Hewe,
Hodge, except they be precious hogs thou sayst trewe.

Otherwyse.

Cast precious stones before hogs, cast stones to hogs nay,
But precious stones haue ben geuen to hogs some fay.

Of yll and good wynde. 87.

It is an yll wynde, that blowth no man to good :
And lyke good wynde, that blowth no man yll.
But fearynge yll wyndes, olde men most tymes stood.
Out of all extreme wyndes vnder the hyll.

Of sooth boorde. 88.

Sooth boorde, is no boorde : sooth boorde foundeth yll,
In false fayre flattryng boorde : boorde as ye wyll.

Of tales tolde in the eare. 89.

In at the tone eare and out at the tother.
If tales tolde the, go in and out so brother,
Then the trauell of those tales shewe much woonder :
Thy two eares be two hundred myle a funder.

Of goyng. 90.

The further we go, the further behynde.
Méete footemen to go with crabbes, in my mynde.

Otherwyse.

The further I go, the further behynde.
Stande still foole, tyll thou better footyng fynde.

Of neede. 91.

Néede makth tholde wyfe trot : is she a trotter now ?
Gallop yonge wyues, shall tholde trot, out trot you ?

Takyng hart of grasse. 92.

Thou takest hart of grasse wyfe, not hart of grace.
Cum grasse, cum grace, fyr, we grafe both in one place.

Where

upon prouerbes.

Of nothyng and althing. 93.

Where nothing is, a little thyng doth ease.
Where al thyng is, nothyng can fully please.

Couetyng and leefing. 94.

All couet, all loofe : this comth oft in vre.
But nought haue, nought loofe : this is euer sure.

Of the marche hare. 95.

As mad as a marche hare : where madnes compares:
Are not midfomer hares, as mad as march hares ?

How god will not do for vs. 96.

Euery man for him self, and god for vs all:
God will not seale that writing, write it who shall ?

Of harping on a string. 97.

Harpe no more on that stryng, for it standth to hie:
And foundeth as basely as a halter, wel nie.

A losse by the deuils death. 98.

The deuill is dead, then hast thou lost a fréende.
In all thy doinges, the deuill was at tone ende.

Otherwise.

The deuill is dead, one deuill is dead but wée fe:
Mo deuils left aliue, as ill or worfe then he.

Otherwise.

The deuill is dead, who shall enherite his lande:
Inowe, the deuill hath left children a thoufande.

Otherwyse.

The deuill is dead, who shall his land rightly win,
Thou, for thou by condifhin, art next of kin.

Otherwise.

The deuill is dede, nay the deuill is in a fowne,
But the deuill reuiueth agayne, chil ley my gowne.

Otherwise.

The deuill is dead, what helpeth the death of the deuill,
The deuill hath heyres as ill as he, and more euill.

S iij He

Epigrammes

Of a sheepes eye. 99.

He cast a shéepes eye at her : a straunge eye spred,
To se a shéepes eye, looke out of a calues hed.

Of rule. 100.

Better rule, then be rulde : wife thy endeuer,
Hath shewde thée to be rulde, by that rule euer.

Of blinde bayard. 101.

Who so bolde as blinde bayerd : no beast of trouth.
Wherof my bolde blinde bayerd, perfit prooffe shouth,
Both of his boldnes, and for his bolde blindnes.
By late occasion, in a cause of kindnes :
A company of vs, rode in certaine grounde :
Where we welny, an impassible slough founde.
Their horses, ere they entred began to stay.
Euery one horfe geuyng an other the way.
Of good manner as it were, and more and more,
Eche horfe gaue backe, to fet his better before.
Saue this rude rustie, bolde blinde bayerd of mine,
As rashely, as rudely, chopt foorth : and in fine,
Without any curtsie, ere any man bids :
Blindly and boldly, he lepte into the mids.
And looke how boldly, the mids he lept in till,
Euen with like boldnes, in the mids he lay still :
And trow you the Iade, at the best mens wordes theare,
Woulde stir one ioynte : nay not the breade of one heare.
But starde on them, with as bolde a countenance :
As that hole had ben his, by enheritaunce :
He hauyng no more to do there then had I.
But streight there cumth, a carteweare, of good hors by :
By force wherof, and helpe of all that rout,
Blinde bayerd and I, were drawn together out.
Which blinde boldenes, by this admonicion :
Except he amend in some méete condicion,

Rather

upon prouerbes.

Rather then ride so, I will a foote take payne,
Blynde bolde bayerd, shall not thus beare me againe.

Of the spinsters thrift. 102.

Thus rideth the rocke . if the rocke be ridyng,
The spinsters thrift, is set a foote slidyng.

Of defenes. 103.

Who is so deafe, as he that will not heare:
Not the deuill, till will draw his hearyng neare.

Of a good hors. 104.

It is a good hors, that neuer stumbleth.
Then haue I a good hors, for my hors tumbleth.
And fauleth downe right, my hors stumbleth neuer.
So well am I horst, and haue bin horst euer.
And so loth to lend him, to féelde or townes éende.
That as soone shall my so ride him, as my fréende.

Of waies to the wood. 105.

There be mo wayes to the wood then one.
Of all good wayes to wood, thou goste none.

Of one that may soone amend. 106.

He may foone amend, for he can not apeyre.
A good euidence to proue him the deuils heyre.

An ill hearer. 107.

I can not heare on that side, no, trueth to tell:
Of any side, thou couldst neuer yet heare well.

Of a good face. 108.

I did set a good face on the matter Ione,
Thou didst borow it then Bes, for thou hast none.

A sharpe thorne. 109.

It prickth betimes, that shalbe a sharpe thorne.
I wéene thou prickst wife, ere time thou were borne.

Commyng and goyng. 110.

As fast as one goth, an other cumth in vre.
Twoo buckets in a well, come and go so fure.

But

Epigrammes

But go or cum, who shall, while all come and go:
Seldome cumth the better, practife préueeth so.

The better cumth seldome. 111.

Séeldome cumth the better, come or go who will,
One nayle driueth out an other, wée se still.

One driueth out an other. 112.

One nayle driueth out an other, with strokes so stout:
That the hammer hed which driueth them, werth quite out.

Of burden. 113.

Light burden, far heuy : that dooft thou try.
A fether borne far, will tyre thée welnie.

Otherwise.

Light burden far heuy, borne for other men:
For our felues, heuy burdens light inough then.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, thy braine lacketh strength
To beare a pinte of wine, a payre of buttes length.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, thou dooft finde that lacke:
In all light good burdens, that lie on thy backe.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, how can lame folke proue,
Who in all their liues, their lengthes do not remoue.

Runnyng and goyng. 114.

He may ill run, that can not go:
He that sitt by the féete, finde so.

A lacke of tooles. 115.

What is a workeman without his tooles.
How may bables be mist among fooles.

Tast of a mans tales. 116.

A tale of a tub, thy tales taste all of ale.
Not of pescod ale, fyr, my tales are not stale.

A cat

upon proverbes.

Of a cattles looke. 117.

A cat may looke on a kyng, and what of that.
When a cat so lookth : a cat is but a cat.

One put out of a creede. 118.

Thou maiest be in my pater noster in déede.
But surely thou shalt neuer come in my créede.
I care not, though I do not, what can I win,
To come in a créede, whiche créede god is not in.

All that may be won of the fox. 119.

Wée can haue no more of the Fox but the skin:
And the Foxe thinketh that , to much for vs to win.

The suertie of some seale. 120.

As sure as it were sealde with butter, for sooth:
Sum butter seale lastth, as longe as some waxe dooth.

The hares goyng away. 121.

There goth the Hare away, is she gone say you?
Let her go, we haue Hares, and hare heds ynou.

Iudgement of colours. 122.

Blinde men should iudge no coloures : should they nat?
Blinde men will iudge all colours, for all that.

Hap and wit. 123.

Better be happy then wife, here art thou hit,
Thy hap hath euer ben better, then thy wit.

Otherwyse.

Better be happy then wyfe, not so, sum say:
He that can be wife, shalbe happy, say thay.

Of fortune to fooles. 124.

God sendth fortune to fooles, not to euery chone:
Thou art a foole, and yet fortune thou hast none.

Otherwyse.

God sendth fortune to fooles, and to wife men still.
God sendth good fortune, or the deuill sendth ill.

T Let

Epigrammes

Of loofers wordes. 125.

Let the loofers haue their wordes, all at onfe:
Shall the loofers talke? there will be chat for the nonfe.

Gettyng and spendyng. 126.

Ill gotten ill spent: be that tale true to tell,
Thou art neuer lyke to spende peny well.

Matters not leyde a water. 127.

My matter is leyde a water, thats a false tale:
Thy matters lie not in water, they lie in ale.

Measure. 128.

Measure is a mery meane.
Which filde with nopypy drinke.
When mery drinkers drinke of cleane:
Then merely they winke.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane,
But I meane measures gret:
Where lippes to litell pitchers leane:
Those lippes they scantly wet.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
But ynche, foote, yerde, or ell:
Those measures are not worth a beane:
They measure no drinke well.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
Be drinke deare or good cheape:
From measure no wight, may thee weane:
Thou measurst drinke by heape.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
Good licker may not shrinke:
Thou takst no triacle of Geane
So holsome as good drinke.

Measure

upon prouerbes.

Otherwyse.

Measure is a mery meane.
Shewyng indifferency:
Would thale wife, play the poulyng queane:
Yet measure will not lie.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
That doth diligently:
Attend the tappes of stande and steane:
To moyst thy lippes full dry.

Otherwyse.

Measure is a mery meane.
And measure is thy mate,
To be a deacon, or a deane:
Thou wouldst not chaunge the state.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
Who that shall enterprife,
This measure from thee, for to gleane,
Right erly must he rise.

Otherwise.

Measure is mery meane.
In volewmes full or flat,
There is no chapter, nor no feane,
That thou appliest like that.

Goyng beyonde the wall. 129.

Furder then the wall, we can not go,
Thine vsage showth otherwise, then so:
Thou goste, when thou must start out of sight:
To the wall, and ouer the wall quight.

Of harme. 130.

A man far from his good, is nie his harme,
Ny thy good, next thy harme, as chaunce may charme.

T ij A man

Epigrammes

Otherwyse.

A man far from his good, is nie his harme,
For thée to feare that, it were worfe then woodnes.
Mouables, vnmouables, lande or farme,
Thou haft not one grotes woorth, of good or goodnes.

Otherwyse.

A man far from his good, is nie his harme.
This shewth the nie harme : for hadft thou an arme
That could and wolde, reache hence to Constantine,
That arme coule not reache to any good of thine.

Wit kept by warmth. 131.

Thou art wyfe inough, if thou kéepe thée warme:
But the leaft colde that cumth, kilth thy wit by harme.

Light comyng and goyng. 132.

Light cum, light go, that cumth in vre by light féete:
But light heds, make light féete, ly lame in the stréete.

Otherwyse.

Light cum, light go, for that thou art well wrought:
For thou art as light, as a thyng of nought.

Otherwyse.

Light cum, light go, pas, cum and go lightly,
In a Iuggler, that lightnes is fightly.

Otherwyse.

Light cum, light go, thy light goyng doth excell:
But thy light comyng, I like not half so well.

Of kissing. 133.

Unknowen vnkift, and beyng knowen I wéene,
Thou art neuer kift, where thou mayft be seene.

Otherwyse.

Vnknowen vnkift, from that defyre, wife blys thée,
For no man that féeth thée, defireth to kis thée.
From kyffyng in fight hufbande, fuch as flée mée,
Let them come kis me, where they do not fe mée.

Leaue

upon Prouerbes.

Of leaue. 134.

Leaue is light, lyght inough as thou wilt make it,
If thy maister geue no leaue thou wilt take it.

Otherwise.

Leaue is light, ye and leaue is axed lyghtly,
And may be graunted lightly, axyd rightly.

God in the almery. 135.

There is god in thalmary, a well playde part.
Shut god in thine almery, out of thy hart.

The diuell in thorologe. 136.

The diuell is in thorologe, the houres to trye,
Searche houres by the funne, the deuyls dyall wyll lye.

Otherwise.

The deuyll is in thorologe, nowe chéere in boules:
Let the deuyll kepe our clockes, whyle god kéepe our foules.

The best. 137.

The best is behynde, the woorst is before:
Betwene bothe, beware dryft to the woorst shore.

Otherwise.

The best is behynde, we go before to fast,
Byde for the best, els it will be lost at last.

Otherwise.

The best is behynde, starte thou backe and fet it,
Abyde abyde, a wyser man must get it.

Otherwise.

The best is behinde, euen so I thought it wolde:
The best lacketh féete, foote pace with vs to holde.

Otherwise.

The best is behynde, behynde nor yet before:
Wolde I haue the best, but with vs euermore.

The woorst. 138.

The woorst is behynde.
There art thou affynde.

T iij

The

Epigrammes

Otherwyse.

The woorft is behinde, but the way is not rough:
The woorft wyll get before agayne, tyme ynough.

Otherwyse.

The woorft is behynde, yet behynde woorfe euyl?
We fée our fare, at next courfe, cumth the deuyll.

Otherwise.

The woorft is behynde, god kepe it behinde vs.
Or vs before it, as it neuer fynde vs.

Lastyng of woonder. 139.

A woonder lasteth but. ix. daies:
Yes thou dydst. ix. yeres gon
But one good déede, for whiche sum faies,
Thou art yet woondred on.

Of a galde horse. 140.

Rub a galde horse on the backe and he wyll kycke:
But the galde asse wyll stande styll, rub, spur, or pricke.

Good begynnyng and ende. 141.

Of a good begynnyng, there cumth a good éende:
Nay, Lucyfer began well, and now a féende.
But of good begynnyng and endyng, truth to tell,
The best way to ende well, is to begyn well.

The still soowe. 142.

The styll sowe eath all the draffe, my sowe eath none,
The deuill styllth not my sowe, tyll hir groyne be gone.

Of stumblyng. 143.

Stumble at a strawe, and leape ouer a blocke,
Such stumblers are blockeheads, or els they do mocke:

Otherwise.

Stumble at a strawe, and leape ouer a blocke,
The Assé and the Ape, seme here ioyned in one stocke.

Of the shoe and the sole. 144.

The shooe wyll holde with the sole. No man knowth it,
But he that knowth, how the shomaker sowth it.

The

upon Prouerbes.

Otherwyse.

The shoow wyll holde with the sole, what shulde the shoo doo,
But holde with the sole, the sole will holde with the shoo.

Myght and ryght. 145.

Myght ouercumth ryght. God kepe vs from that myght,
God geue vs that might, that stryueh not with ryght.

Byrth and teaching. 146.

Better vnborne then vntaught, but of truth, thou
Were as well taught afore thou were borne, as now.

Of hangyng. 147.

I haue hangd vp my hatchet . and scape thy selfe ?
Thou shuldest rather be hangde, then thy hatchet, else.

An olde knaue. 148.

An olde knaue is no babe, no. but we knowe,
Of an olde knaues babe, an olde knaue may growe.

A mans heare and his whood. 149.

Thy heare growth through thy whood . is thy whood torne ?
Or dooth thy heare perfe through thy whood, lyke a horne.

Geynes and losses. 150.

Lyght geynes, make heauy purfes.
Lyght losses make heauy curfes.

Otherwyse.

Light geynes make heuy purfes, and lyght purfes
Make heauy hartes, and heuy harted curfes.

Otherwyse.

Light geynes make heuy purfes, so brag marchantes bare,
When they take thrée halfpence, for two peny worth ware.

Theeues fallyng out. 151.

When théeues fall out, trewe men come to their goode.
Cum betymes, or els it is gone by roode.

Of a shorne face. 152.

Thy face is shorne ageynst the wull, very déepe,
Haue I wool in my face ? ye, thou art a shéepe.

Thou

Epigrammes

A benche whistler. 153.

Thou art a benchwhistler. a shryll whyftlyng wenche,
But how long hast thou whistled in the kynges benche,
I haue whyftled in the kynges bench (Gefrey)
As longe as thou hast marcht in the Marthalsey.

What god seyde to one. 154.

Thou art one of them, to whom god bad who,
God tooke the for a carte horse, when god bad so.

Otherwise.

Thou art one of them, to whom god bad who,
I wéene thou wentst to far, when god bad so.

Boowyng and breakyng. 155.

Better boowe then breake, when straining shall stretch.
Nay, as good breake as boowe, beynde our retche.

Otherwyse.

Better boowe then breake, I praise this that ye speake,
But sum bend, or be bent and boude, tyll they breake.

Otherwise.

Better boowe then breake, it is truly spoken.
Boude wands serue for sumwhat, so do not broken.

Of wrestlyng. 156.

The weaker hath the woorse, in wrestlyng alway,
Best for the weake to leaue wrestlyng then I say,

God and the church. 157.

The neare to the church, the furdur from god,
Bothe one to thée, a reame thence, or a rod.

Of one tale in all men tolde. 158.

It must néedes be true, that euery man saith,
Tyll all men say one thinge, the iudgement staith.

Otherwise.

It must nedes be true that euery man saith,
Must it so ? then art thou a foole, in sayth.

Of malkin. 159.

There be mo maydes then Malkyn, thou saist truth Ione.
But how may we be sure, that Malkin one ? I will

upon Prouerbes.

Rashe ventringe. 160.

I will set all, euen at syxe and at seuē,
Ye, and repent all, betwene ten and eleuen.

A scabde horse. 161.

A scabde horse is good enough, for a scalde squyre.
Your masterhyp, nede not care, what horse ye hyre.

Of fyttyng. 162.

Betwéene two stooles, my tayle goth to the grounde.
Better stande then fyt, tyll sure seate be founde.

Ale and wyt. 163.

When ale is in, wyt is out.
When ale is out, wyt is in.
The fyrst thou shewst, out of dout,
The last in the hath not byn.

Of restitution. 164.

Steale a goose, and sticke downe a fether.
In a fether, and such conscience,
If I shoulde stycke them downe together:
I can deuyse no great difference.

Eatyng of flies. 165.

The blynde eateth many a flie, not thou wife,
For though blyndnes haue banyshd thyne eyes defence,
Yet when flies in flienge to thy mouth be ryfe,
Thy tounge is a flie flap, to flap flies from thence.

Of the foxes preaching. 166.

When the foxe preacheth, then beware our géese.
You that feare your géese, learne wyt here a péese.
Kepe foxes from pulpets, your géese to teache:
Or kepe géese from fermons, when foxes do preache.

Of poore mens foules. 167.

Poore men haue no foules, no but poore men had foules:
Tyll the drunken foules, drownd theyr foules in ale boules.

U Poore

Epigrammes

Otherwyse.

Poore men haue no foules, yes, but we fée,
Poore men foules as poore : as their purfes bée.

Otherwyse.

Poore men haue no foules, no. haue ryche men any,
I feare but fewe, for they haue loft foules many.

Otherwise.

Poore men haue no foules. No no. the dyuell mad them.
The sots coule not kepe theyr foules, whyle they had them.

Promise of lycence. 168.

I wyll fay no more, tyll the day be longer,
No no, fay no more tyll thy wyt be stronger.

Of little faiyng. 169.

Lyttle fayde, foone amended.
Lyttle good, foone fpended.
Lyttle charge, foone attended.
Lyttle wyt, foone ended.

Of the tyde. 170.

The tyde taryeth no man. but here to fcan,
Thou art tyde fo, that thou taryft euery man.

Praise of good ende. 171.

All is well that endth well, a good faiynge (wyfe)
But I would fée it proued, by thende of thy lyfe.

Of hearyng and iudgeyng. 172.

Here all parts, ere ye iudge any.
God fende fuche hearers many.

A leffon for lookyng. 173.

Sum man may better Steale a horfe:
Then fum may ftand and looke vpone.
Where fuche fufpicion ftandth in force,
Flée fyght of ftolne horfe, looke on none.

Of a womans liues. 174.

Wyfe, a woman hath nine liues lyke a cat.
Syr, you haue but one lyfe, and yet inough of that.

I wyll

upon Prouerbes.

The crowe called white. 175.

I wyll fay the crowe is whyte . art thou fo lyght,
What is thy credence, when the crowe cumth in fyght.

Otherwyse.

Ye must fay the crowe is whyte, in any case,
Not now, but we were made fey fo a longe space.

Otherwyse.

I will fay the crowe is whyte. wylt thou fo ?
When euery man féeth hir blacke : go foole go.

Of the olde foole. 176.

There is no foole to the olde foole.
Go yonge fooles, to tholde fooles to scoole.

Otherwyse.

There is no foole to tholde foole : speake not that loude,
That prayfe wyll make olde fooles vengeable proude,
Which prayfe of olde fooles, yong fooles perceyuyng playne :
Yonge fooles, and olde fooles, eche wyll other difdayne.

Of a beane. 177.

A beane in a monkes whood, very good,
Here is the beane, but where is the whood.

The gyft of a pyg. 178.

Syr ye gyue me a pyg, of myne owne fowe.
Wyfe, I gyue a fowe pyg to a fowe nowe.

Chaunge and robbery. 179.

Chaunge is no robry, that is a tale not ftraunge,
Chaunge is no robry, but robry maketh chaunge.
Many fwéete blyffynges chaunge to bytter curfes.
When trewe mens money, chaungth into théeues purfes.

Of fayre woordes. 180.

Fayre woordes make fooles fayne, that was by olde scooles :
But now we fée, fayre woordes make wyfe men fooles.

Otherwyse.

Fayre woords make fooles fayne, yet fayre woordis are chereful,
But foule woordis make all folke, Irefull or ferefull.

U ij

I laught

Epigrammes

Of laughyng. 181.

I laught in my fléeue, feynt laughynges there to wyn,
Sléeues be to narowe, to laugh lustily in.

Of seekyng. 182.

I féeke for a thyng wyfe, that I would not fynde.
Good husbande ye are the more foole in my mynde.

Otherwise.

Thou féekest for a thyng, that thou wouldst not fynde.
And I fynde all thynges, that I do not féeke:
In my hap, and thy wyt, what dyffrence assynde,
I wéene not the value of a good gréene léeke.

Of a head vnder a gyrdell. 183.

He hath thy hed vnder his gyrdell, take héede
He hange not thy hed, in his gyrdell in déede.

Of wyde shootyng. 184.

He shooteth wyde. the cause why, I fée euen syth.
He hath not one streight shafte, to shoote streight with.

Otherwise.

He shootth wyde.
On which fyde.

Otherwise.

He shooteth wyde, but he can not amende that,
For he féeth not the marke that he shooteth at.

The fooles bolte. 185.

A fooles bolte is soone shot, and fléeth oftymes fer,
But the fooles bolte and the marke, cum few tymes ner.

Of a marchant. 186.

He is a marchaunt without money or ware.
Byd that marchaunt be couered, he is bare.

Otherwyse.

He is a marchaunt without money or ware.
He hath in fum respecte, the lesse cause of care.

Tounge

vpon prouerbes.

Of tongue. 187.

Tounge breaketh bone, and bone it hath none.
I wishe (wife) thy tounge may haue a bone.
And I wishe (quoth she) a bone in your whood.
Wyfhe that bone away (said he) tis not good.
Then wishe you the tother (quoth she) away.
They did so, which doone : now sayd she wée may
Witnes bothe, that you haue your wishe in fine,
But both can not witnes that I haue mine.

Otherwyse.

Tounge breaketh bone, it selfe hauyng none.
Such tounge should haue bones, or bodkins the tone.

Otherwyse.

Toung breaketh bone, and bone it self hath none.
Yes, thy tounge is full of good ale bones (Ione)

Of speeche. 188.

Spare to speake, spare to spée. If spée bring spée,
Then wilt thou spée, for thou speakst more then néede.

A busy body. 189.

He will haue an ore in euery mans barge.
Euen in cocke lorels barge, he berth that charge.

Otherwyse.

He will haue an ore in euery mans barge,
Then with sum of those ores, he rowth at large.

Of time. 190.

Time is tickell, we may matche time in this,
For we be euen as tickell, as time is.

Otherwyse.

Time is tickell.
Chaunce is fickell.
Man is brickell.
Freilties pickell.
Poudreth mickell,
Seafonyng lickell.

U iij

He

Epigrammes

Of far castyng. 191.

He casth beyonde the moone . great diuerfitie,
Betwéene far castyng and wife castyng, may be.

Otherwise.

He casth beyonde the moone . what néede that be doone?
We haue castyng inough, a this side the moone.

Of hunger. 192.

Hunger droppeth out of his nose,
That is the woorst kinde of the pose.

Of feedyng. 193.

He hath fed till he is as full as a toon.
I meane an emptie toon . what foode hath he woon ?

Of Mortimers sow. 194.

Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow.
Went that sow backe, at that biddyng trowe you ?

Otherwise.

Backare quoth Mortimer to his sow : fe
Mortimers sow speakth as good latin as he.

Otherwise.

Backare quoth Mortimer to his fowe:
The bore shall backe first (quoth she) I make a vowe.

Of fleabytyng. 195.

Tis but a fleabytyng : fréende if fleas bite so,
They will bite men to the bare bones where they go.

The breechelesse maister. 196.

The master weareth no breeche, then I protest,
The master is a girle, a boy, or a best.

Of meate and sauce. 197.

Swéete meate will haue soure sauce, to this reason feate,
Ioyné this conuerfion soure sauce will haue fwéete méate.
Thus sourenes and fwéetenes, the one and thother,
In feare of the tone, we hope of the tother.

Swéete

upon prouerbes.

Otherwise.

Swéete meate will haue foure fauce, where that is scéne,
As good lacke that meate, as haue that fauce, I wéene.

Of proferd seruice. 198.

Proferde seruice stinketh, thou art deceiued else,
Thy proferde seruice stinkth not : thou stinkst thy selfe.

Otherwyse.

Proferde seruice stinkth . more foole thou to profer it,
Thou shuldest season thy seruice ere thou offer it.

Of common medlers. 199.

He that medleth with all thyng, may shooe the goslyng:
If all such medlers were set to goose shoyng:
No goose néede go barfote betwene this and Gréepe,
For so : we should haue as many goose shoosers as géese.

Of enough and a feast. 200.

As good ynough as a feast : ye god saue it.
Inough were euen as good, if we might haue it.

Otherwise.

As good ynough as a feast.
This for a truth say most and least.
But what ynough is iustly ment,
And with inough to be content,
Those are twoo pointes that fewe or none,
Can learne to know, and stande vpon.

Of plaine fashion. 201.

The playne fashin is best, what plaine without pleates
That fashin commendth the calfe when it bleates.

Otherwise.

The playne fashin is best, and accepted beste
In thinges that please heares but not in the rest.

Otherwise.

The playne fashin is best, thats trewly exprest
Where fashiners of playne fashins are honest.

He

Epigrammes

Of him that cumth laſt. 202.

He that cumth laſt make all faſt, to this ſay ſum
All is made faſt ere the laſt cummer cum.

Otherwyſe.

He that cumth laſt make all faſt,
Who ſhall make him faſt that cumth laſt.

Of ſtriuynge. 203.

He ſtriueth agaynſt the ſtreme, by cuſtums ſcoole
That ſtriueth is either a fiſhe or a foole.

Of fittyng. 204.

Better fit ſtill then riſe and fall
If all fayle ye may hange when ye ſhall.

Of wrytyng to frendes. 205.

Ye may write to your fréendes that ye are in helth:
Who may write to his fréendes that he is in welth.

Of great clarkes. 206.

The greateſt clarkes be not the wiſeſt men
Be ſmaule learnd or vnlernd fooles wyſeſt then.

Of killyng. 207.

He will kill a man for a meſſe of muſtard
He will kill ten men then for a cuſtard.

Of falſhed. 208.

There is falſhed in felowſhip, there is ſo
The felowſhyp is ſmall els as the worlde doth go.

Otherwyſe.

There is falſhed in felowſhip, no wunder
Falſhed and felowſhip are ſéeld a ſunder.

Of bleedynge. 209.

Here lithe all and bleedth, all, thats fals and fooliſh,
Thou neuer ſawſt bloud bléed out of a ſtockfiſh.

Of ſeyng. 210.

Séeft me and ſéeft me not, both one thing for ſoth
As good vnſéene as ſéene whoſe ſight no good doth.

Of

vpon prouerbes.

Of ils. 211.

Of twoo Ils chofe the leaft, of ils many
The leaft is to great to chofe any.

Otherwyfe.

Of two Ils chofe the leaft, may we choofe ils now,
Choofe on choofers the like choyse neuer had yow.

Of Pepper. 212.

Thou takft pepper in the nofe, and yet thy nofe,
Lookth not blacke like pepper, but red like the rofe.

Otherwyfe.

Thou takft pepper in the nofe which néedeth not,
Thy nofe without pepper is firy red whot.

Otherwyfe.

Thou takft pepper in the nofe which fo fefond
Shewth thy nofe better fefond then thy hed refond.

Of an ill ftake. 213.

An ill ftake that can not ftand one yere in a hedge
If the ftake felf fayle, the ftake is as ye alege.
But if ftake stoobbers will not let ftakis ftand
Blame not the ftake, blame the ftake stoobbers hand,

Of fuffraunce. 214.

Suffrans is no quittans, but fuffryng to longe,
Showth much like a quittans in fuffryng of wrong.

Of mifrecknyng. 215.

Mifrecknyng is no paiment, yes as doth fall
In fum reckners, mifrecknyng is payment all.

Otherwise.

Mifrecknyng is no payment, to auoyde that,
Sum detters with their creditours reckon nat.

Of euen recknyng. 216.

Euen reeknyng makth long fréends
Od recknyng makth many féends.

Of takyng. 217.

I will take as falth in the sheafe, where euer it fall
In the sheafe or out of the sheafe thou takft all.

X Mum

Epigrammes

Of mum. 218.

Mum is counsell in euery man we fée
But mum except, nothyng is counsell in thée.

Of stoppyng a mouth. 219.

He shall not stop my mouth, no Nan I thinke that
I beleue all the deuils in hel stoph it nat.

Of castyng. 220.

He is cast in his owne turne, that is likly
And yet in all turnes he turnth wonders quikly.

Of Iacke. 221.

He is iacke out of office, curtsie withdrawe
Iacke once out of office all hayle Iack dawe.

Of the winking Cat. 222.

Let the Cat winke and let the Moufe run, run mife
Or els the cats clawes will catch you at a trife.

Otherwyse.

Let the cat winke and let the moufe run, run rats
Smalle holes kéepe small mife, from wily winkyng cats.

Otherwyse.

Let the cat winke and let the moufe run, créepe moufe créepe
Run not before cats that winke more then they fléepe.

Of saying nay. 223.

Say nay and take it, ye say nay and take it
But say nay or say ye neuer forfake it.

Otherwyse.

Say nay and take it, here me say this othyng
Say nother ye nor nay, takte and say nothyng.

Of the pie and crowe. 224.

Not to hie for the pie nor to lowe for the crowe
Hie pies made lowe crows we haue inough I trowe.

Of saying nought but mum. 225.

I will say nought but mum.
Thou showst the more wit fum.

I

vpon prouerbes.

Otherwyse.

I wyll fay nought but mum, that I beféeche,
Mum hath a grace in thée far more then spéeche.

Of tounge and wit. 226.

Thy tounge runth before thy wit, thats no rafhe rafe
For fo may it run, runnyng but a fayne pace.

Of owne. 227.

Owne is owne,
Whers owne knowne.

Otherwyse.

Owne is owne, thefe wordes I fpeke with eyes wéepe,
For all mine owne is in other mens kéeping.
But good is that riches where it is heapt
That from thrower by no means can be kept.

Of spinnyng. 228.

She hath fpun a fayre thréede, which fhowth in déede
That a fowle spinner may fpin a fayre thréede.

Of laughyng. 229.

They laugh that win, falſly to win and kéepe,
Winners may laugh when they haue caufe to wéepe.

Otherwyse.

They laugh that win, by theft to win and kéepe
Théeues at ſtealyng laugh, théeues at hangyng wéepe.

Of pleyng. 230.

He pleyth beſt that wins, that deny I will
Many pleyers win much that pley very ill.

Otherwyse.

He pleyth beſt that wins, there is a lye runnyng,
Many win much, much more by hap then cunnyng.

Of the winde blowyng. 231.

Let this winde ouerblow, when ouer blow
This winde will ouer blow vs firſt I trow.

X ij

I haue

Epigrammes

Of far and nie. 232.

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The ferder thou art hence the better is it here.

Of thynstep. 233.

He is hie in thynstep, his steps may be hie,
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Of smaule and greate. 233.

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Thou hadst great good maners, and thou hast non at all.

Of the keyse. 234.

The keife hang not all by one mans gyrdle, no
Euery key hath a clog, who wolde be clogd so.

Of prouender. 236.

His prouender prickth him, prick him godsforbod
What is his prouender, pinnes by likelyhod.

Otherwyse.

His prouender prickth him, where grewe that corne,
Pricking prouender as il as botes borne.

Otherwyse.

His prouender prickth him, that hors must néede stur
Prickt, with in with prouender, without with spur.

Of sum here and there. 237.

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But most when and most where no sum doth cum.

Of the persons lemman. 238.

She is as tender as a perfons leman,
Parfons lemans are tough inough now and than.

Of il weede. 239.

Ill wéede growth fast, it groweth fast in déede
The corne can scantly growe for the wéede.

Otherwyse.

Ill wéede growth fast, that is showyng
In the show of thy fast growyng.

He

upon Prouerbes.

Of synkyng. 240.

He shall synke in his owne sinne. ye when he synkth,
But he fleéeth in his owne sin yet me thinkth.

Of good syluer. 241.

She thinkth hir farthing good syluer, but trust me
She is quicke syluer what euer hir farthyng be.

Of the proude cocke. 242.

Euery cocke is proude on his owne dunghyll,
The hen is proud inough there marke who wyll.

Of fat in the fyre. 243.

The fat is in the fyre, that is a shrewde turne,
Cast the leane after, fat and leane let all burne.

Of bowe bent. 244.

I haue the bent of his bowe, that I know.
What bolts shootst thou from that bow, fooles bolts I trow.

Of gods beyng. 245.

God is where he was. ye but so art not thow
Thou were abroad late and art in Newgate now.

Of kynffolke. 246.

Many kynffolke fewe fréendis,
Fewe fréendis and many féendis.

Of Freendshippe. 247.

A fréende is neuer knowne tyll a man haue néede
Nor then nother for any I know in déede:

Of nothings. 248.

Where nothyng is the kyng must léese his ryght,
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Of pouertee. 249.

Pouertee partth felowship, thats not trewe euer,
Pouertie in beggers partth felowship neuer.

Of eares glowyng. 250.

Thyne eares may glowe, lets see whether they glow Iohn.
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Toſt from poſt to pyller, thou art a pyller ſtronger,
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Of may be. 252.

Be as be may is no bannyng.
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Of vſe. 253.

Vſe maketh maſtry, that is a trew tale to tell,
In that vſe hath made the pycke a purſe ſo well.

Of ſpurnyng. 254.

Folly to ſpurne or kycke ageynſt the harde wall.
Beyng rhod with cakebred, that ſpurner marth all.

Otherwyſe.

Folly to ſpurne or kycke ageynſt the harde wall,
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Of tyng the bell. 255.

Who ſhall ty the bell about the cats necke how,
Not I (quothe the mouſe) for a thing that I know.

Of had I wyſt. 256.

Beware of had I wyſt wyfe. Oh man tys to late
To beware therof ſyns thou were my wedded mate.

Of daunſyng. 257.

He daunceth attendance. are attendantes daunſyng?
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Of the cat eatyng fyſhe. 258.

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Of the woorſt and beſt. 260.

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Of

upon Prouerbes.

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Of fyue egges. 261.

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Of Ryme. 265.

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Of the hot yron. 268.

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Of the purfe. 269.

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Of many handes. 270.

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Otherwyfe.

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Otherwyse.

The lothe stake standth longe, in some place, but some hande
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Of hauinge. 272.

Better to haue then wishe, nay ye may so craue,
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Otherwyse.

Better to haue then wyshe, not alway cosyn,
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Otherwyse.

Better to haue then wishe. better haue as we haue,
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Of counsell. 273.

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Otherwyse.

Thrée may kepe counsell if twayne be away,
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Of Roome. 274.

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Of one had in the wynde. 276.

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Of all and naught. 278.

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Of warnyng. 279.

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Of byrdes flowne. 280.

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Of leauyng. 281.

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He hath set in foote, thyngs by wyt to be sped,
His foote shall dooe seruyce as good as his hed.

Otherwyse.

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Of fast byndyng. 283.

Fast bynd fast fynd, nay thou weare prentyse fast bownde,
And yet ranst thou a way where thou couldst not be founde.

Of hap. 284.

Happy man happy dole, so say fycke and hole,
But good hap is deintie, most men haue féeld good dole.

Otherwyse.

Happy man happy dole, hap is full of holes,
Hap catcheth and holdeth very few good doles.

Y Take

Epigrammes

Of tyme. 285.

Take tyme when tyme cumth, we are oftymes told of it,
But when tyme cumth yet can we take no hold of it.

Otherwyse.

Take tyme when tyme cumth, afay to be bolde of it,
But flyper as an eeles tayle is the holde of it.

Otherwyse.

Take tyme when tyme cumth, are we set tyme to take?
Beware tyme, in meane tyme, take not vs in brake,

Otherwyse.

Take time when tyme cumth, when time cumth thou faist wel
But when cumth good tyme to take, I can not tell.

Of the fat hog. 286.

Euery man basteth the fat hog, nay fréend nay,
Maft faylth fore this yere fat hogs pyne away.

Otherwyse.

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That those hogs shall haue most help that haue least néed.

The bale and boote. 287.

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Of fowes. 288.

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Of making a crosse. 289.

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Of the weaker. 292.

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Of catchyng. 293.

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Of holdyng. 294.

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Of knowledge. 295.

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Of smellyngs. 296.

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Of nought laide downe. 297.

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Of syght and fare. 298.

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Of the pot not broken. 299.

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Of late and neuer. 300.

Better late then neuer. ye mate,
But as good neuer as to late.

Otherwyse.

Better late then neuer.
That is not trew euer.
Sum thynges to rule in rate.
Better neuer then late.

F I N I S.

Y ij

**So The fifth hundred
of Epygrams.**

**Inuented and
made by
John
Heywood.**

L O N D I N I.

Anno Christi.

1 5 6 2.

To the reader.



Ere it as parellous to deale cardes at play,
As it is quarellous to deale bookes this day,
One and forty men, among one and fiftie,
Wolde flee one and thirtie, to flée one vnthriftie.

And yet Cardes so dealt should haue, in reuealyng,
Foredeale of bookes in this harde time of dealyng.
Cardes be tooted on but on the tone side:
Bookes on both sides : in all places porde and pride.
Not to content, but to contend, vpon spiall
Of least tittle, that can come in triall.
If the best writer to write be much afrayde,
More may I (the woorst) by fearefull feare be stayde.
And were not this one thing, feare should stay me so,
That booke or ballet, I neuer durst write mo.
In all my simple writyng neuer ment I,
To touche any priuate person displeasantly.
Nor none do I touche here : by name, but onely one,
Which is my selfe : whom I may be bolde vpon.
This ment in my makyng, fynes proofe doth declare,
I pray you readers to scan this, by this square.
As I, for mirth, myrily did make it,
So you, in mirth, mirily will take it.

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FINIS.

The fifth hundred of Epigrammes.

Of weenyng and wottyng. 1.



If men in olde time, wold wéene thē felues fooles.
Fooles now in new time, wil wéene thē felues wife.
Wéene wife, and wot wife differ in wife schooles:
To wéene them felues wife, when fooles so deuise,
As foolishe as frutelesse, is thenterprise.
This caze is thus adiudgde, in wisedomes schoole:
Who wéenth him self wise, wifdome wotth him a foole.
Made by Iohn Heywood to these fooles euerychone,
And made of Iohn Heywood, when he wéenth him selfe none.

Of a man of law and his clientes. 2.

Twentie clientes to one man of lawe,
For counsell in twentie matters did drawe.
Eche one praiyng at one instant to spéede,
As all at once woulde haue spéede to procéede.
Fréendes all (quoth the learned man) ile speake with none,
Till one barber haue shauen all, one by one.
To a barber they went all together:
And beyng shauen, they returnde agayne thyther.
Ye haue (quoth the lawier) tarid longe hence.
Sir (quoth one) twentie could not be shauen fence
Of one barber, for ye well vnderstande,
One barber can haue but one shauyng hande.
Nor one lawier (quoth he) but one talkyng tung
Learne clientis this lesson of this lawier sprung.
Like as the barber, one after one must shaue,
So clientes of counsailours, counsaile must haue.

An aduise agaynst mockyng. 3.

Vse to thy true fréende no derision
If thy fréende spie it, he takth it poyson.
Though thy fréend dissemble thespiall cléerely,
Yet spide in a fréende it toucheth him néerely.

Z

Telling

The fift hundreth

Tellyng thy fréende his faute, mockyng him not,
If he thanke thée not, then is he a sot.

Of itchyng and smartyng. 4.

Itching and smartyng, both touch vs at quicke.
When we itche, we scratch : when we smart, we kicke.
But in our kickyng at our present smarte,
Let vs consider our former defarte.

Of a sharpe tunge. 5.

Wife, I perceiue thy tunge was made at Egeware.
Ye sir, and yours made at Rayly, harde by thare.

Of a horse. 6.

A Tilt horse, *alias* a beere horse to bee,
Which wouldst thou bée ? a béere horse I say to thée.
When the horse is séene chéerely to drawe the béere.
He is so prayfde, that he may be proude to héere.
At Tilt when the horse runthe as fast as he can,
All crie well runne, not to the horse, to the man.
And if the horse fall with the man ouerlade,
Then crie they all, a vengeance on that lame iade.

Of a butler and a hors. 7.

The butler and the béere horse both be like one.
They drawe béere both : that is truth to bide one.
Bothe drawe béere in déede, but yet they differ Ione:
The butler drawth and drinkth béere, the horse drinkth none.

Of brasfe. 8.

I perceiue well now that brasfe is waxen proude,
Because brasfe so much with siluer is aloude.
And beyng both ioynde, sins they most by brasfe stande,
That makth brasfe bolde, to stande on the vpper hande.

Of a louces dwellyng place. 9.

Were thou a louce and shouldst choose one dwellyng place,
Whether woldst thou dwell, hauing choife in this cafe,
In mens bigge breeches, or in womens thicke ruffes ?
I would be, both for the places and stuffes,

In

of Epigrammes.

In fommer with women, in winter with men.
In fommer the womans necke pleafant then,
In winter the mans bréeche is clofe and warme.
Large walks for life to walke warme without harme.
Galleries, gable endes, cambers, parlors, halles,
Colde froft to defende, a dofen double walles.
Som féeld, fom hangd, fom dide, fom painted, fom ftaind,
Rents of all life, great and fmall rentes retaynd.
And when by louce bityng, the legge is itchyng,
The barres of mens breeches haue fuch strōg stitching,
Such bolstring, fuch broydring, let men stare and ftampe,
The louce is as fafe there, as he were in a campe.
In winter I fay thefe breeches are alone.
But then in fommer let the louce thens be gone,
For feare of a plague : if he then thither gette,
A thoufande to one, he fhall die of the fwette.

Of a ftraunge glaffe. 10.

Good god what a glaffe to vewe is this ?
See what an vnfightly fight here is.
Great promife, fmall performance.
Great countenaunce, fmall continuance.
Great winnyng, fmall fauyng.
Great hopyng, fmall hauyng.
Great hiues, fmall hony.
Great purfes, fmall mony.
Great gappes, fmall bufhes.
Great fpeares, fmall pufhes.
Great wine, fmall water.
Great woordis, fmall mater.
Great botome, fmall brinke.
Great brewyng, fmall drinke.
Great rent, fmall place.
Great fpace, fmall grace.

Z ij

Great

The fift hundreth

Great drift, small shifte.
Great gift, small thrifte.
Great watchyng, small catchyng.
Great patchyng, small matchyng.
Great bloud, small bruite.
Great flowers, small fruite.
Great wooddes, small okes.
Great staues, small strokes.
Great hennes, small egges.
Great hofe, small legges.
Great studie, small arte.
Great defyre, small defarte.
Great geuyng, small takyng.
Great marryng, small makyng.
Great shippes, small faylyng.
Great losse, small auaylyng.
Great markyng, small myndyng.
Great seekyng, small findyng.
Great lawyng, small louyng.
Great sturryng, small mouyng.
Great sowyng, small growyng.
Great trowyng, small knowyng.
I trow so great ill, and so small good,
In one glasse together, neuer stood.

Of driuyng and drawyng. 11.

If thou must be forste forth to take iorney quicke,
Whether woldst thou be driuen forth, or drawne forth Dicke?
I wolde be driuen forth Iacke : for as doth appéere,
Drawyng and hangyng drawe vengeable néere.
I thynke it lesse ill Iacke, hauyng choyse in scope.
To be driuen with the whip, then drawne to the rope.

Of longe sutes. 12.

Sutes hange halfe a yere in Westminster hall,
At Tyburne, halfe an houres hangyng endeth al.

Nothyng

of Epigrammes.

Of lightnesse. 13.

Nothyng is lighter then a feather, Kytte,
Yes climme : what light thing is that ? thy light wytte.

Of a disagreement. 14.

Eche one man welny falth out with an other,
And lykewyse eche thyng disagreeeth with other.
Namely malte and water, these two thinges are
So far falne a sunder, by scornfull square,
That no bruer, be he lustie or lither,
Dare couch malte and water, in house togyther.
But chiefly fowre water now beareth such sway,
That, swéete malte from brewhouse, water driuth away.

Of chepenyng of conies. 15.

Iane thou sellest swéete conies in this pultry shoppe:
But none so swéete as thy selfe, swéete conye moppe.
What is the price of thée ? forsooth she tolde,
At what pryce so euer my selfe shalbe folde,
Strange is the hearyng, for ware or for monye,
To heare a woodcocke cheapen a conye.

Of a wyfe hauyng childe. 16.

My wyfe hath a childe now at fowre score and ten.
At fowre score and ten yeres ? nay fréend, nay : what then ?
At fowre score and ten quarters of a yere I ment.
Ment ye so ? and I ment yeres. by which extent
Your wyfe might féeme your mother : but now I smell,
You may féeme your wyues father wonderfoole well.

Of a bachiler and a mayde. 17.

Is that bachiler a wooer to that mayde ?
The commons common so : tys commonly fayde.
Where dwelth that bachiler ? wyde a bowe of brydewell.
Where dwelth that mayde ? at broken wharfe very well.

Of shorte payment. 18.

Thy dettar wyll paie thée shortly : shortly ?
He will make that short lye, a longe lye, dread I.

Z iij

Whence

The fifth hundred

Whence certaine things came fyrst. 19.

Whens come great breeches ? from little wittam.
Whens come great ruffes ? from small brainfoorth they cam.
Whens come these round verdingales ? from square thrift.
Whens come deepe copped hattes ? from shallow shift.
Whens come braudered gardis ? from the towne of euill.
Whens come vncomde staryng heades ? from the deuill.
Whens come these womans scarfs ? from folly Iohn.
Whens come their glitteryng spanges ? from much wanton.
Whens come perfumde gloues ? from curiositee.
Whens come fyne trapt moyles ? from superfluitee.
Whens come cornde crooked toes ? from short shapen shoone.
Whens come wylde hie lookers ? from midfomer moone.
Whens come fayre painted faces ? from painters tooles.
Whens come all these ? from the vicar of fainct fooles.

Of furred and lyned gownes. 20.

Thicke furd gownes worne in sōmer, shew bare worn thréedis.
Thin linde gownes worne in winter, come from S. néedes.

Of a wyne drawer. 21.

Drawer, thy wyne is euen with thée now I sée:
Thou perfyste the wyne, and the wyne perfeth thée.

Shorte checkes betwene a man and his wyfe. 22.

I am carefull to sée thee carelesse, Iyll:
I am wofull to sée thee wytlesse, Wyll.
I am anguishte to sée thee an ape, Iyll:
I am angry to sée thee an asse, Wyll.
I am frettyng to sée thee flee from me, Iyll:
I am fory to sée thee seeke to me, Wyll.
I am madde to sée the mate thy husbande, Iyll:
I am sad to sée thee sklaunder thy wyfe, Wyll.
I am dumpysh to sée thee play the drabbe, Iyll:
I am knappysh to sée the plaie the knaue, Wyll.

My

of Epigrammes.

Of a woman deckt in two coloures. 23.

My honny bes, blacke and white doth set the out nette.
Thy here whyte as perle, thy téeth blacke as iette.

Of vnswete breath. 24.

Thine vnfauery breath lackth falte, beale belfabubbe:
It hath tane to much wynde in the poudryng tubbe.
Thy breath, hodge, with falte is so fauery to smell,
That no feasonyng lyckour, can feason it well.

Of clyppying and clenfyng. 25.

Not clyppying your beards, why clyp you your nayles?
Not kombyng your heades, why wype you your tayles?
Thefe beyng superfluous thinges euery chone,
Kombe, clip, or clenfe all : or clip or clenfe none.

Of a man and his wyues departyng. 26.

Wife I will go abroad. wyll ye take the payne?
Beete : but when the diuell will ye come in agayne?
Makst thou me a diuell? nay then be out of dout,
The diuell will come in, when the diuels damme goth out.

An account of a mans children. 27.

Wyfe, of ten babes betwene vs by encrease growne,
Thou saist I haue but nyne . no mo of your owne.
Of all thynges encrefyng, as my conscience lythe,
The parson must needes haue the tenth for the tythe.

Of a woman of Huntington. 28.

Where dwelst thou Sys? I dwell at huntington nowe.
Lyke so, for thou lookst lyke a nowe hunted sowe.
Where dwelst thou Sym? at hammer smith dwell I.
A meete soyle for thee? for hammer hed is hard by.

Of a laundres. 29.

A lyke laundres to thee, neuer sawe I.
Thy clothes washt but once a weeke commonly,
Thy selfe washte once in an houre vsually.
And yet eche weekes ende doth this thus trie,
Thy clothes euer wette, thy selfe euer drie.

This

The fifth hundred

Of a cutter of purflane.

This herbe purflane thou cutst pretily I sée:
But to cut apurse in a lane, none lyke thée.

Of one standyng in his owne conceite. 31.

He standth well in his owne conceyte eche man tels.
So had he néede, for he standth in no mans els.

Of one that hard without eares. 32.

I sée men heare, though they eares haue none.
Thou doste heare me speake, thine eares beyng gone.

Of an archers rouyng. 33.

What a shafte shootes he with a rouyng arrowe?
Styll he hyts the marke, be it wyde or narrowe.
Where shooteth this sharpe shootyng archer most, Wyll?
He shooteth most at rouers on shooters hyll.

Of perill to one by the number of three. 34.

In thy hand I sée, thy fortune shalbe fuche,
That the numbere of thrée shall daunger the muche.
Thrée bedfelowes in thy bed shall displease thée,
Thrée lice in thy bumme bréeche shall ofte disease thée,
Thrée cuppes full at once shall oft dysgyse thée,
Thrée bearers of the hom shall ofte dispise thée
Thrée drinkes, wyne, ale, and beere, shall ouerflowe thée,
Thrée wrestlers in one sygne shall ouerthrowe thée,
Thrée wiues in thrée yeres shall wonderfly weare thée,
Thrée she beares those three yeres, shall al to teare thee.
But in thinges numbred by three, aboue all théese,
Blis the three thousand tymes, from frame of three tréese.

Of gloria patri. 35.

Dicke I meruaile muche, why in eury plat,
Gloria paitri standth before *Sicut erat*.
Tom, *Gloria patri* is a gentleman:
In pleasant spéeche, speake so sweetely no tung can.
Sicut erat is a churle so rude and playne,
That to here him speake, all degrees do diffaine.

Is

of Epigrammes.

Of a dyar. 36.

Is thy husband a dyar woman ? alacke,
Had he no colour to die the on but blacke ?
Dieth he oft ? ye, to oft when customers call,
But I wolde haue him one day, die once for all.
Were he gone, diar woulde I neuer mo wed,
Diars be euer diyng, but neuer ded.

Of a Iugge. 37.

Pot him Iacke : pot him Iacke ? nay pot him Iugge.
To pot the drunkarde, the Iugge is the dugge.

Of the three cuppes. 38.

Whers thine In Iohn ? at thrée cuppes in bredstrete Ihone.
At thrée cuppes in breadstrete ? well let bread alone.
At those thrée cuppes when euer thou dines or suppes,
Ere thou goe to bed, thou haft in all thy cuppes.

Of brasse and Iron. 39.

Brasse and olde Iron who brought those two togyther ?
Brasse thinketh sorne to fee them brought so hyther.
Olde Iron is roufty and rotten to vewe,
Brasse with fyluer fayre blauncht and polyshte newe.

Otherwyse.

Brasse faide to olde Iron with brasse perkyng late,
Backe ye kancred karle, ye be not my mate.
Backe brasse (quoth Iron) plainnes is most talowe.
I shewe as I am : and so dost not thou.

Of Iacke and Iohn. 40.

Iacke and Iohn in degré dyffer farre brother.
Iacke dawes is one, master Iohn dawes is an other.

Of wrestlyng. 40.

Where we wrestled by couples, we wrestle alone:
And shall, tyll tyme our shakled bréeches be gone.
In steppying and strydyng it is a wunder,
How we wrestle to get our legges a funder.

Aa

If

The fifth hundred

Of pryde. 42.

If thou wil néedes be proud, marke this fréend myne:
Of good déedes be not proude : they are not thyne.
But when thou plaieft the knaue in yll déedes growne,
Be proud of thofe yll déedes : they are thyne owne.

Of one hanged. 43.

What faute had he done that was hangde yefterday ?
Of any faute done by him I can nought fay.
Two or thrée two peny tryfles were layd to him,
But, his fayre gay hangde houle, man, did vndo hym,
Here is tyt for tat, meafure met very trym:
Firft he hangd his houle, now his houle hath hangd him.

Of a dettar. 44.

Doth your mafterfhyppe remember your dette to mée ?
Remember my dette ? ye fréende, I warrant thée :
I remember it fo, that though I fay it,
Ile neuer forget it, nor neuer pay it.

Of louinge of a goofe. 45.

A goofe, gréene or gray whiche loueft thou better ?
A gréene goofe : for it is farre the fwetter.
Loue both as thy felfe, for as prooffe fhewth ryfe,
Thou art and haft béene a goofe, all thy lyfe.

Otherwyfe.

Thou loueft a goofe to much : ware furfet elfe.
I neuer fawe goofe yet, lyke thée, loue him felfe.

Of harpe ftringes. 46.

Which ftring in all the harpe wouldft thou ftyll harpe on.
Not the bafe, I will be none vnderlyng, Iohn.
Nor the fandyng tennor : for ftiffe fandyng.
Nor the treble : for feare of to hye hangyng.
Nor the counter tennor : for countryng to long.
Vpon what harpe ftryng then wouldft thou harpe thy fong ?
Aboue all ftryngs, when we fhall fall to harpyng.
The harp ftryng to harp on, is the meane harp ftryng.

Take

of Epigrammes.

Of fortune. 47.

Take thy fortune as it falth, some aduifeth:
But I wolde fayne take fortune as it rifeth.

Of choyce. 48.

Choice is good in moſt thingis folke ſay, in which choiſe,
For choiſe of one of two thinges, thou maiſt reioice:
For man alieue lyke thee franke choyſe can haue,
To play the knauyſhe foole, or the foolyſhe knaue.

Of a falſe bragge. 49.

I was neuer but an honeſt man.
Put out that but, and thou ſaiſt truth than.

Of liyng and true ſaiyng. 50.

Wyfe, the people are diſpoſed all to lye:
For thou art commended vnyuerſallye.
Nay fyr: the people to tell truth, are all bolde,
For you are diſcommended of younge and olde.

Of a daww pate. 51.

Thou arte a very daww pate, as euer I ſawe.
Sir, in déede the pate is chiefe parte of a daww:
For when dawws ſhall appere in any coſte,
For all thoſe dawws parts, their daww pates be moſte.

Of water and wyne. 52.

Thou makſt curtyſy to waſhe handis with water of mine.
Makyng no curtyſy to waſhe thy mouth with my wine.
But I pray the make this change in this matter?
More curtyſy at my wyne, and leſſe at my water.

Betwene dogges and a deere. 53.

Set malles aſyde: fayde a bucke to a greyhounde.
Beware of pryde: ſaid that dogge to that déere.
Be pacient in trouble: a hounde fayde rounde,
Louyng aduylſe to this déere this dyd appeere.
In which counſell geuen, to kyll him they run neere.
Whiche counſayle amounth to this euery man ſéeth,
Comfort him with their tungen, kyll him with their téeth.

Aa ij

It

The fifth hundred

Of twelue and one. 54.

It is twelue a clocke : fyr tys more, well ny one.
Is one more then twelue ? thats a reafon alone.
Sir when the daie to after noone dooth amounte,
One is more then twelue, by our sextens accounte.

Of verdingales. 55.

Alas poore verdingales must lie in the streete:
To houle them, no doore in the citee made meete.
Syns at our narrow doores they in can not win,
Send them to Oxforde, at Brodegates to get in.

Preceptes of a man to his wyfe. 56.

Stande styll wyfe, I wyll:
Be ftyll wyfe, I nyll.
Now barke wyfe, I wyll:
To warke wyfe, I nyll.
Proue me wyfe, I wyll:
Loue me wyfe, I nyll.
Now chat wyfe, I wyll:
Leaue that wyfe, I nyll.
Keepe chayre wyfe, I wyll:
Speake fayre wyfe, I nyll.

Of an expert man. 57:

Is he fuch an expert man ? an expert man ?
Put out that ex, and no man more expert than.

Of deliuerance from yll. 58.

Wyfe, from all euyll, when shalt thou deliuered bee ?
Sir, when I (said she) shalbe deliuered from thee.

Of cuttyng of the herbe tyme.

All tymes of the day to night from the pryme,
Thou gardner wylte not leaue cuttyng of tyme.
Thou wylt neuer leaue cuttyng of tyme, I fee,
Tyll fuche tyme, as tyme, shall in tyme cutte of thee.

Sweatyng

of Epigrammes.

Of one fearyng the swette. 60.

Sweatyng sicknes so fearst thou beyonde the marke,
That winter or sommer thou neuer sweatst at warke.

Of one thinkyng on an other. 61.

When doth your maisterhip thinke on me? euer.
When do you thinke vpon my matter? neuer.
Me ye remember, my matter ye forget:
Remembrance and forgetfulnesse, is wrong set.
For I wolde wishe you rather, if it might bée,
To remember my matter, and forget mée.

Of one beyng at a poynt. 62.

Is he at a poynte with his creditors? yée.
For he is not worth a pointe they all sée.

Of testons. 63.

Testons be gone to Oxforde, god be their spéede:
To studie in Brazennose there to procéde.

Of redde Testons. 64.

These Testons looke redde: how like you the same?
Tis a token of grace: they blushe for shame.

Of stampyng. 65.

We stampe crabs, we stamp testons: which stamping doone.
We stare vpon Testons now beyond the moone.
Which stampyng of Testons brought it not some skill,
Our staryng on Testons could iudge them but ill.
But as the whot funne melteth snowe away,
So shall whotte fire melt colde Testons, as folke say.
We, for Testons leauyng scoldyng and squaryng.
And on Testons leauyng stampyng and staryng.

Of Iohn longe the carier.

Of what length is Iohn long the carier Prat?
A quarter of a yere long. how prouest thou that?
Thertéene wéekes past he shuld haue brought me a wat:
But yet long Iohn, Iohn long: with that wat comth nat.

Aa iij

Where-

The fifth hundred

Wherby I Iohn short, am as short to compare,
As Iohn longe by this length is long to declare.
For as Iohn long lurkth to long this wat to fet,
So I Iohn short leape to short this wat to get.

Of turnyng. 67.

Wilt thou vse turners craft still? ye by my trouth.
Much thrift and most suretie in turners craft growth.
Halfe turne or whole turne, where turners be turning,
Turnyng kéepes turners from hangyng and burning.

Of master Carter. 68.

Is that gentlemans name master Carter? ye.
How his name and condicions differ now se.
So cunnyng, so cumly, so curteisie, so kinde,
So gentle a gentleman in eche mans minde:
That all men are striken in pitifull wunder,
To fée master carter and the carte a funder.

Of goyng farre. 69.

As he goth farre that neuer doth turne him backe,
So goste thou farre wide: thou neuer turnst againe.
Wher thou goest, or what thou doste, come luck come lacke,
Thy felse or thy matters foorth they go amaine.
To turne againe no counsayle can thée strayne.
Except thy will shall showe thy witte in the wane,
Finde meanes to take a house in turne againe lane.

How money is made lame. 70.

Money, with couetousnesse thou dost rest so,
That lacke of vse doth lame thée: thou canst not go.
With prodigalitée thou trudgest so fast,
That excesse of to much exercise, doth lame thée at last,
These twoo beyng lame lettis of extremitées,
Where woldst thou be lotted to be from both thées?
With liberalitée wolde I be the meane.
With liberalitée? nay he is gone cleane.

Lady

of Epigrammes.

Of an olde woer. 71.

Lady I loue you, in way you to wed:
But mine age with your youth difagréeeth fo,
That if I speake : I thinke not to be sped.
Your age in your fute, is no whit your fo,
To your yeres many, had ye many mo.
We wold wed the fooner by yeres, showyng plaine,
That I should the fooner be vnwed againe.

Of a yong wooer. 72.

I brought thée late an olde riche widow to woo:
Whom thou mightst haue had, but nought woldst thou thē doo
Nor nought canst thou do now : thrift and thou art od.
For now lieth she spéechles at mercy of god.
For the mercy of god bring me now to hir:
I neuer sawe méete time : till now, to woo hir.

Of weakenesse and strength. 73.

Weakenes and strength, here showst thou both in préese,
Thou art a weake man, and yet a strong théefe.

Warnyng of pride. 74.

Beware of pride, sayst thou to mée ?
Let pride, fay I, beware of thée.
In euery place thou doost so watche him,
That if pride sturre, thou wilt sure catche him.

Of pacience. 75.

Be pacient in trouble . how can that bée ?
Sins out of trouble nothyng pleaseth thée.

Of pleasynge. 76.

Be glad to please, yea be glad to please brother.
But whom ? please thy selfe, fée thou please none other.

Of a hande gonne and a hande. 77.

Thou hast a good handgoonne : but whats thy hand ?
When thou shootst of, out of daunger to stand,
No standyng more sure in any place or plat,
Then to stande clofe to the marke thou shootst at.

Brasse

The fifth hundred

Of brasse and siluer. 78.

Brasse hath béene a loft, with siluer fet vp.
Come downe brasse and drinke on an ashen cup.

Of difference betwene wise men aud fooles. 79.

Betwéene wise men and fooles, among thinges many
This one differth . when both sortes get things any.
Which to their pleasures are pleasantly alloud,
Of those thingis wun, wise mē are glad, fooles be proud.

Of a pithy witte. 80.

Good god, what a pithy wit hast thou Dicke ?
The pith of thy woordes so déepe and so tricke,
Thy woordes so pythily pearle to the quicke,
Pith of no woordes agaynst thy woordes may kicke,
No more then the pith of a goonstone may pricke,
Against the pithy pith of an elder sticke.

Of choise to be a wise man or a foole. 81.

A wyse man or a foole : if thou must be one,
Which woldst thou be in winter, Iohn ? a foole Ihone.
Where best men in winter sit next fire from colde,
There standis the foole warme while all his tales be tolde.
Which woldst thou be in sommer, when winter is gon ?
A foole. a foole, why ? that why showth herevpon.
In sommer when states sit from fire in the coole,
At that boordes ende in coole ayre there stands the foole.
Winter and sommer what time men must to wurke,
Which woldst thou be ? a foole to looke on and lurke.
All times of the yere for one thing or other,
Better be a foole then a wise man brother.

Of a knightes carterly collar. 82.

I bad this carter bring my collar of golde :
And he bringth me my horse collar, holde knaue holde.
Sir if I may speake my thought without fearyng,
This collar of both showth best for your wearyng.

Of

of Epigrammes.

Of males and male horfes. 83.

Of al horfe, a male horfe would I not bée.
Where he erft bare one male, now berth he thrée.
Thofe are one behinde and one on eche fide,
The man, who on the male horfe doth ride,
Werth on eche legge, one male. for his floppes are,
Eche one floppe one male (kindely to declare.)
Longe, round, wyde, weightie as a male eche one.
But all horfe are now male horfes euerychone.
For euery one horfe, bearth twoo males at leaſte.
Of male horfe and male men, fréends heres a feaſte.

A man difcommended. 84.

Not once a yere ought féene in thée to alowe.
Not once a yere thy knée to god dooft thou bowe.
Not once a yere openeft thou thy lippes to pray.
Not once a yere ſhowſte thou goodneſſe any way.
Not once a yere geueſt thou almes to the poore,
Not once a yere dooft thou repent thée therfore.
But all times a yere thou wouldſt all vnderſtood.
Thou neuer dooft repent, but when thou dooft good.

Of runnyng. 85.

In pooſte haſte run hooreſon run. art thou here yet?
Shall I run out of breath? nay run out of thy wit.

Of polling. 86.

Our heads grow to long, god geue our barbers curſes.
Our barbers polle no heads, our barbers polle purſes.

Of plate lente forth. 87.

Where is thy plate? lent out to a mariage.
Whither? to faint néedis. to whom? to maſter gage.

Of a man of law and his wife. 88.

You beyng a pleader at law exelente,
Yet hath your wife brought you to an exigent.
Pray hir to let fall thaction at law now,
Or els, ſo god helpe me, ſhe will ouerlaw yow.

Bb

Pennes

The fift hundreth

Of pennies and pence. 89.

Pennies and pence, differ far in proporcion.
The penny flat and round, the pen straight and long.
And yet for aydes, in case of extorcion,
Pennies and pence are like in workyng of wrong.

Of a womans thynne tounge. 90.

I neuer saw wife like thine for this thyng : Dicke,
Hir tung woondrous thin, and hir spéeche wondrous thicke.
Tom, I haue spent much in vaine since she was yong,
To haue hir thicke spéeche as thynne as hir tong.
It is the tunge of tungen : Dicke, for runnyng rounde :
I take the tippe for siluer : by the shrill founde.
It hath Tom, a shakyng sharpe founde in the eare.
But it is no siluer, wolde god it weare.

Of drinkyng to a man. 91.

I drinke to thee Iohn : nay thou drinkst fro me Ihone.
When thou drinkst to me, drinke for me thou leuest none.

Of runnyng at Tilt. 92.

We apply the spigot, till tubbe stande a tilte.
Ye, ren at the spigot tilt, leaue the speare tilte thou wilt.

Of expence. 93.

What may he spend ? ten pound a yere he might spend.
If morgagde ? nay : no man will one peny lende
Vpon it . if folde ? nay, no man will bie it.
Then he holdth it : nay, he can not come nie it.
Why foole ? how may he spend ten pound by year than ?
I said not he may, but he might spende it man.
Meanyng he might spend it, if he had it.
O, if he had it : a fir the diuell mad it.

Of fraying of babes. 94.

When do mothers fray their babes most from duggis.
When they put on blacke scrafs, and go like beare buggis.

Wyl

of Epigrammes.

Of Reedes and Okes. 95.

Wyll you réedes at the windis will stíl make lowe becks?
Wyll you Okes stand stiffe stíl while wind breke your neckis?
Wyll you reedes, like apes, stíl tucke & bowe eche ioynt?
Wyll you okes, like affes, stíl stand stiffe at one point?
Wyll you réedes be stíl bendyng bowyng bodies?
Wyll you okes be stíl stoute stiffe necked nodies?
Wyll you réedes be staggering stíl for vayne auayles?
Wyll you okes be stern stíl till your tops kisse your tayles?
Wyll you reedes shrinke stíl to all windes towardly?
Wyll you okes swell stíl at all windes frowardly?
Wyll you réedes crouch stíl to be the windis foote stools?
Wyll you okes crake stíl to be the windis hed fooles?
Okes wyll doo as we haue doone. so wyll we réedes.
Wherin for our purpose marke what ende procéedes.
In eche one storme a thousand okes downe are blowne
In a thousand stormes not one réede ouerthrowne.

Of biyng a mortar. 96.

That spice mortar to sell it be you willyng?
Yea mistres? whats the price? ten shillyng.
Ten shillyng? freende: I am hither entised
To bie a spice mortar, not a mortar spised.

Of a stepmother. 97.

Thy fathers second wife, thy steppe mother,
For a steppe mother thers not such an other.
At three steppes I saw hir steppe, sins she was wed,
From a stayre foote, straight vp to thy fathers hed.

Of a liar. 98.

Where doth Frances fabler now lie, Iane?
At signe of the whetstone in double tunge lane.
He lieth by night: and by day dayly hée
Lieth downe right, in what place so euer he bée.
That he lieth still day and night, this thing doth trie,
He neuer speketh woorde but it is a lie.

Cc ij One

The fift hundreth

Of tungen and pinsons. 99.

One difference this is, on which our tungen may carpe,
Betwéene pinching pinsons, and tauntyng tungen sharpe.
Where these twoo nippers nip any were or when,
Those pinsons nip dead thingis, those tungen nip quick men.

Of Heywood. 100.

Art thou Heywood with the mad mery wit ?
Ye forsooth maister, that fame is euen hit.
Art thou Heywood that applieth mirth more then thrift ?
Ye sir, I take mery mirth a golden gift.
Art thou Heywood that hath made many mad plaies ?
Ye many plaies, fewe good woorkes in all my daies.
Art thou Heywood that hath made men mery long ?
Ye : and will, if I be made mery among.
Art thou Heywood that woulde be made mery now ?
Ye sir : helpe me to it now I befeche yow.

FINIS.



**A sixt hundred of
Epi-
grammes.
Newly inuented and made
by
John Heywood.
?**

**LONDINI.
Anno Christi.
1562.**

To the reader.

REaders, reade this thus : for Preface, Proface.
Much good do it you : the poore repast here,
A fyxt hundred dysthes I bryng in place
To make good welfare, nay to make good chéere.
Fare is foode : chéere is mirth : fins meate is déere,
Not of meate but of myrth, cum yong cum olde,
Cum who cum wyll, here is open houfholde.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

The fyxth hundred of Epigrammes.

Of Rebellion. 1.



Gainst god I dayly offend by frailete:
But against my prince, or natiue countre,
With as much as bodkin, when I rebell,
The next daie after hang me vp faire and well.
The next daie after ? nay the next daie before
Wishe thou thy selfe hangd, in that case euermore.
Before, thou hangst honestly vnwoorthyly.
After, thou hangst, woorthyly vnhonestly.
But ho ? at our fyrst dyshe in our mery feast,
Why talke we of hangyng our myrth to molest.
Be our chéepe no better then our pottage is,
Better fast than feast at such feastes as is this.
But beyng true to god, quéene, countre, and crowne,
We fhall at all feastes, not hang vp, but fyt downe.

Otherwyse.

Wylt thou be taken for a true Englyshe man ?
Ye : be true to god, thy quéene, and countre than.
Stand fast by thy countre, who euer wold wyn it,
Better stand fast by it, then hang fast in it.

Of toung, mouth, teeth, and wifdome. 2.

The toung is asfinde, of woordes to be forter:
The mouth is asfinde, to be the tounge's dorte:
The téeth are asfinde, to be the tounge's portre:
But wifdome is synde, to tye the toung shorter.

Of fyluer to be borrowed. 3.

Haft thou any bowde fyluer to lende me Ione ?
Nay : haft thou any broken fyluer for me ? none.
Haft thou any clypt fyluer ? I had, but tis gone.
Haft thou any crakt grote ? crakt grote ? nay not one.
No fyluer, bowde, broken, clypt, crakt, nor cut,
Hers a fréend for fréendshyp, not woorth a crakt nut.

Cc

This

The syxt hundred

Of an vnkynndly marche. 4

This lyke marche, as lyke as I am a marche hare.
March is not fo lyke marche fréend: I would it ware.
Though shap of the Marche hare show not in thee,
Yet hast thou the marche hares mad propertee.

Of goyng to heauen and hell. 5.

Of heauen or of hell, which go folke fastest to?
To hell foole to hell, go fer more fast they do.
The hie way to both lyth thus as clarks tell,
Vp hill to heauenward, downe hill to hell.

Of the high way and a maydes face. 6.

The more the highway is washt, the fouler it is.
Mayde, the high way and thy face are lyke in this.

Of one that would be prayfed. 7.

Wouldst thou be praised? ye: why? praise pleaseth me well.
Ye, but how doth deferte of prayfe please the, tell.

Of lookyng. 8.

Looke vpward to heauen my fréend: what, where lookst thou?
Sir, I was lookyng downeward to hell for you.

Of a hare a foote. 9.

I here by the hounds, the hare is a foote.
Then must she to horsbacke, none other boote.
Nothyng doth more a hares hope of lyfe quayle,
Then doth a houndes nose, ny a hares tale.

Of Hob and Iohn. 10.

Horse and harnesse vp, on all handis: Hob and Iohn.
Hob and Iohn? nay. Lob and Iohn: would now be gon.
But tyll your prince sturre you to harnesse to start:
Harnesse you your horse, and get ye to the cart.

Of seekyng a daw. 11.

I haue sought fer to finde a daw: why thou else,
When thou wouldst quicly fynde a daw, seeke thy selfe.
What is Domine dawes in Englishe to say?
No mo Dawes: thou dawes, art dawes enowe for this day.

To

of Epigrammes.

Of sayyng grace. 12.

To say grace fayre and to say grace oft Iohn,
From Gracechurch to Grantam, thy lyke thers non.
At breackfast, at diner, at supper, at all,
At fyttyng, at ryfying, haue grace we shall.
Thers no man a lyue, in house, stréete, or féelde,
That faith grace so ofte, and showth grace so feelde.

Of Dette. 13.

What diffrence in true dette, and blew dette, to rate?
Diffrence as in distance Ludgate and Newgate.

Of stepping. 14.

In steppying one foote backe, steppying forward twayne,
My steps so stept, are not stept in vayne.
If one backstep, be as much as foresteps thrée,
By your stout steppying your wynnyng let vs fée.
Where wyde strydyng steppying gets no gayne ought woorth,
As good to stand stone styll, as step one step foorth.

Of wrytyng a gentleman. 15.

Thou writst thy selfe gentleman in one woord brother.
But gentle is one woord, and man is a nother.

Of a wyues affection to hir husband. 16.

I wene thers no wyfe lyke the wyfe of thyne.
Thy body beyng hers, yet dooth she enclyne,
Fayrest, or foulest, whom fancy doth prefer,
To take whom thou lyst, so thou touche not her.

Of a mans thrift. 17.

Lorde what thrift aryseth in thy behalfe?
Thy fowe great with pyg, thy cowe great with calfe:
Thy ewe great with lambe : thy bytch great with whelpe:
Thy cat great with kytte : and more encrease to helpe,
Thy wyfe great with childe : and to shew thy thrift foole,
Thy mare great with fole, and thy selfe great with foole.

Cc ij

Thou

The fyxt hundred

Of learnyng the lawe. 18.

Thou wilte lerne the lawe, where euer thou bée.
Lyncolnes In, or Lincolne towne, both one to thée.

Of good wyll and good deedes. 19.

Is good will the best part of a fréend? nay, nay:
Beggars with lordis so, for fréendshyp compare may.
Good déedes by good wyll had, differ there brother.
A poodyng pricke is one, a mylpofst is an other.

Of Newgate wyndowes. 20.

All Newgate wyndowes bay wyndowes they bée.
All lookers out there stand at bay we fée.

Of treading a shooe awrye. 21.

My wife doth euer tread hir shooe a wry.
Inward, or outward? nay, all outwardly:
She treadth so outward, that if she out wyn,
She wyll by hir wyll, neuer treade foote within.

Of a fayre foowe. 22.

I neuer sawe a fayrer foowe in my lyfe.
A fyr, thy foowe is euen as faire as thy wyfe.

Of prayer. 23.

Some pray *familiarum familiarum*.
Sum fay, that is *folorum, folorum*.

Of cheefe. 24.

I neuer saw Banbery chéeft thicke enough:
But I haue oft féene Effex chéeft quicke enough.

Of a leafe. 25.

Thy leafe of freshwharfe, byndth thée there to dwell:
Which thou hast forfyted, as thy neighbors tell:
These foure yeres at freshwharfe as folke consyther,
Thou hast not bene fresh, full foure houres togyther.

Of stockes. 26.

Thy vpper stockes be they stufte with fylke or flocks,
Neuer become the lyke a nether payre of stockes.

Wyfe,

of Epigrammes.

A taunt of a wife to her husband. 27.

Wyfe, I wéene thou art dronke or Leunitike.
Nay husband : women are neuer moone sicke.
Come that coniunction in time, late, or foone,
Wée fay (not the woman) the man in the moone.

Of pride. 28.

Fie on pride when men go nakte : nakte or clothed,
Pride is in all men a thyng to be lothed.
But yet may ye fee, though it doo ill acorde,
Sum nakte begger as proude, as some clothed lorde.

To walke, talke, drinke or sleape. 29.

Walke groundly,
Talke profoundly,
Drinke roundly,
Sleape foundly.

Of a lanthorne and light. 30.

A Lanthorne and a light mayde : manerly fayde.
But whiche to be light ? the Lanthorne, or the mayde.

Of a crie. 31.

Thou loftst a marke in issews, criers cry.
Crie not so for me crier, and marke this why.
I woulde rather geue thée a gowne of Tiffew,
Then be in dread to léese my marke in issew.

Of a watermans rowyng. 32.

Thy fares ouer the water thou shouldst row them,
But vnder the water thou doost bestow them.

Of tunge and witte. 33.

Thou hast a swift runnyng tunge : how be it,
Thy tounge is nothing so quicke as thy wit.
Thou art when wit and tounge in running contende,
At thy wittes ende, er thou be at the tales ende.

Of a peinter. 34.

Thou arte the painter of painters, marke who shall,
In makyng and settyng colours about all,

C iij

No

The fixt hundred

No painter, paintyng within Englands boundis,
Can set so fayre colours vpon so fowle groundis.

Of Peter and Poll. 35.

I dwell from the citée in subbarbes at rowles.
I pray to saint Peter to bring me nere Powles.
Alas, thou praiſt all in vaine, poore ſeely ſoule:
Peter will ſet no hand, to bryng thee to Poule.

Of loſſe of helth and wealth. 36.

How loſt you your helth?
That glotony telth.
How loſt you your welth?
That loſt I by ſtelth.
Who was your welthes wringer?
My thombe and my finger.

Of lookyng out. 37.

Stande in and looke out: hange out and looke not out.
Newgate and Tiburne, do bring both theſe aboute.

Of chafyng diſſhes. 38.

Wyfe, all thy diſſhes be chafyng diſſhes plaſt:
For thou chaſeſt at ſight of euery diſhe thou haſt.

Of hanging and ſtandyng. 39.

Whether wilt thou hang vp with ropes of ynions?
Or ſtiffly ſtande vp, with roperipe minions?
Forſooth, both for nomber and ſtuffe truly caſt,
As good hange with the firſt, as ſtand with the laſt.

Of a mans head and the Pillery. 40.

Vpon the Pillery, your worſhipfull hed,
Vnto the pillery doth woorſhip far ſpred.
Which woorſhip the pillery requitthe ill now:
For as you woorſhip it, ſo it ſhameth yow.

A prayſe of one. 41.

Se how ſome aboute ſome other, praifes win.
I praife thee for one thing aboute all thy kin.
They, without teachyng could neuer practiſe ought.
Thou canſt play the knaue, and neuer was taught.

of Epigrammes.

Of diuers bandes. 42.

All kindis of bands to be bounde in being fcande,
Headband, smockbande, flaileband, houseband, or husbande,
Which shall bind thee? not the last on sea nor lande.
Before husbands bands, in deuils bands I wil stande.

Of couenantes. &c. 43.

Many posis without apposition.
Many couenantis without good condicion.
Many promyses without good payment.
Many arbutterments without good dayment.

Of promise and paiement. 44.

May I trust that he promised?
Ye: scantly to be performed.
Promiseth he thrise or he once pay?
Sometimes he doth: but not alway.
Some thinges he promiseth to pay euer.
Which thinges so promisde he paythe neuer.

Of one that dare not steale. 45.

Thou borowst, and thou begst, but when wilt thou steale?
Neuer: for to be hanged sir I haue no zeale.
Thou wouldst steale if thou durst: ye but I dare not.
Well then for thy hangyng, in this world care not.
And in the world to come, as well thou shalt speede,
For good will to steale, as thou hadst stolne in déede.

Of the creation of the deuils dam. 46.

When was the deuils dam create, tholde withred iade?
The next leape yere after wedding was first made.
In an ill time. when the deuill will that deuill die?
At that yeres end, that endth weddyng finally.

Of reward to a scruyng man. 47.

Wayte well: thy maister will do for thee I wis:
Canst thou speie nothing to aske of him? yis:
But when I aske, I can not haue that I craue.
No, aske him blissyng: and that shalt thou surely haue.

Who

The sixt hundred

Two properties of a seruaunt. 48.

Who so that hath a good seruaunt, kepe him well.
Wel must I kéepe thée then by this that I tell.
Singuler in many thingis : in this aboue all,
To take thy wages great, and make thy seruice small.

Of toughnes and tendernes. 49.

For toughnes and tendernes bothe in one man séene,
One like your masterhip few or none hath béene.
Axe ought of ye : then are ye so tart and tough,
That your tauntis would touche a hors hart most rough.
Giue ought to ye : thus tender and méeke are you,
Teares like Tares from your iyes, your knees to ground bow.

A question to a childe. 50.

Who is thy father childe, axt his mothers husband.
Axe my mother (quoeth he) that to vnderstand.
The boy dalieth with you sir : for verily
He knowth who is his father as well as I.
The man, of this childes wit, was wrapt in such ioy.
That he knew not what he might make of the boy.

Seekyng for a dwellyng place. 51.

Still thou séekeft for a quiet dwellyng place.
What place for quietnes haft thou now in chafe?
London bridge . Thats ill for thée for the water.
Quéene hyth. thats more ill for an other mater.
Smartis Key. thats most ill for feare of smartyng smart.
Carter lane . nay, nay, that foundth all on the cart.
Powles cheine . nay in no wife dwell not néere the chaine.
Wood stréet : why wilt thou be wood yet once againe?
Bread stréete . thats to drie by drought thou shalt be dead.
Philpot lane . that bréedth moft humours in thy head.
Siluer stréete . Coper smithis in Siluer stréete : fie.
Newgate streete . ware that man, Newgate is hard bie.

Faster

of Epigrammes.

Faster lane : thou wilt as soone be tide fast : as fast.
Crooked lane : nay crooke no more, be streight at last.
Créede lane : they fall out there, brother against brother.
Aue mary lane : thats as ill as the tother.
Pater noster row : Pater noster row ?
A gréede : thats the quietest place that I know.

Of three foules. 52.

Thou hast three foules in charge : thy body foule one,
Thy féete foules twayne : but let thy feete foules alone:
Discharge thy body foule : and féete foules, poore elues,
They shall pay their owne fées and discharge them selues.

Of one saying of a hat. 53.

Sayd he that hat on his hed ? nay : chaunce so led,
That by that time the hat cam he had no hed.

Of buyng a coate. 54.

I must bie a new coate for shame.
To get shame ? nay tauoyde the fame.
Tauoyde shame, thou maist desire it,
But ten new coates will not hier it.

Of paryng neyles. 55.

Payre my neyles wife : nay man, if your neiles fayle,
Where can ye finde fréendes to scrat your scabd tayle ?
Pare thine owne neyles then : for as they be led,
They proue féendly fréendes in scrattyng my hed.
That may be : but as those woordes are soone spoken,
So euen as soone is a scald mans head broken.

Of a mans head. 56.

Thy head is great, and yet féemth that head but thin:
Without here without, and without wit within.

Of money in ones purse. 57.

He hath in his purse fortie or fiftie pounce.
Put *n* to *or*, and marke then how that doth founde.

Dd The

The sixt hundred

Of freendes and foes. 58.

The deuill shall haue fréendis : and as good reafon goes,
That the deuill shall haue fréendis : as god shall haue foes.

Of diffrence in sondry thinges. 59.

Small diffrence betwéene receiuyng and takyng:
Great diffrence betwéene maryng and making.
Small diffrence betwéene fighyng and fobbing:
Great diffrence betwéene baffyng and bobbyng.
Small diffrence betwéene fayre lookes and fayre woordes:
Great diffrence betwéene blount woordes and sharp fwoordes.
Small diffrence betwéene talkyng and tellyng:
Great diffrence betwéene smartyng and smellyng.
Small diffrence betwéene true loue and truftyng
Great diffrence betwéene rubbyng and ruftyng.
Small diffrence betwéene lowryng and fnowryng:
Great diffrence betwéene laughyng and lowryng.
Small diffrence betwéene waste ware and wéedes:
Great diffrens betwéene good woordes and good déedes.
Small diffrens betwéene cloofnes and confealyng:
Great diffrence betwéene geuyng and stealyng.

Of callyng one flebergebet. 60.

Thou flebergibet : flebergebet, thou wretche ?
Wottft thou wherto laft part of that word doth fretch ?
Leaue that worde or Ile bafte ye with a libet:
Of all woords I hate woordes that end with gibet.

Of crowes breedynge. 61.

I woulde with fome good prouifion to prouide,
That Crowes should neuer bréede by the hie waies fide.
They fo miftrufft euery man to fteale their burdes,
That no man can fcape their opprobrious wurdes.
No man paffeth by, what foeuer he bée,
But thofe crowes be knaue him to the ninth degré.
Should the crowes word ftand when he ragis and raues,
We should haue in England fortie thoufand knaues.

Thanks

of Epigrammes.

Of Powles. 62.

Thanks to god and good people, Powles goth vp well:
Powles goth vp, but when goth poolyng downe : that tell.

Of a crowe keeper. 63.

There be many cald crowe kéepers : but in déede
Thers no crowe kéeper but thou. in time of féede,
Where other kéepe crows out, like steruelinges forlorne,
To keepe crows in plight, thou keepest crows in the corne.

Of Rape seede. 64.

Haft thou any Rapeseede ? ye : if you to rape fruite fall,
Here is Rapeseede : but thers hempseede mixt withall.

Of red Rosés. 65.

What thinke ye worthe one buffhell of red roses ?
More worthe then are two buffhels of red noses.

Of Peniryall. 66.

I seeke Peniryall : haue ye eny ?
Séeke furder : I haue nother ryall nor peny.

Of Margerum. 67.

Haft any Margerumgentill ? ye in deede.
But it is fomewhat mingled with Nettelseede.

Of Poppie. 68.

Lets se Poppie seede : my Poppie seede is gone.
But for your grounde, I haue puppie seede alone.

Of Time seede. 69.

Haue ye any Time seede ? Time seede, ye be roode :
But it is so mistimde, that it bringth no time goode.

Of Rue. 70.

I would haue a groatesworth of your seede of rew.
Ye shall haue Rew seede inough, both olde and new.

Lyuerworte. 71.

What lacke you sir ? Lyuerwort seede I come to craue.
Lyuerwort I haue none : but Lipwort seede I haue.

Dd ij Haft

The fift hundreth

Of pine appell. 72.

Haft thou any graffes of the Pine appell trée?
Ye : pining graffes, great growers as can bée.

Of hartes ease. 73.

Haue you any hartes ease féede ? ye for god, I.
But what other ware with harts ease will ye bie ?
None : then haue I no harts ease for you brother:
We féede sellers must sell féedes one with an other.
To bie harts ease féede of me, that no man shall,
Except he bye some féedes of ars smart withall.

Of Parsnip feede. 74.

Here is Parsnip féede that will nip you as nere,
As ye were nipt with any parsnip this yere.

Of Annesse feede. 75.

This Annesse féede is browne : but to occupie,
Browne Annes as swéete, as white Annes like I.

Of lettis feede. 76.

I would bie lettes féede for my garden Ihone.
Lettes féedes ? forsooth good maister I haue none.
But put out *e s*, and these féedes Ile auow,
Best féedes in England for your garden and you.

Of good newes to a man. 77.

What newes ? good newes for thee as wit can scan.
We haue newes that thou art an honest man.
These newes comyng euen now thus fresh and new,
All men take for good : no man takth for trew.

Of least and most maistrie. 78.

What is the least maistrie thou canst deuise ?
Least maistrie is a foole to wéene him selfe wise.
What is the most maistrie that thy wit spife ?
The most maistrie is, to make a foole wise.

Of a man and a clocke. 79.

Men take man of earthly thinges most excellent:
But in one thing thou semst vnder that extent.

A clocke

of Epigrammes.

A clocke after noone aboue thee I avowe.
A clocke can go alone then : so canst not thou.

Of a spare horse. 80.

Haft thou any spare horse to lend me one ?
A spare horse ? thers one : take him and be gone.
Saddled and brydled he was, and with that,
As the man leapt vp, the horse fell doune flat.
He fell without helpe : but then vp to get,
Fyue men were to fewe him on foote to set.
A spare horse (quoth he) the diuell may spare him :
He that shall occupie him must bare him.
Sins this spare horse will not serue the brother,
Yet of my spare horses hers an other.
Vp lept the man, hens ran the horse amayne :
In ten myles galloppyng he turnd not agayne.
For iudgement in spare horse, let this be comparde :
Run euer, run neuer which may best be sparde.

Of a husband hangd. 81.

Is thy husband hangd ? he was : but he is nat :
In spyght of his foes I found fréends to ease that.
For or my déere hart had hangd fully houres twayne,
I gat his pardon and cut him downe againe.

Of Horsadowne. 82.

Hyredst thou not this horse at Horsadowne ? yis.
Where is Horsadowne ? that maist thou lerne by this :
In hye way, lowe waye, seyre way, foule way, féeld, towne,
Where so euer this horse is, there is Horseadowne.

Of a Cocke and a Capon. 83.

A braue capon by a brag cocke late beyng,
The proud cocke thinkyng sorne, the fame so féeyng,
Sayde to the capon : what thou barren bastarde,
Perkst thou with me here as I were a haskarde.
Where I, comely combed crowyng cockyng cock,
Am husband or father to all this hole flock.

Dd iij

What

A syxt hundred

What (quoth the capon) thou lewde lecherous wretch:
Thefe chickens all for thine bendst thou this brag to stretch?
As though there were but one treadyng cock alone,
Yes cocke yes : there be mo treadyng cockes then one.
But fyns thou thus proudly dost make this auaunt,
To repreffe thy pryde, take this tale for a taunt.
I haue of mine owne : I treadyng hennes neuer,
As many chickens as thou, treadyng thy hennes euer.
This strake the cocke in a déepe dumpe, dull and dead.
Hauyng a styll tounge he had a befy head.
Two daies after this, he trode not nor fed not,
His comb sore cut : but thanks to god it bled not.

Of disdeigne. 84.

Ist maistry to disdeigne thinges by enuyse scoole?
Nay nay, no more maistry then to be a foole.

Of Peter. 85.

Peter the proude, and Peter the poore, in whiche,
Poore Peter oft as proude, as Peter the riche.

Of one in Newgate. 86.

Art thou in Newgate to stand to thy tacklyng?
Nay : I am in Newgate to stand to my shaklyng.

Of sauyng of shooes. 87.

Thou wearst (to weare thy wyt and thrift together)
Moyles of veluet to saue thy shooes of lether.
Ofte haue we féene moyle men ryde vpon assys:
But to féé assys go on moyles : that passys.

Of hogstowne. 88.

The head man in hogstowne, hogherd is exprest:
Where hogis be parishioners, hogherd must be best.
Yet hogis head in hogstowne is no Iohn a droyne,
Pigs dare not quich there, if hogis head hang the groyne.

Of coleprophet. 89.

Thy prophefy poysonly to the pricke goth:
Coleprophet and cole poyson thou art both.

Like

of Epigrammes.

Of thinges vnlyke. 90.

Lyke wyll to lyke men say : but not alway so.
Contrary to contrary oftymes doth go.
When folke be most open, their lowe parts most lose,
Then go they to stooles that be made most close.

Of the gentlenesse of a wyfe. 91.

Thy wyfe is as gentle as a falcon : trew.
And namely in this kynde of gentlenesse : Hew.
Beyng not hungry, lewre falcones when ye list,
They wyll check oft, but neuer come to the fist.

Of catchyng a fly. 92.

A boy on his booke clapt hand to catche a fly:
Haft hir cryde his maister? nay god wot I.
Then thou shalt drinke : maister I haue hir I thinke.
If thou haue hir saide the maister, thou shalt drynke.
To furious maisters, what helpth fayre speeches:
Flies caught or not caught, vp go boyes bréeches.

Of a horse wearyng great breeches. 93.

My horse to weare greate bréeches is now asynde:
Why? to kepe him from enterferyng behynde.

Of a recknyng at a shotte. 94.

Geue vs a recknyng vpon this pot fyllyng:
What haue we to pay in all? ten shylylyng.
What comth our meate to? foure shylylyngs vp and downe.
Whatis drynke? syxe shylylyngs : thats to say a french crowne.
Why : haue we droonke more then we haue eaten, knaue?
Ye, as many other men, many tymes haue.
Looke where so euer malte is aboue wheate.
There in shotte euer drinke is aboue meate.

Of vse. 95.

Vse maketh maistry, this hath bene said alway:
But all is not alway: as all men do say,

In

A fyxte hundred

In Apryll the Koocoo can fyng hir song by rote,
In Iune out of tune she can not fyng a note.
At fyrft, kooco, kooco, fyng styll can she do,
At laft kooke, kooke, kooke : fyxe kookes to one ko.

Of one askyng for sheepe. 96.

Cam there any shéepe this way, you sheepishe maidis? nay:
But euen as you cam : there cam a calfe this way.

Of walkyng and talkyng. 97.

Walke thou narrowly, walke thou néerely:
Walke as thy walke may ende chéerely.
Talke thou basely, talke thou boldely:
In all thy talke, talke thou coldly.
Walke thou weatly, walke thou dryly:
In thy walke, walke not to hyly.
Talke thou meryly, talke thou fadly:
Talke as thy talke may take ende gladly.
Walke thou dayly, walke thou wéekely:
In all thy walke, walke thou méekely.
Talke thou softly, talke thou loudly:
In any talke, talke not proudly.
Walke thou fyrftly, walke thou lastly:
Walke in the walke that standth fastly.
Talke or walke oldly or newly:
Talke and walke plainly and trewly.

Of seeyng and feelyng money. 98.

Lackyng spectacles, canst thou sée money, Iohn?
Ye : but hauyng spectacles I can féele non.

Of takyng thinges wronge. 99.

Perfeyued and taken thinges right, thou hast long:
But for one thyng in thee long sens taken wrong,
Thy credite is toucht, and thou therby the wurs.
What thyng fayst thou haue I taken wrong? a purs.

A

of Epigrammes.

*Of a number of rattes mistaken for
diuelles in a mans floppes. 100.*

A byg breecht man fearyng a déere yere to cum,
Bestowde in his bréeche a chéeſe hard by his bum.
And leauyng of thoſe hoſe for dayes two or thrée.
Rattes two or thrée crept into that bréeche they bée:
Poyntyng them ſelues of that chéeſe to be kéepers.
In which ware watch be ſure they weare no ſléepers.
No wyght rydyng men : from Sandwich to Sarum,
Could wyn that chéeſe from them without a larum.
At thrée daies end this man puttyng theſe hoſe on,
Hauyng tyde his points, the rattis began anon
To ſtarte and to ſturre that bréeche round aboute,
To ſéeke and fynde ſum way, what way to get out.
But that bréeche was bolſtred ſo with ſuch brode barres,
Suche crankis, ſuch cony holes, ſuch cuttes and ſuch ſtarres,
With warde, within warde, that the rattes were as faſt,
As though they with théeues in newgate had bene caſt.
But this man in his bréech feelyng ſuch fumblyng,
Such rolyng, ſuch rumblyng, ioſtyng and iumblyng,
He was therwith ſtriken in a frantike feare:
Thinkyng ſure to him ſelfe that ſome ſprites were theare.
He ran out, he cride out, without cote or cloke,
Thoſe rattes in thoſe ragges whinde lyke piggis in a poke.
A coniurer cride he in all haſte I beſéeche,
To coniure the diuell : the diuell is in my breeche.
Runnyng and turnyng in and out as he flung,
One of the rattis by the rybbes he ſo wrung,
That the rat in rage to his buttock gat her,
She ſet in hir teeth, his eyes ran a water.
She bote, he cride, dogs barkt, the people ſhowted,
Hornes blewe, bells rung, the diuell dredid and douted.

Ee

To

The syxt hundred

To be in his breech to bryng him streight to hell.
The wo and wunder wherof, to much to tell.
At last to see what buggis in his breech fraide him.
Foure or fyue manfull men, manfully stayde him.
The rattes hoppyng out at his hose pullyng of,
All this sad matter, turnd to mery scof.
When he saw these rattes by this cheefe brought this feare
Reioyfyng the scape he solemnly did sweare,
That in his breeche shuld come no cheefe after that,
Except in his breeche he weare sure of a cat.

F I N I S.

I M P R I N T E D A T
London in Fléetestrete
by Thomas
Powell.

Cum priuilegio.

APPENDIX.

VARIATIONS IN THE EDITION OF 1566.

Sig.	Page	Line	
A	1	20	ANNO christi <i>omitted</i> .
ij	4	12	For one of them thinke I to take out of hande.
ijj	6	31	Sens that one will not, an other will,
	7	14	While betweene two stooles, my tayle go to the grounde.
B	9	15	And will may wyn herte, herein to consent,
ij	11	18	Whiche is, whether best or wurft to be to be ledde
ijj	13	1	<i>The. vii. Chapter.</i>
C	18	32	For he er this thought this best to be.
ijj	21	7	Ye Ales, of a good beginning comth good end.
	23	23	Whom in itching no scratchyng forbere,
D	26	5	Like a pickpurs pilgrim, ye prie and proule
ij	27	16	Colts (quoth his man) proue well with tatches yll
		30	My sifter in lawe, and mine owne brother,
E	33	11	But hakney men say, at mangy hakney hier,
	34	16	And byr lady freend . nought lay downe, nought take vp.
		22	To win me the woorth of a draught of drinke.
F	41	8	Beggerly beautie, and reueld ryches take.
ij	44	5	What he woulde haue, his wife was fet
		22	And hir beggs baggest into his bosom swept.
	48	4	These two past, he sayd to me, whan ye will,
		32	Well amended (quoth I) whan ye both relent,
G	49	29	As tholde yewes. God forbyd wife, ye fyrst ict.
	50	9	On his part, to this yong wife did appeere.

Sig.	Page	Line	
G ij	51	5	I fee, you can not see the wood for trees.
	52	4	As a lyke compare in taste, chalke and chefe.
		28	At your handes . and let fall hir holde, than be bolde.
ijj	53	17	Three maie kepe counsayle, if two be away.
H	57	24	Sometyme in feelds, sometye in the woodes.
		29	What, a cat maie looke on kyng, ye know.
		58	18 Then haue ye his head vnder your gyrdell.
ij	59	11	If ye can hunt, and will stand at recite.
		12	Your maide examine, maketh him open streite.
		33	Without prooffe to his prooffe present or past.
ijj	62	5	Not minding therby, to deprave your wit,
	63	26	And in mad ieloufy she is farre gon.
		29	The prouerbe saith, he that strike with the swoorde,
		33	Reporteth for a trowth, to the moste mischeefe
	64	20	And than, that the eie seeth not, the hart renewth not,
I	66	19	But ye can not see a blocke in your owne.
ij	67	25	Thus to ende all thingis be we leefe or lothe,
	71	3	Thou farest to well (quoth he) but thou art so good,
		12	Thou lettest euen slyp, lyke a waghalter slypstryng.
		27	And runth away with it, where eche man seeth,
	72	12	Sooth bourd is no bourd, ought that mirth doothe.
K ij	75	4	Than wolde ye mend, as the fletcher mende his bolte.
		29	I haue herde some, to tell this tale not feelde.
		76	4 Ye stumbled at a strawe, and lept ouer a blocke.
ijj	78	14	I will learne, to stop two gaps with with one bushe.
		21	Ye like then better an ynche of your will,
		31	I could doo as muche with an hundred pounce now,
	80	8	This light burdeine in long walke welny tyreth me.
L ij	84	24	Found weddyng, for loue, as good onely to flee.
ijj	86	17	(For vnhoneft termes (I trust) there none here foundes)
		87	24 A lowfe and flea.
		88	7 A herer of fermon.
M	90	27	Thicke heares and thinne wittes be pleyntee.

Sig.	Page	Line	
M ij	91	17	All that be dead, dide for lacke of wynde.
		25	Of a foxes forgeyng fo feat reafon?
		30	Betwene thefe hennes and yonde wethercocke
ijj	93	26	A courfe with a greyhound at the hare in the feelde.
	95	21	But it was at leaft wynkt at, I hear of trowth.
N ij	101	7	And as for holy day, thou doeft breake none,
		33	Thou haft a fhrewde wit in defre to dwell,
	102	1	Thus in precepts, except thou cleere appeere
	104	6	Whiche were the beft choice, froft neuer, and ſnow euer,
O	105	33	Made I a lie to thee? Nay (quoth he)
ij	107	24	<i>A louse and flea.</i>
ijj	109	17	<i>Of the woorde enough.</i>
	112	4	To ſtrike and chime . 12 . two houres before noone.
		31	Claw wher it doth ſmart, tikell, where it doth itche?
P	114	25	Ye: but we may far ſooner learne (quoth I)
	120	9	And to be as wife as thou I wot art,
Q ij	124	26	Of treadyng of a worme.
		34	Of mirth and wiſdome.
ijj	126	5	Of the foxe preaching.
R	130	22	All thinke better take . 20 . poundes, then geue one.
ijj	133	32	Better for byrdes, but for byrders not ſo good.
	134	18	Thou art far paſt ſhame, ſhame to thinke on.
	136	1	Store is no fore, yes, ſtore may be fore.
		8	Yong ſainte, olde diuell: thers mo of women kinde:
S	138	17	As good to play for nought, as woorke for nought:
		19	<i>Of peinted ſheathe.</i>
ij	139	9	May haue a lyttle, ventryng is no ſuch.
ijj	142	29	But ſtreight there comth, a carteweare, of good horſes by:
T ij	147	22	Meaſure is a mery meane.
	152	35	But how may we be ſure, that Malkin is one?
U	153	5	A ſcabde horſe is good enough, for a ſcabde ſquyre.
ij	155	6	Not nowe, but we were made ſey ſo long a ſpace.
		17	Yonge fooles, and olde fooles, eche other will diſdayne.

Sig.	Page	Line	
X ij	164	7	<i>Of fmaule and greate.</i> 234.
		10	<i>Of the keyse.</i> 235.
Y	169	33	Hap catcheth and holdeth very few doles.
	170	33	<i>Of long standyng.</i> 291.
ij	171	13	<i>Of smellyng.</i>
ijj	174	11	Of the least tittle . that can come in triall.
	175	15	Of disagreement.
		20	Of louyng of a geese.
		28	Betweene dogges & deere.
Z	177	29	<i>Of aduise agaynst mockyng.</i>
	178	11	<i>Of horse.</i>
		34	I would be in both, for the places and stuffes,
ij	179	5	Galleries, gable endes, chambers, parlors, halles,
		9	And when by louce bityng, the legge itchyng,
ijj	181	26	You may seeme you, your wyues father woonderfoole well.
	182	9	Whens come thesegitteryng spanges? from much wanton.
		12	Whens come come crooked toes? from short shapen shoone.
	183	26	Like so, for thou lookst lyke a newe hunted sowe.
	184	1	<i>Of the cutter of purslane.</i>
		6	So had he neede, for he standth in mans els.
Aa	185	29	<i>Of wreflyng.</i> 41.
ij	187	6	For choyce of one two thynges, thou maist reioice?
		19	Sir, in deede the pate is the chiefe parte of a dawe:
Bb	193	4	Those are one behinde and on eche side,
ij	195	35	Bb ij
Cc	202	5	Yet hast thou the march hares made propertee.
ijj	205	16	<i>Of lanthorne and light.</i>
		20	Thou lofst a marke in iffews, criers cry.
		31	At thy wittes end, er thou be at thy tales ende.
	206	17	Newgate and Tyburne, do bring both about.
	208	14	Who is thy father childe, axe his mothers husband.
		25	Smarris Key . thats most ill for feare of smartyng smart.
		26	Carter lane . nay, that foundth all on the cart.

Sig.	Page	Line	
Cc iij	208	30	Philpot lane. that breedth moift humours in the head.
Dd	209	22	Where can ye finde freendes to fcart your scabd tayle?
ij	211	19	Haft thou any Margerumgentill ? ye in deede.
	212	1	<i>Of a pine tppell.</i>
	215	9	Beyng not hungry, lewre falcons when he lift,
		19	My horfe to weare greate breeches is afynde:
	216	24	Talke and walke blainly and trewly.
Ee	218	6	All this fad matter, turnd to a mery fcof.

Spenser Society.

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- A**DAMS, George E., M.A., F.S.A., College of arms, London
 Adams, Dr. Ernest, Anson road, Victoria park, Manchester
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 Ewen, Miss Mary, 34, Plymouth grove, Manchester
 Ewing, William, 209, West George street, Glasgow

FAIRBAIRN, Rev. James, Newhaven, Edinburgh
Falconer, Thomas, Usk, Monmouthshire, judge of County court, Glamorganshire
Feigan, John A., King street, Manchester
Fletcher, James Ogden, M.D., Lever street, Manchester
Fletcher, John Shepherd, Lever street, Manchester
Forster, John, Palace-gate house, Kensington, London
Fowle, W. F., Boston, U.S. (per Mr. H.T. Parker)
Fry, Danby P., Poor-law board, Whitehall, London
Furnivall, Frederick J., 3, Old square, Lincoln's inn, London

GEE, William, High street, Boston, Lincolnshire
Gibbs, Henry H., St. Dunstan's, Regent's park, London
Gibbs, John, Knightstone, Weston-super-mare
Gibbs, William, Tyntesfield, near Bristol
Gratrix, Samuel, 25, Alport town, Deansgate, Manchester
Green, Rev. Henry, M.A., Knutsford
Griffith, Rev. H. T., vicar of Felmingham, Norfolk
Guild, James Wylie, 3, Park circus, Glasgow

HAILSTONE, Edward, F.S.A., Horton hall, Bradford, Yorkshire
Halliwell, James Orchard, F.R.S., &c. &c., 6, St. Mary's place, West Brompton, London, S.W.
Hamilton, William, jun., Glasgow (care of Messrs. Jack and Turner, York street, Manchester)
Hamlin, Charles, 27, Virginia street, Glasgow
Hargreaves, George James, Davyhulme, Manchester
Harrison, William, F.S.A., Samlesbury hall, near Blackburn
Harrop, John, clerk to the Guardians, New Bridge street, Manchester
Hartford, Connecticut, U.S., Watkinson Library (per Mr. E. G. Allen)
Harvard College Library, Cambridge, U.S. (per Mr. H. T. Parker)
Hatton, James, Richmond house, Higher Broughton, Manchester
Hayes, Thomas, bookseller, Cross street, Manchester
Hayward, Thomas, bookseller, Oxford street, Manchester
Heard, James, Aytoun street, Manchester
Herford, Edward, coroner, St. John's street, Manchester

Heugh, Hugh, Portland street, Manchester
Heywood, Arthur H., Bank, St. Ann's street, Manchester
Hill, George, 68, Ingram street, Glasgow
Hitchcock, Samuel W., 546, Strada della Ponte, Florence (agent Mr. Bernard Quaritch, London)
Holden, Thomas, Springfield, Bolton
Hopwood, John Bentinck, Cambridge (per Rivington and Co., 19, Trinity street, Cambridge)
Howard, Hon. Richard Edward, Cross street, Manchester
Hunt, —, chemist, Salford

JACKSON, H. B., Basford house, Whalley range, Manchester
Jackson, John, Chancery place, Manchester
Jenner, C., Easter Duddington lodge, Edinburgh
Johnson, William, F.S.A., 2, High street, Eton
Jones, Herbert, 1, Church court, Clement's lane, London
Jones, Joseph, Abberley hall, Stourport
Jones, Richard, Temple bank, Smedley lane, Manchester
Jones, Thomas, B.A., F.S.A., Chetham library, Manchester
Jordan, Joseph, F.R.C.S., Bridge street, Manchester

KERSHAW, James, 13, St. Luke's terrace, Cheetham, Manchester
Kershaw, John, Audenshaw, near Manchester
Kershaw, John, Willesden lane, London

LANCASHIRE Independent College (per Mr. Joseph Thompson, Pin mill, Ardwick)
Latham, Henry, M.A., Clarendon press, Oxford
Leigh, Major Egerton, Jodrell hall, near Congleton, Cheshire
Leigh, John, Whalley range, Manchester
Lembcke, Professor, Marburg (through Williams and Norgate, London)
Leppoc, H. J., St. Peter's square, Manchester
Lingard, J. R., 12, Booth street, Piccadilly, Manchester
Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' hall court, London
Lumby, Rev. J. Rawson, M.A., St. Mary's gate, Cambridge

MACFARLANE John, Gas works, Manchester
Mackenzie, John Whiteford, 16, Royal circus, Edinburgh
Maclure, John William, Bond street, Manchester

Macmillan, Alexander, F.S.A., 16, Bedford street, London

Manchester Free Library, Campfield

Marsh, His Excellency George P., Florence (per Stevens Brothers, 17, Henrietta street, Covent garden, London)

Mouncey, G. C., Castletown, Cahill, Ireland

Murdock, James B., 33, Lynedock street, Glasgow

Muntz, George H., Grosvenor road, Birchfield, Birmingham

NAPIER, George W., 19, Chapel walks, Manchester

Neill, Robert, Northumberland street, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Literary and Philosophical Society (per Mr. Lyall, librarian)

New York, Clinton Hall Library (per Sampson, Low and Co., London)

Nicholl, George W., The Ham, near Cowbridge, Glamorganshire

Nichols, George W., Augusta house, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.

OAKEY, John, jun., 172, Blackfriar's road, London, S.

Owens College Library, Quay street, Manchester
Oxford Union Society (per Mr. Thomas Harris, steward)

PAINE, Cornelius, Oak hill, Surbiton, Surrey
Palin, Captain, Police office, Manchester

Panton, Rev. G. A., 2, Crown circus, Dowanhill, Glasgow

Parker, H. T., Ladbroke gardens, Kensington park, London, W. (*Two copies.*)

Paterson, William, 88, St. Vincent street, Glasgow

Payne, J., 4, Kildare gardens, Bayswater, W.

Peace, Maskell W., Green hill, Wigan

Peel, George, Soho foundry, Manchester

Pocock, C. Innes, Rouge Bouillon, Jersey

Portico Library, Mosley street, Manchester

Priaulx, O. de Beauvoir, 8, Cavendish square, London

RADFORD, William, Withington, Manchester
Redfern, Rev. R. S., M.A., Acton vicarage, Nantwich

Rhodocanakis, H. H. the prince, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Riggall, Edward, 141, Queen's road, Bayswater, W.

Roberts, Lloyd, M.D., St. John's street, Manchester

Roberts, William, M.D., 89, Mosley street, Manchester

Robinson, Samuel, Black brook cottage, Wilmslow

Robinson, W. W., Oxford

Rogers, S. A., St. John's street, Manchester

Ross, H., F.S.A., The Manor house, Swanscombe, Kent

Royle, Alan, Hartford hill, Northwich, Cheshire

Royle, Peter, Lever street, Manchester

Rumney, Robert, Whalley range, Manchester

Russell, J. R., Glasgow

SAUNDER, J. Symes, Devon County lunatic asylum, Exminster, Exeter

Scott, James, The Lochies house, Burntisland, N.B.

Sewell, John C., 22, Kennedy street, Manchester

Sharp, John, The Hermitage, near Lancaster

Sheldon, S., Cheshire (per Mr. T. Hayes)

Shields, Thomas, Scarborough

Simms, Charles S., King street, Manchester

Simpson, Joseph, Fernacre house, Cheetham Hill, Manchester

Slater, Edwin, Market street, Manchester

Slingluff, C. B., Baltimore (per Stevens Brothers, 17, Henrietta street London)

Smith, Alexander, 214, New City road, Glasgow

Sotheby, Mrs. S. Leigh, Leipzig (care of Mr. Goodman, 407, Strand, W.C.)

Sotheran, Henry, 136, Strand, London

Stephenson, David, Chapel lane, Sale, Manchester

Stewart, A. B., Glasgow

Stone, Edward D., Éton

Strathern, Alexander, Sheriff's chambers, Glasgow

Sudlow, John, Whalley range, Manchester

Suthers, Charles, Riversvale, Ashton-under-Lyne

Swindells, George H., 19, Ancoats grove, Manchester

TANNER, Thomas H., M.D., 9, Henrietta street, Cavendish square, London, W.

Taylor, Thomas F., Highfield house, Pemberton, Wigan

Taylor, Mrs. Tom, Knutsford, Cheshire

Thompson, F., South parade, Wakefield

Thompson, Joseph, Pin mill, Ardwick, Manchester

Thorpe, Rev. J. F., Herne Hill vicarage, Faversham, Kent

Timmins, Samuel, F.R.S.L., Elvetham lodge, Birmingham

Turner, Robert S., 1, Park square, London

VERNON, George V., Osborne terrace, Stretford road, Manchester

WARD, Henry, British museum, London

Washington, U.S., Library of Congress (per Mr. E. G. Allen)

Watson, Robert S., 101, Pilgrim street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne	Wood, Richard Henry, F.S.A., Crumpsall, Manchester
Weston, George, 7, New square, Lincoln's inn, London	Woolcombe, Rev. W. W., M.A., Ardwick, Manchester
Weymouth, R. F., Portland villas, Plymouth	Wright, W. Aldis, M.A., Trinity college, Cambridge
Whalley, J. T., 14, Marsden street, Manchester	
Whitehead, Jeffery, 8, Moorgate street, London, E.C.	YOUNG, Alexander, 38, Elm Bank crescent, Glasgow
Wilbraham, Henry, Chancery office, Manchester	
Wilkinson, M. A. E., M.D., 10, Lever street, Manchester	

